FROM THE WORLD OF HELLBOY

SIR EDWARD GREY

WITCHFINDER™

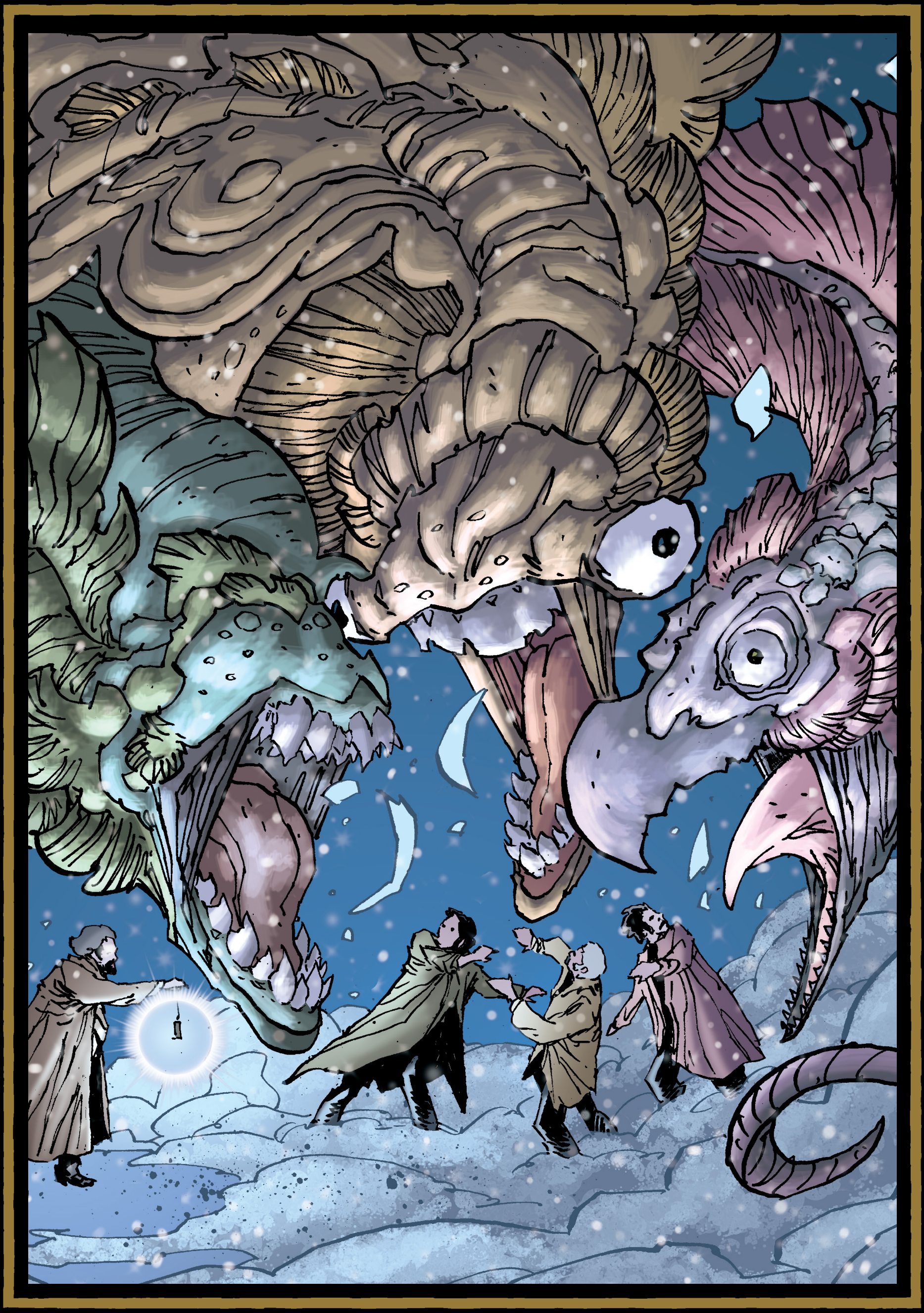
The REIGN *of* DARKNESS

MIKE MIGNOLA ▪ CHRIS ROBERSON
CHRISTOPHER MITTEN ▪ MICHELLE MADSEN

SIR EDWARD GREY

WITCHFINDER

CREATED BY MIKE MIGNOLA



SIR EDWARD GREY

WITCHFINDER™

The REIGN *of* DARKNESS

story
MIKE MIGNOLA and CHRIS ROBERSON

art
CHRISTOPHER MITTEN

colors
MICHELLE MADSEN

letters
CLEM ROBINS

chapter break art by
CHRISTOPHER MITTEN

cover art by
JULIÁN TOTINO TEDESCO

president and publisher MIKE RICHARDSON

editor KATII O'BRIEN

assistant editor JENNY BLENK

collection designer PATRICK SATTERFIELD

digital art technician ANN GRAY

DARK HORSE BOOKS

Neil Hankerson *Executive Vice President*
Tom Weddle *Chief Financial Officer*
Randy Stradley *Vice President of Publishing*
Nick McWhorter *Chief Business Development Officer*
Dale LaFountain *Chief Information Officer*
Matt Parkinson *Vice President of Marketing*
Vanessa Todd-Holmes *Vice President of Production and Scheduling*
Mark Bernardi *Vice President of Book Trade and Digital Sales*
Ken Lizzi *General Counsel*
Dave Marshall *Editor in Chief*
Davey Estrada *Editorial Director*
Chris Warner *Senior Books Editor*
Cary Grazzini *Director of Specialty Projects*
Lia Ribacchi *Art Director*
Matt Dryer *Director of Digital Art and Prepress*
Michael Gombos *Senior Director of Licensed Publications*
Kari Yadro *Director of Custom Programs*
Kari Torson *Director of International Licensing*
Sean Brice *Director of Trade Sales*

Published by Dark Horse Books
A division of Dark Horse Comics LLC
10956 SE Main Street • Milwaukie, OR 97222

Advertising Sales (503) 905-2315
Comic Shop Locator Service comicshoplocator.com

DarkHorse.com • Facebook.com/DarkHorseComics • Twitter.com/DarkHorseComics

First edition: September 2020
Ebook ISBN 978-1-50671-409-7
Paperback ISBN 978-1-50671-406-6

Sir Edward Grey, Witchfinder Volume 6: The Reign of Darkness
Witchfinder™ © 2019, 2020 Mike Mignola. Sir Edward Grey and all other prominently featured characters are trademarks of Mike Mignola. Dark Horse Books® and the Dark Horse logo are registered trademarks of Dark Horse Comics LLC. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of Dark Horse Comics LLC. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental.

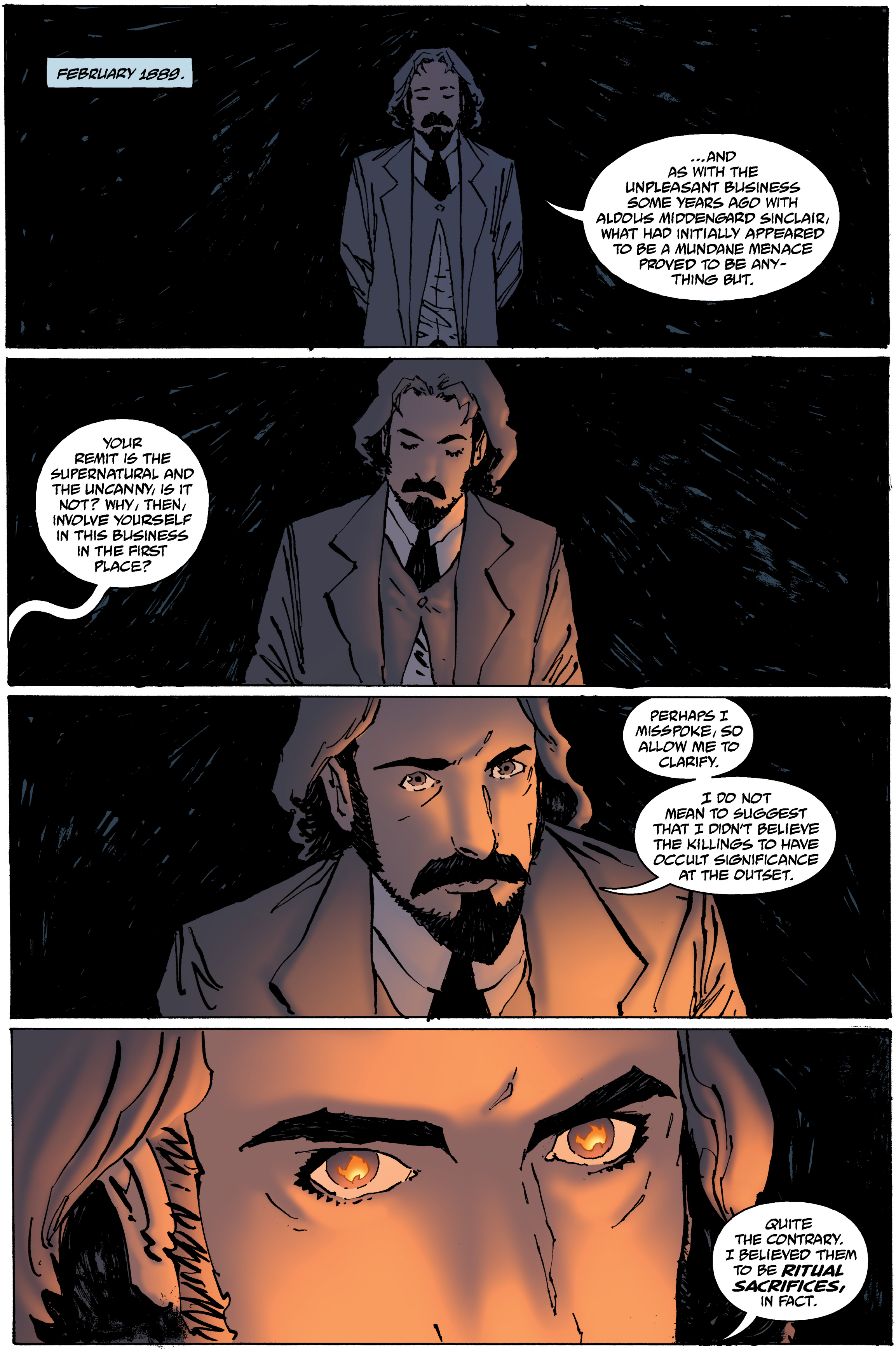
This volume collects *Witchfinder: The Reign of Darkness* #1–#5.

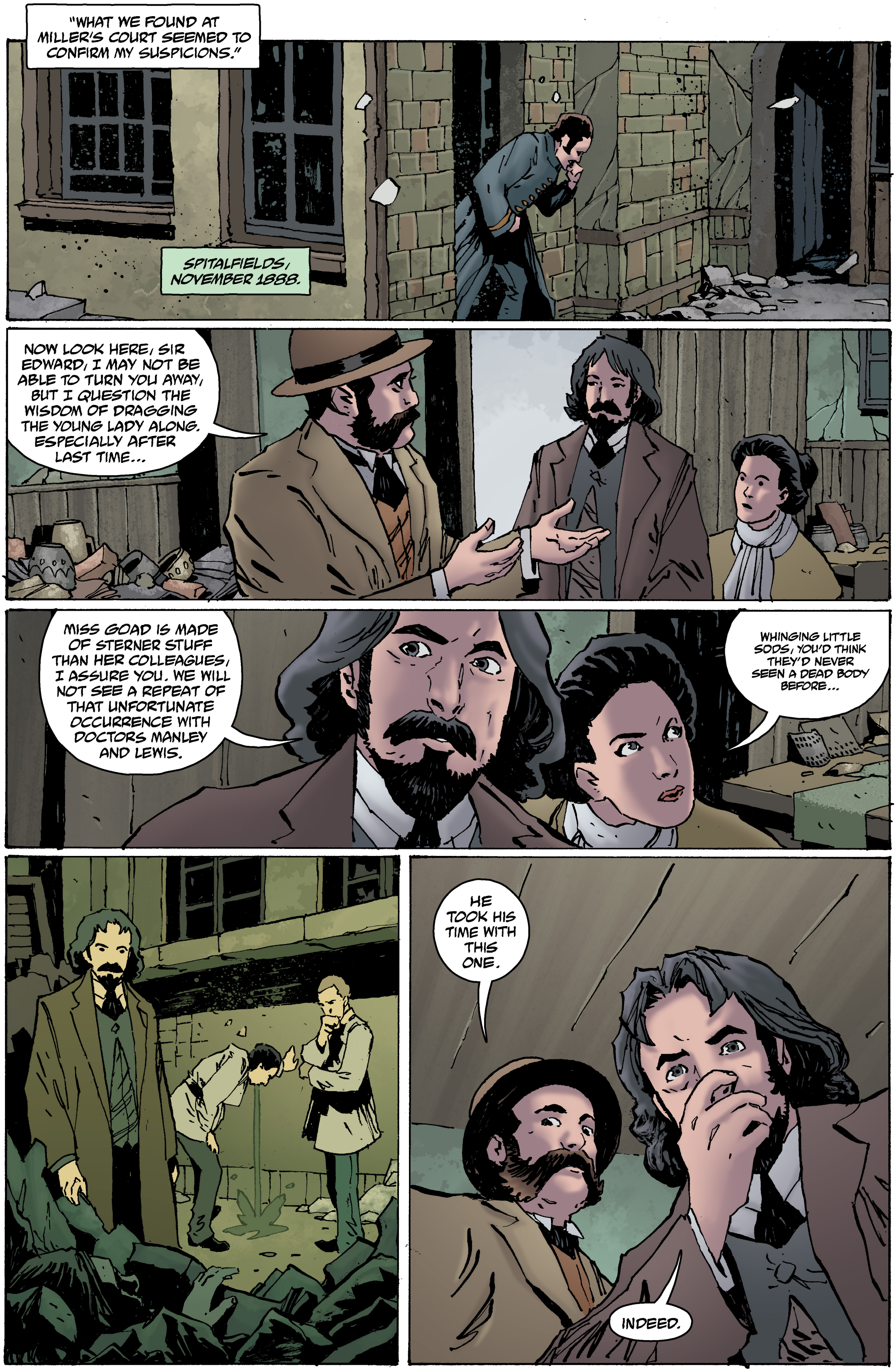
1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2
Printed in China

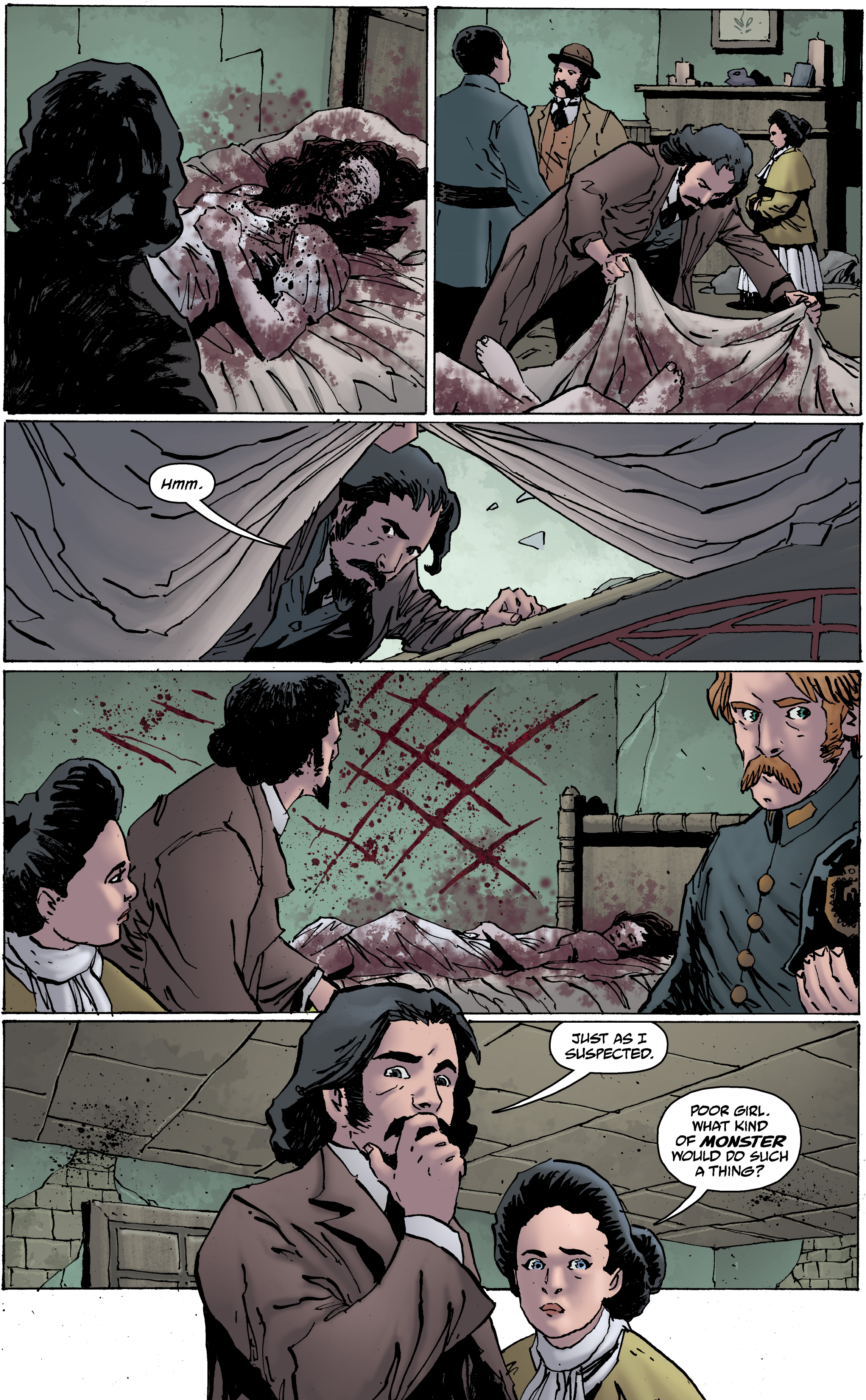
Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

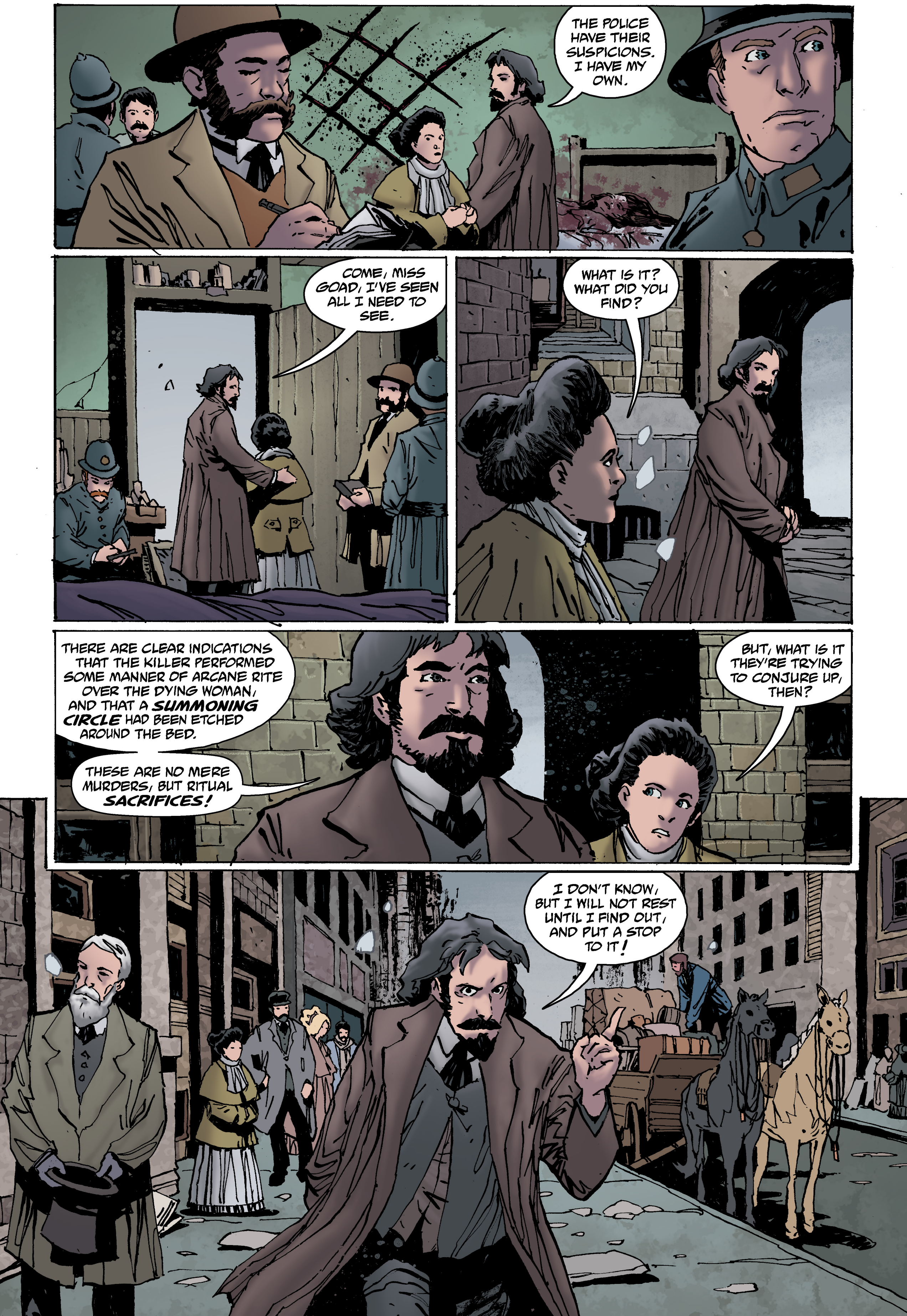
Names: Mignola, Mike, author. | Roberson, Chris, author. | Mitten, Christopher (Christopher J.), artist. | Madsen, Michelle (Illustrator), colourist. | Robins, Clem, letterer.
Title: The reign of darkness / story by Mike Mignola and Chris Roberson ; art by Christopher Mitten ; colors by Michelle Madsen ; letters by Clem Robins.
Other titles: At head of title: Sir Edward Grey
Description: First edition. | Milwaukie, OR : Dark Horse Books, 2020. | Series: Witchfinder ; vol. 6 | "This volume collects Witchfinder: The Reign of Darkness #1-#5" | Summary: "After foiling a witch coven's plot to kill Queen Victoria, Edward Grey was knighted for services in protection of Crown and Queen. His investigations into occult goings-on in London and beyond earned him the title Sir Edward...while skeptical Londoners mocked him with the nickname Witchfinder. Now, when London seems to be plagued by occult events left and right, Sir Edward takes on one of the city's most infamous serial killers: Jack the Ripper!"-- Provided by publisher.
Identifiers: LCCN 2020002600 (print) | LCCN 2020002601 (ebook) | ISBN 9781506714066 (paperback) | ISBN 9781506714097 (ebook)
Subjects: LCSH: Comic books, strips, etc.
Classification: LCC PN6728.W5888 M64 2020 (print) | LCC PN6728.W5888 (ebook) | DDC 741.5/973--dc23
LC record available at https://lccn.loc.gov/2020002600
LC ebook record available at https://lccn.loc.gov/2020002601

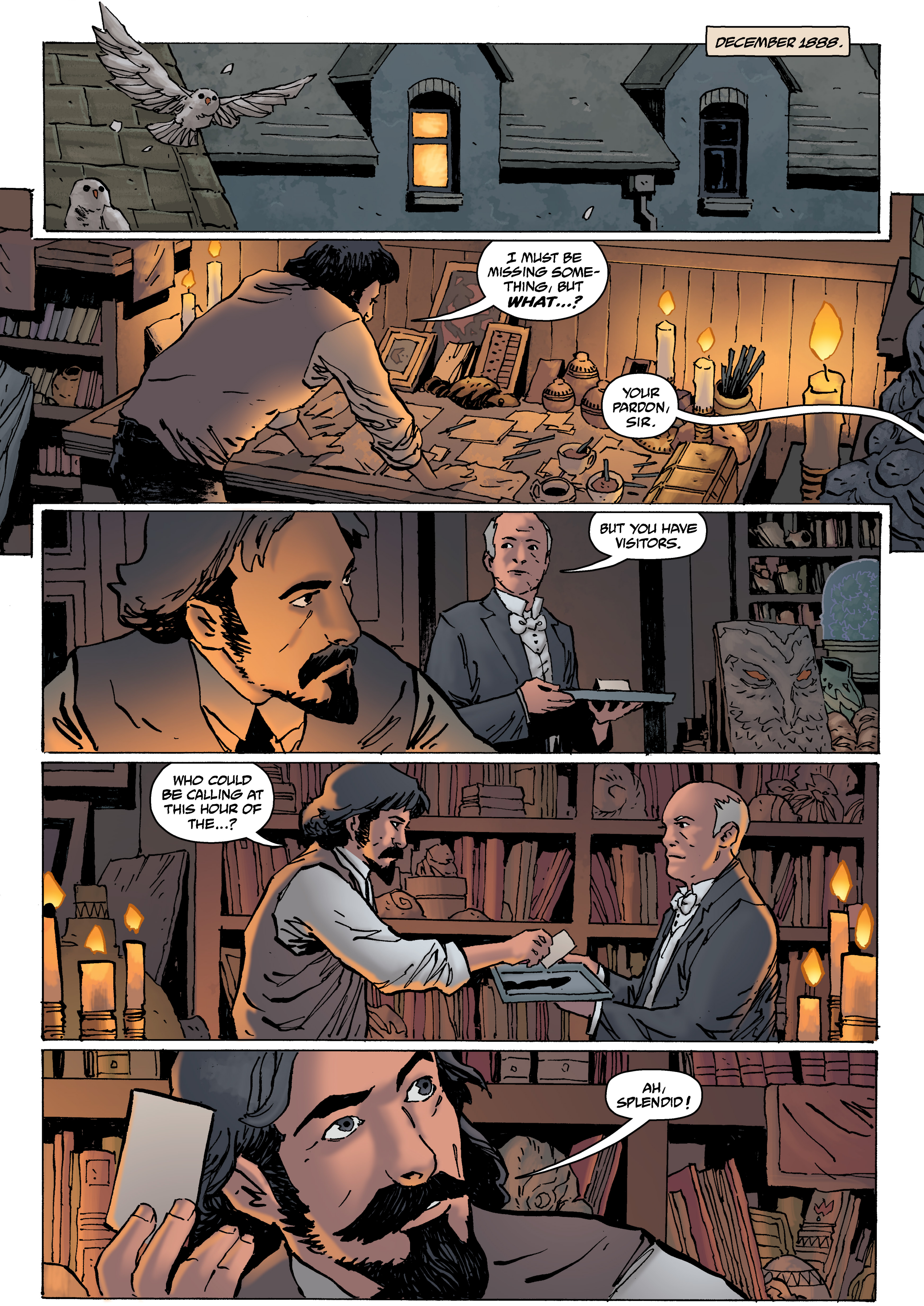
CHAPTER ONE

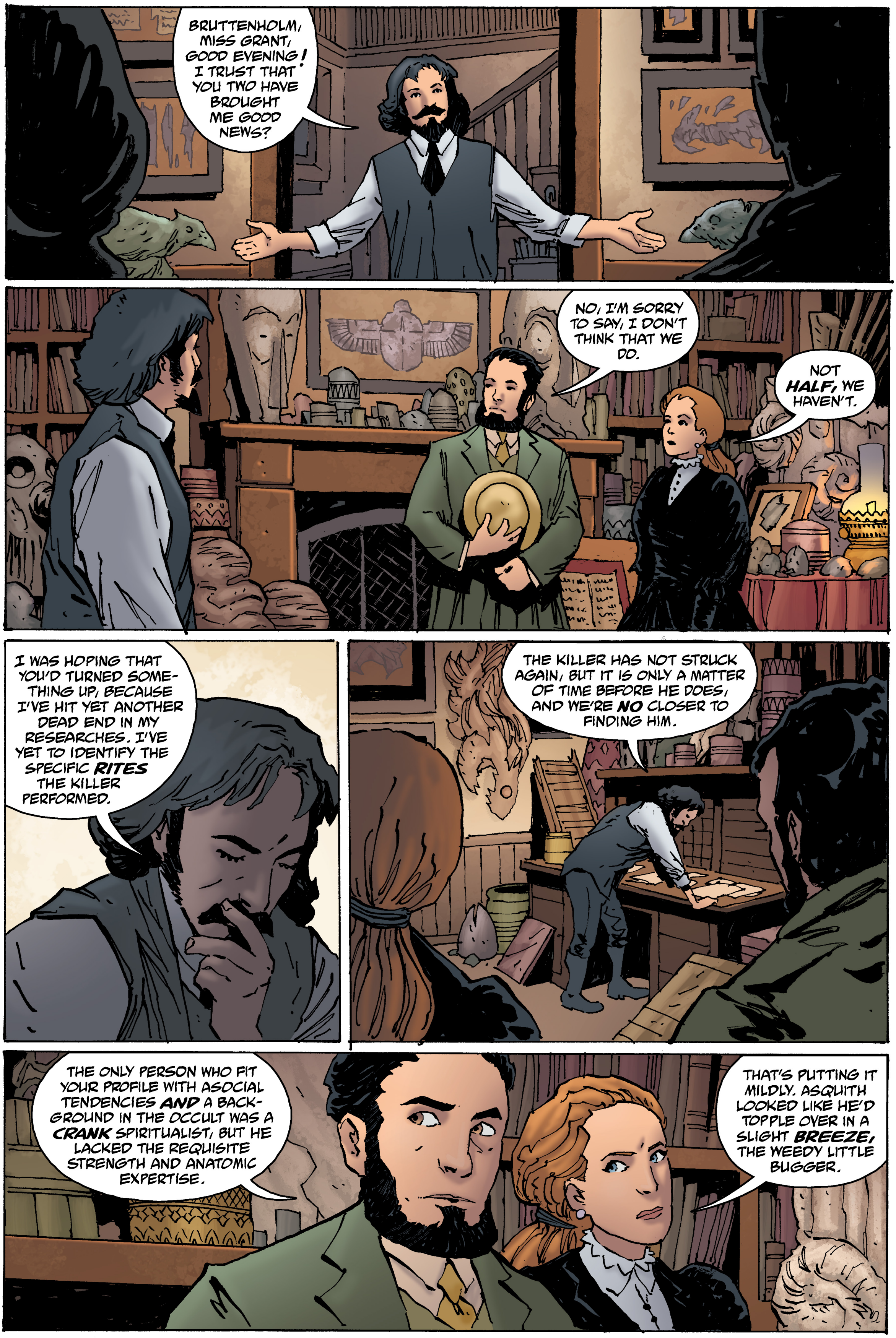

FEBRUARY 1889.
...AND AS WITH THE UNPLEASANT BUSINESS SOME YEARS AGO WITH ALDOUS MIDDENGARD SINCLAIR, WHAT HAD INITIALLY APPEARED TO BE A MUNDANE MENACE PROVED TO BE ANYTHING BUT.
YOUR REMIT IS THE SUPERNATURAL AND THE UNCANNY, IS IT NOT? WHY, THEN, INVOLVE YOURSELF IN THIS BUSINESS IN THE FIRST PLACE?
PERHAPS I MISSPOKE, SO ALLOW ME TO CLARIFY.
I DO NOT MEAN TO SUGGEST THAT I DIDN'T BELIEVE THE KILLINGS TO HAVE OCCULT SIGNIFICANCE AT THE OUTSET.
QUITE THE CONTRARY. I BELIEVED THEM TO BE **RITUAL SACRIFICES,** IN FACT.

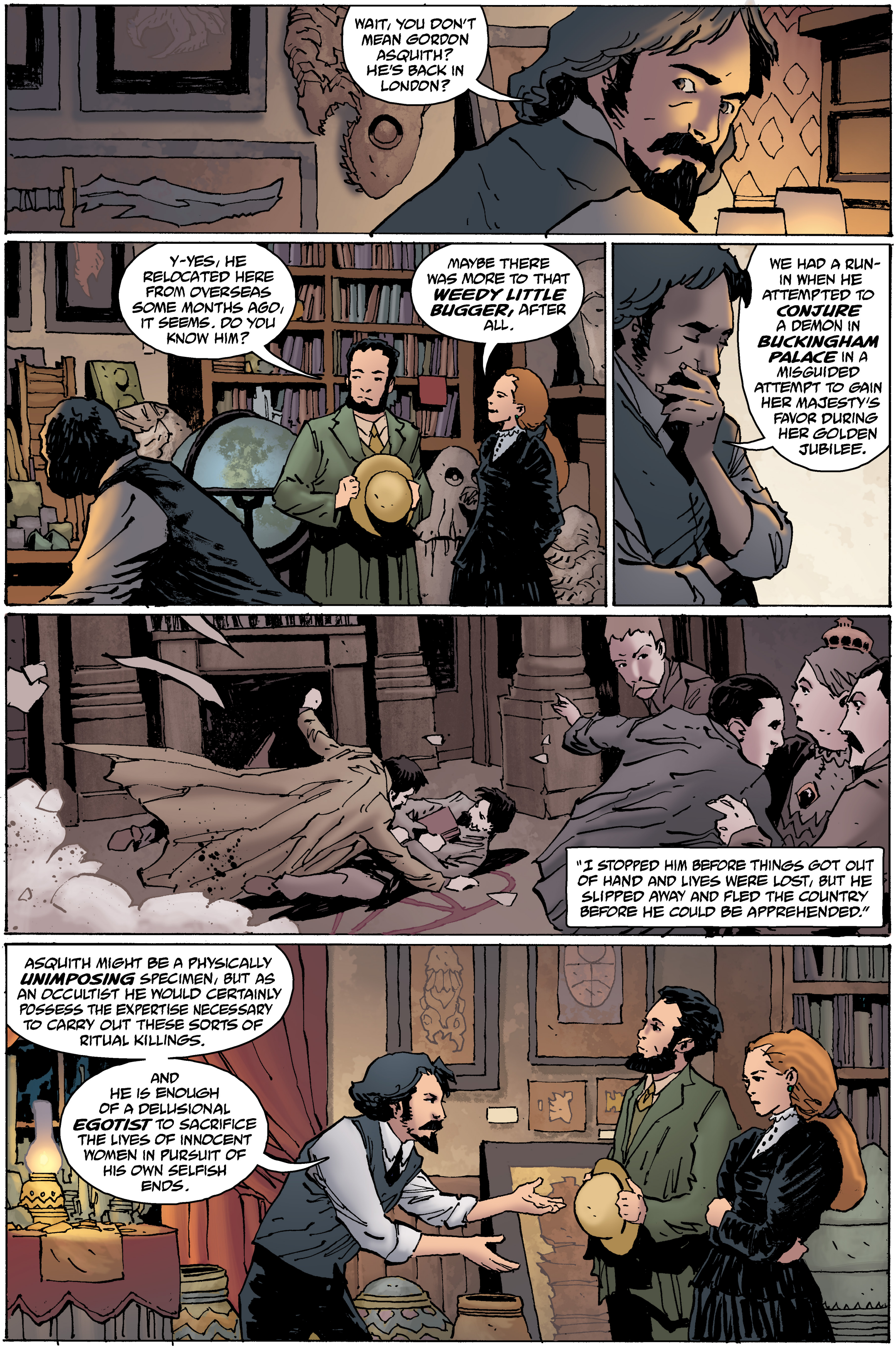

"WHAT WE FOUND AT MILLER'S COURT SEEMED TO CONFIRM MY SUSPICIONS."
SPITALFIELDS, NOVEMBER 1888.
NOW LOOK HERE, SIR EDWARD, I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO TURN YOU AWAY, BUT I QUESTION THE WISDOM OF DRAGGING THE YOUNG LADY ALONG. ESPECIALLY AFTER LAST TIME...
MISS GOAD IS MADE OF STERNER STUFF THAN HER COLLEAGUES, I ASSURE YOU. WE WILL NOT SEE A REPEAT OF THAT UNFORTUNATE OCCURRENCE WITH DOCTORS MANLEY AND LEWIS.
WHINGING LITTLE SODS, YOU'D THINK THEY'D NEVER SEEN A DEAD BODY BEFORE...
HE TOOK HIS TIME WITH THIS ONE.
INDEED.

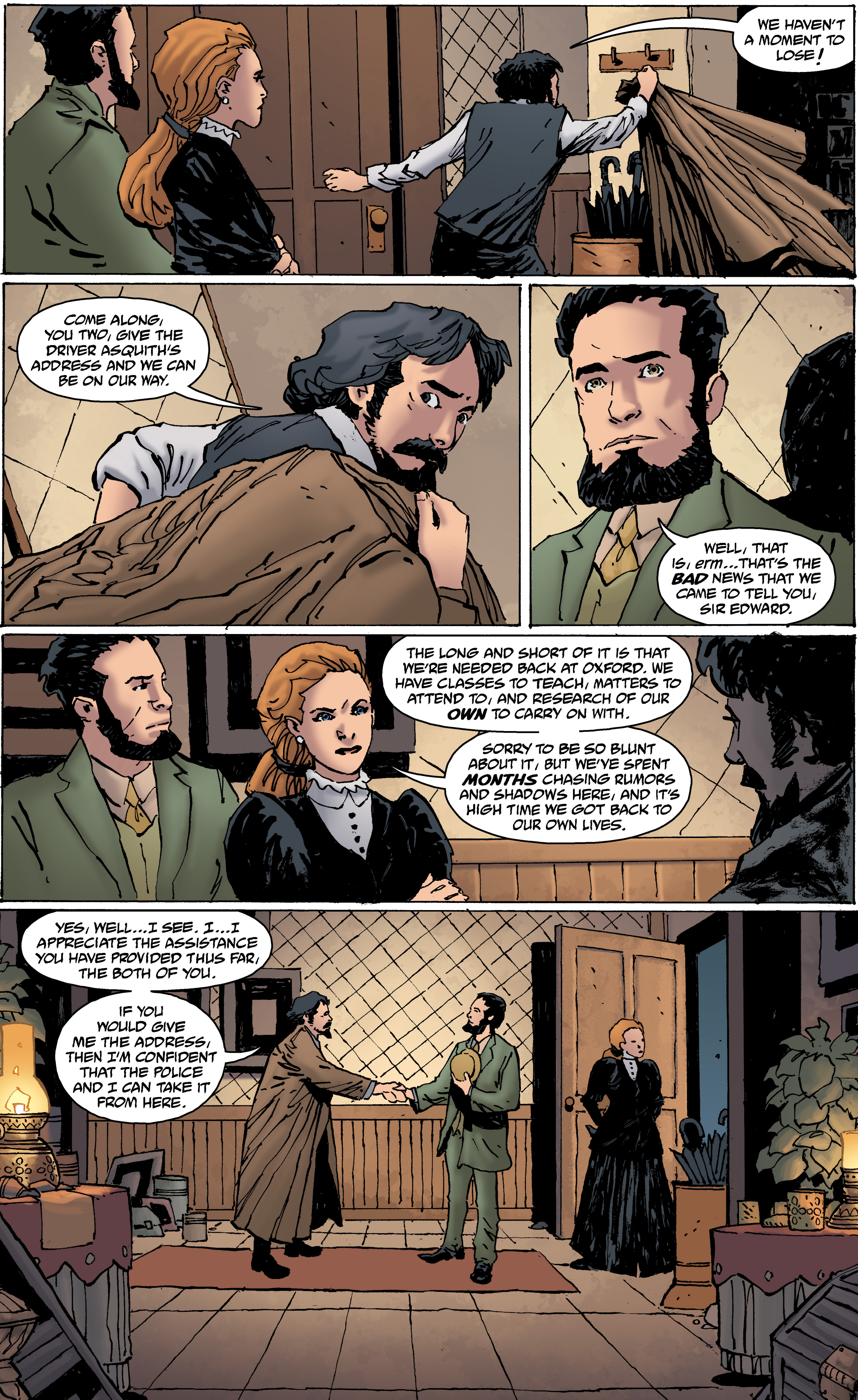

Hmm.
JUST AS I SUSPECTED.
POOR GIRL. WHAT KIND OF **MONSTER** WOULD DO SUCH A THING?

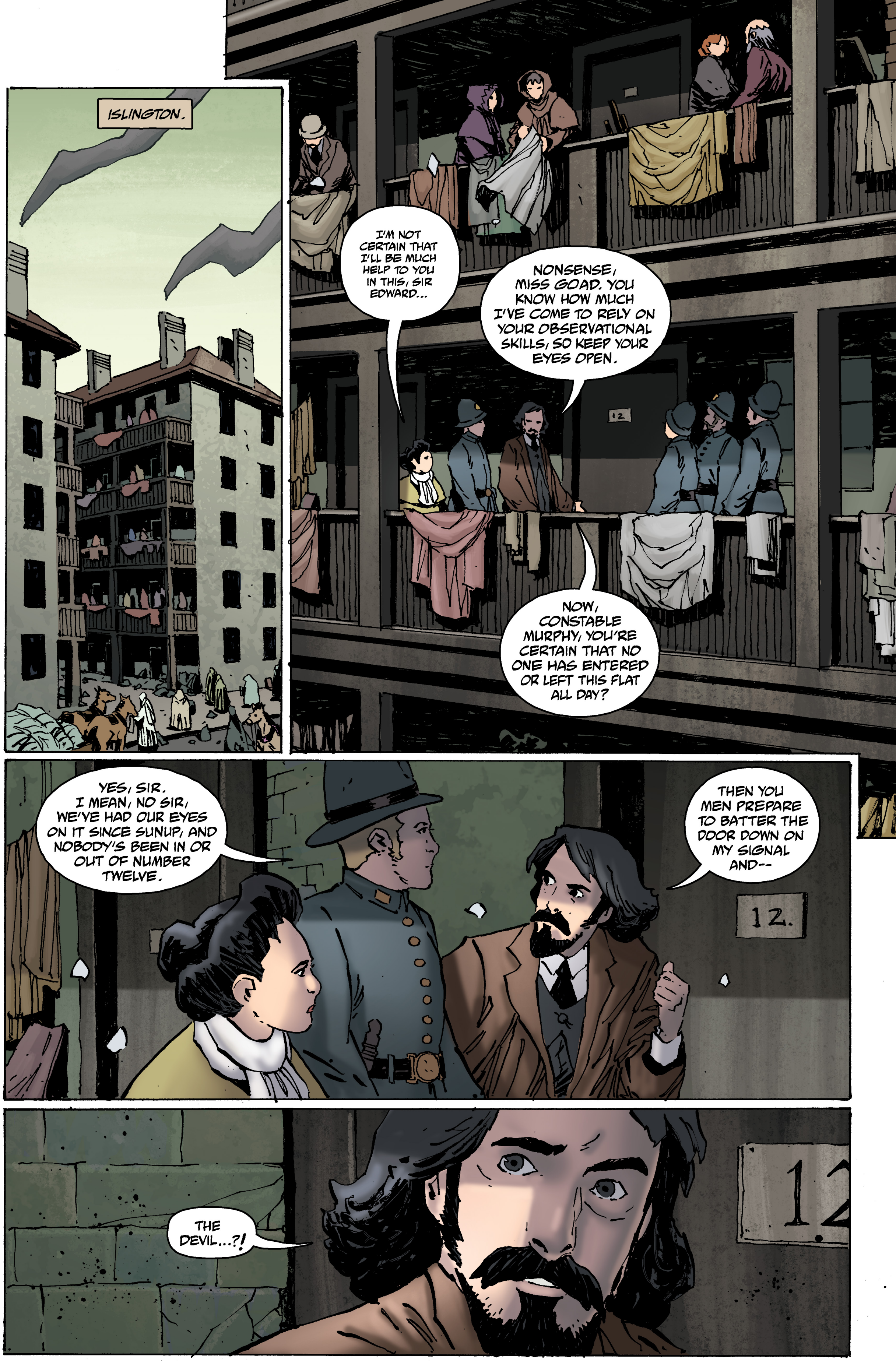

THE POLICE HAVE THEIR SUSPICIONS. I HAVE MY OWN.
COME, MISS GOAD, I'VE SEEN ALL I NEED TO SEE.
WHAT IS IT? WHAT DID YOU FIND?
THERE ARE CLEAR INDICATIONS THAT THE KILLER PERFORMED SOME MANNER OF ARCANE RITE OVER THE DYING WOMAN, AND THAT A SUMMONING CIRCLE HAD BEEN ETCHED AROUND THE BED.
THESE ARE NO MERE MURDERS, BUT RITUAL SACRIFICES!
BUT, WHAT IS IT THEY'RE TRYING TO CONJURE UP, THEN?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I WILL NOT REST UNTIL I FIND OUT, AND PUT A STOP TO IT!

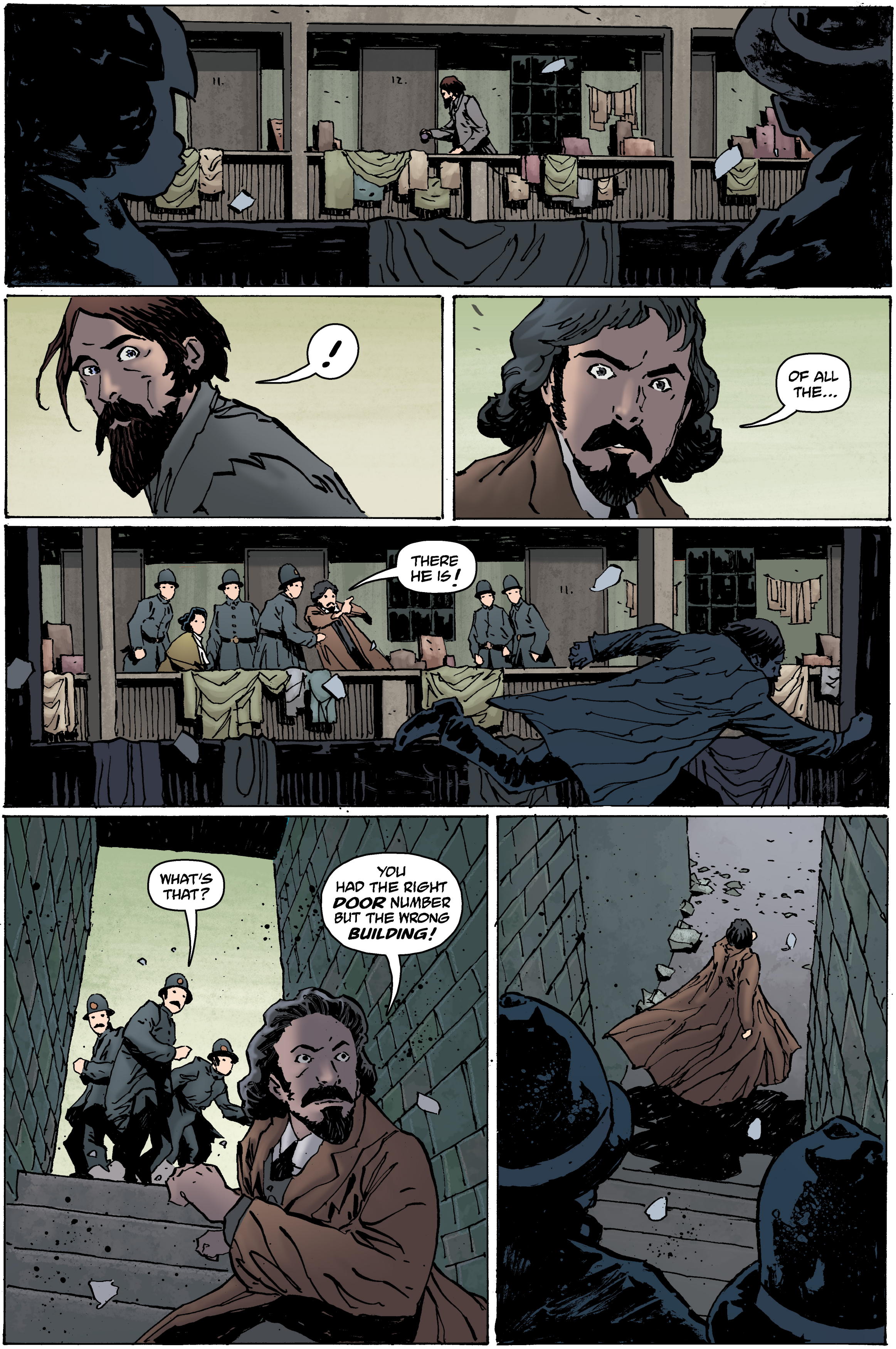

DECEMBER 1888.
I MUST BE MISSING SOMETHING, BUT WHAT...?
YOUR PARDON, SIR.
BUT YOU HAVE VISITORS.
WHO COULD BE CALLING AT THIS HOUR OF THE...?
AH, SPLENDID!

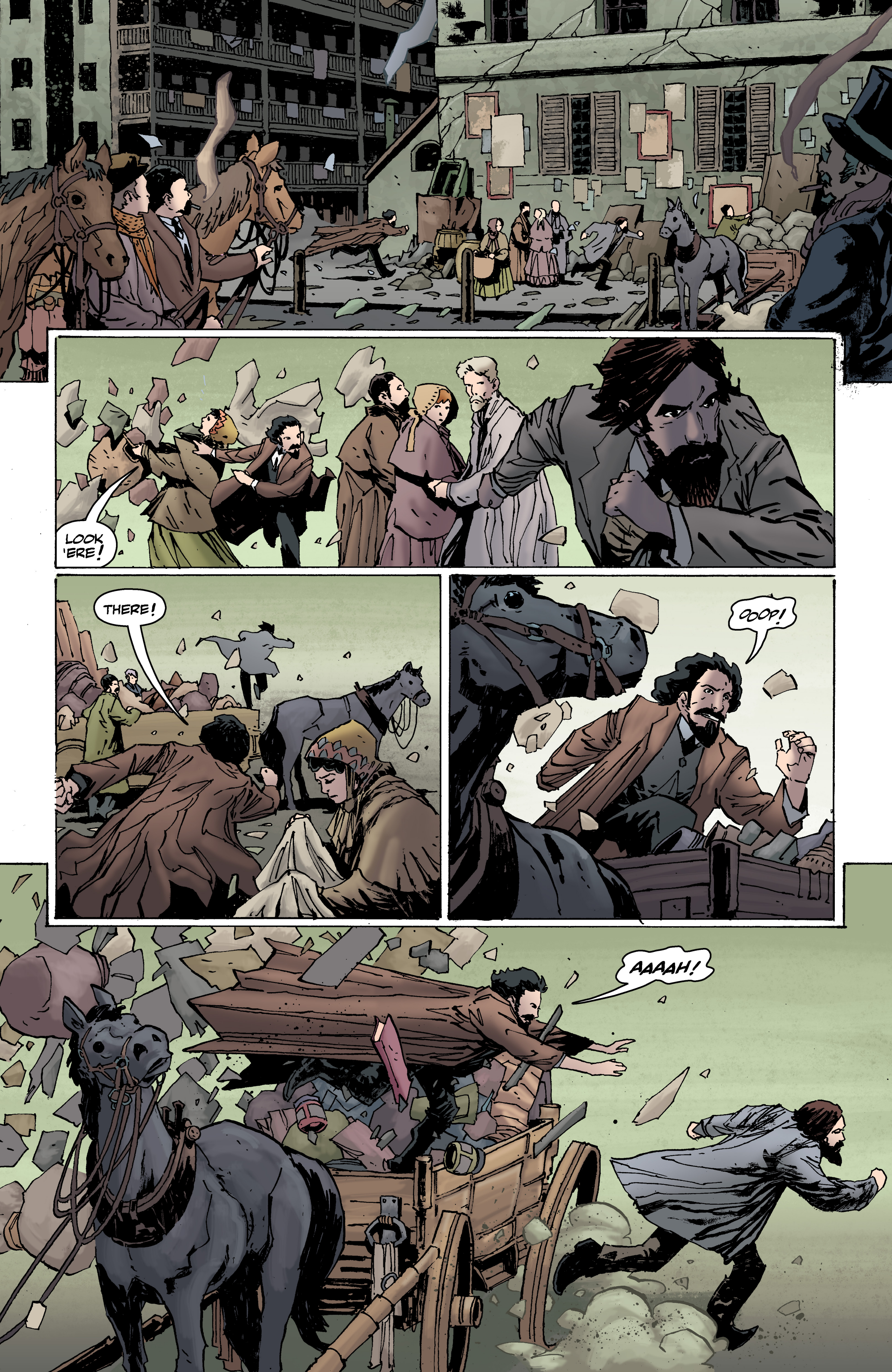

BRUTTENHOLM, MISS GRANT, GOOD EVENING! I TRUST THAT YOU TWO HAVE BROUGHT ME GOOD NEWS?
NO, I'M SORRY TO SAY, I DON'T THINK THAT WE DO.
NOT HALF, WE HAVEN'T.
I WAS HOPING THAT YOU'D TURNED SOMETHING UP, BECAUSE I'VE HIT YET ANOTHER DEAD END IN MY RESEARCHES. I'VE YET TO IDENTIFY THE SPECIFIC RITES THE KILLER PERFORMED.
THE KILLER HAS NOT STRUCK AGAIN, BUT IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE HE DOES, AND WE'RE NO CLOSER TO FINDING HIM.
THE ONLY PERSON WHO FIT YOUR PROFILE WITH ASOCIAL TENDENCIES AND A BACKGROUND IN THE OCCULT WAS A CRANK SPIRITUALIST, BUT HE LACKED THE REQUISITE STRENGTH AND ANATOMIC EXPERTISE.
THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY. ASQUITH LOOKED LIKE HE'D TOPPLE OVER IN A SLIGHT BREEZE, THE WEEDY LITTLE BUGGER.

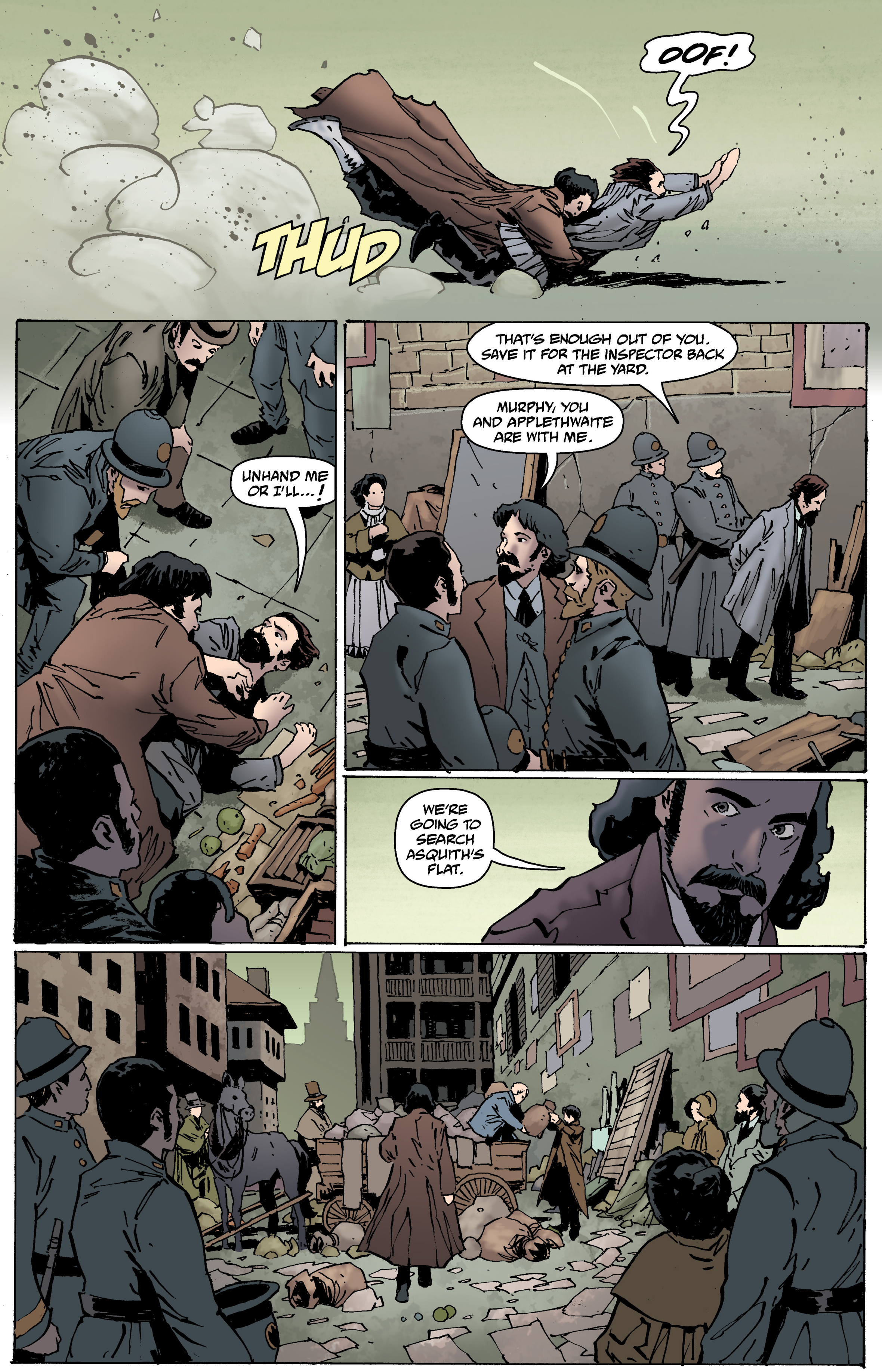

WAIT, YOU DON'T MEAN GORDON ASQUITH? HE'S BACK IN LONDON?
Y-YES, HE RELOCATED HERE FROM OVERSEAS SOME MONTHS AGO, IT SEEMS. DO YOU KNOW HIM?
MAYBE THERE WAS MORE TO THAT **WEEDY LITTLE BUGGER,** AFTER ALL.
WE HAD A RUN-IN WHEN HE ATTEMPTED TO **CONJURE** A DEMON IN **BUCKINGHAM PALACE** IN A MISGUIDED ATTEMPT TO GAIN HER MAJESTY'S FAVOR DURING HER GOLDEN JUBILEE.
"I STOPPED HIM BEFORE THINGS GOT OUT OF HAND AND LIVES WERE LOST, BUT HE SLIPPED AWAY AND FLED THE COUNTRY BEFORE HE COULD BE APPREHENDED."
ASQUITH MIGHT BE A PHYSICALLY **UNIMPOSING** SPECIMEN, BUT AS AN OCCULTIST HE WOULD CERTAINLY POSSESS THE EXPERTISE NECESSARY TO CARRY OUT THESE SORTS OF RITUAL KILLINGS.
AND HE IS ENOUGH OF A DELUSIONAL **EGOTIST** TO SACRIFICE THE LIVES OF INNOCENT WOMEN IN PURSUIT OF HIS OWN SELFISH ENDS.

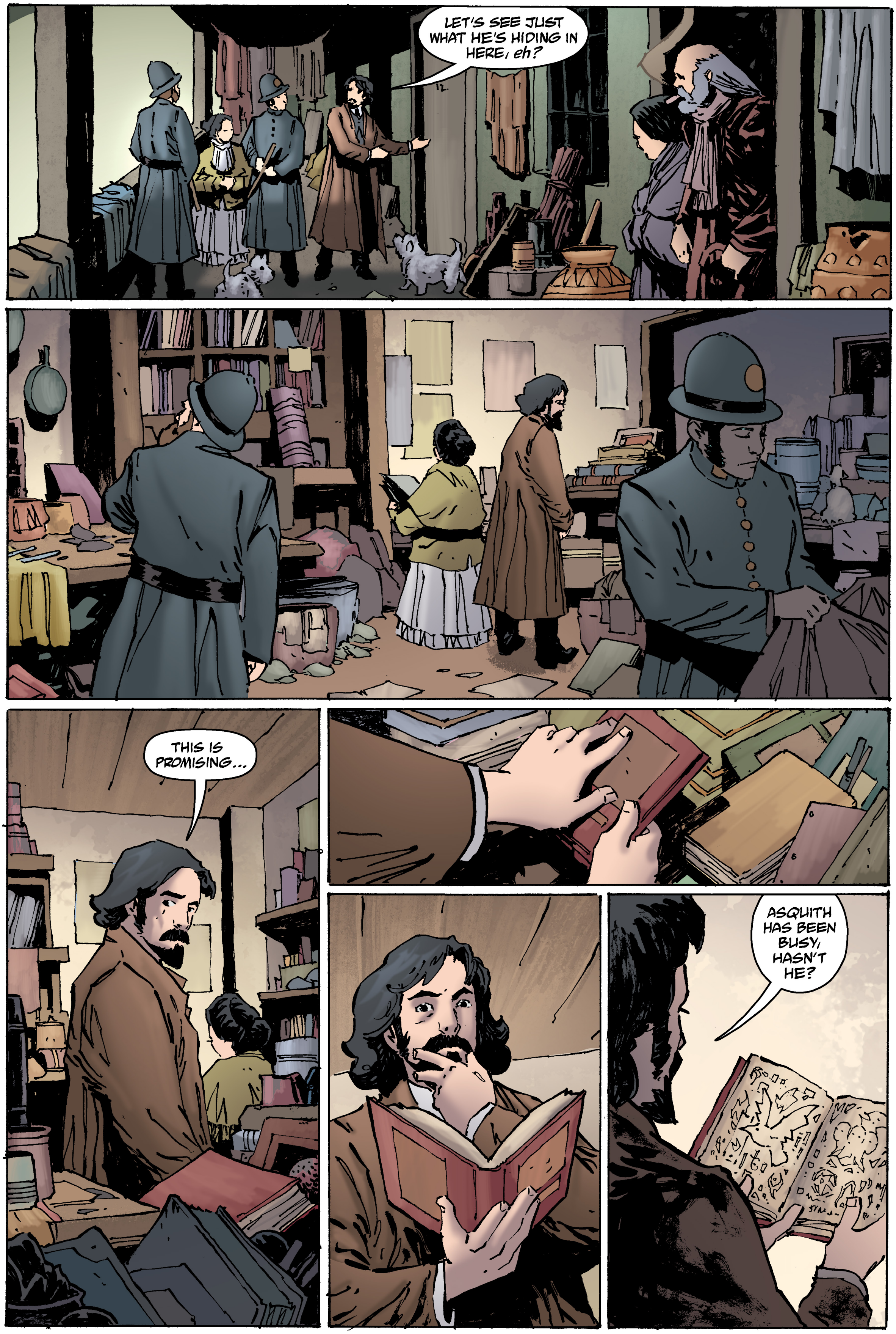

WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!
COME ALONG, YOU TWO, GIVE THE DRIVER ASQUITH'S ADDRESS AND WE CAN BE ON OUR WAY.
WELL, THAT IS, erm...THAT'S THE BAD NEWS THAT WE CAME TO TELL YOU, SIR EDWARD.
THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT IS THAT WE'RE NEEDED BACK AT OXFORD. WE HAVE CLASSES TO TEACH, MATTERS TO ATTEND TO, AND RESEARCH OF OUR OWN TO CARRY ON WITH.
SORRY TO BE SO BLUNT ABOUT IT, BUT WE'VE SPENT MONTHS CHASING RUMORS AND SHADOWS HERE, AND IT'S HIGH TIME WE GOT BACK TO OUR OWN LIVES.
YES, WELL...I SEE. I...I APPRECIATE THE ASSISTANCE YOU HAVE PROVIDED THUS FAR, THE BOTH OF YOU.
IF YOU WOULD GIVE ME THE ADDRESS, THEN I'M CONFIDENT THAT THE POLICE AND I CAN TAKE IT FROM HERE.

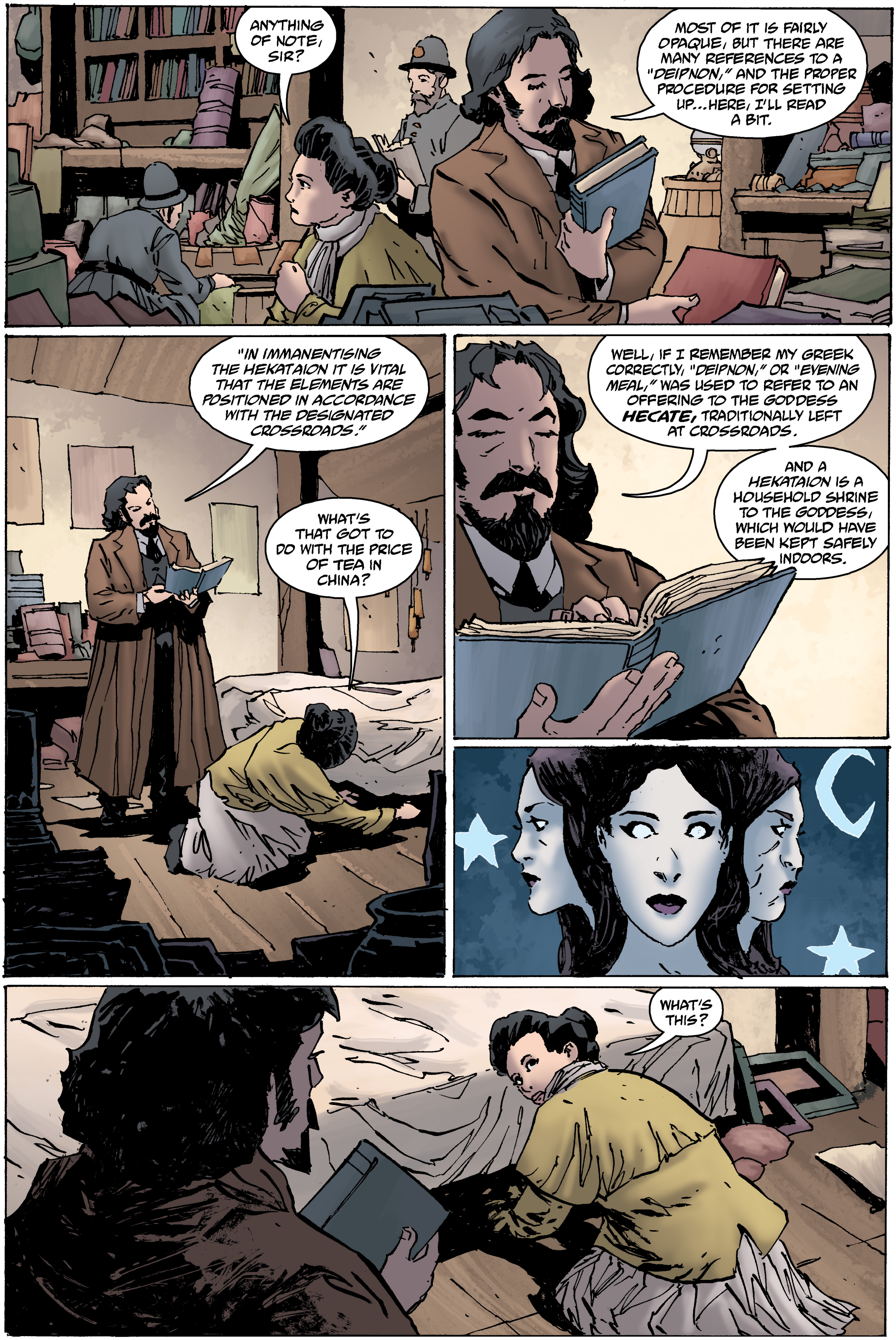

ISLINGTON.
I'M NOT CERTAIN THAT I'LL BE MUCH HELP TO YOU IN THIS, SIR EDWARD...
NONSENSE, MISS GOAD. YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I'VE COME TO RELY ON YOUR OBSERVATIONAL SKILLS, SO KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.
12.
NOW, CONSTABLE MURPHY, YOU'RE CERTAIN THAT NO ONE HAS ENTERED OR LEFT THIS FLAT ALL DAY?
YES, SIR. I MEAN, NO SIR, WE'VE HAD OUR EYES ON IT SINCE SUNUP, AND NOBODY'S BEEN IN OR OUT OF NUMBER TWELVE.
THEN YOU MEN PREPARE TO BATTER THE DOOR DOWN ON MY SIGNAL AND--
12.
THE DEVIL...?!
12

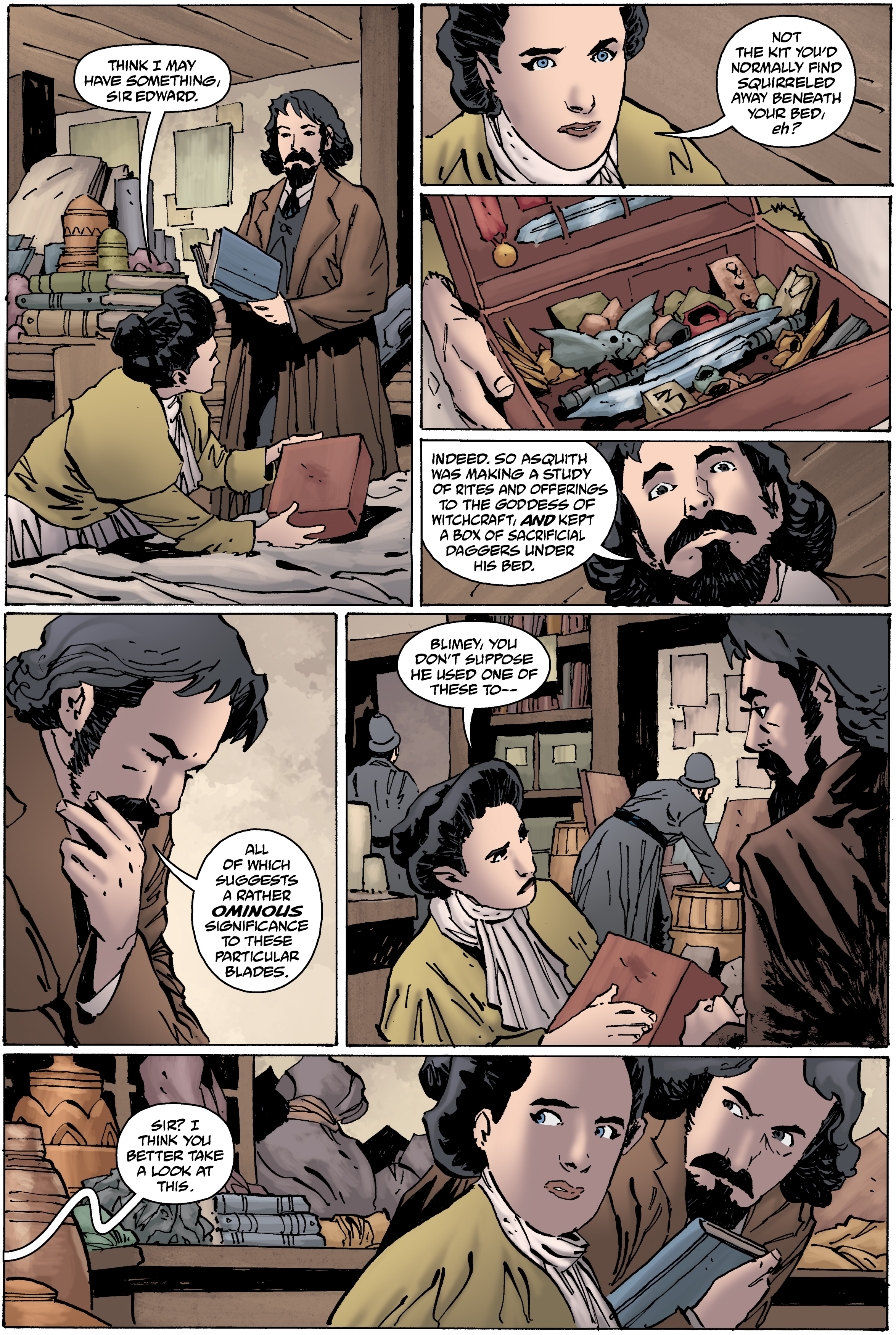

11.
12.
!
OF ALL THE...
THERE HE IS!
11.
WHAT'S THAT?
YOU HAD THE RIGHT **DOOR** NUMBER BUT THE WRONG **BUILDING!**

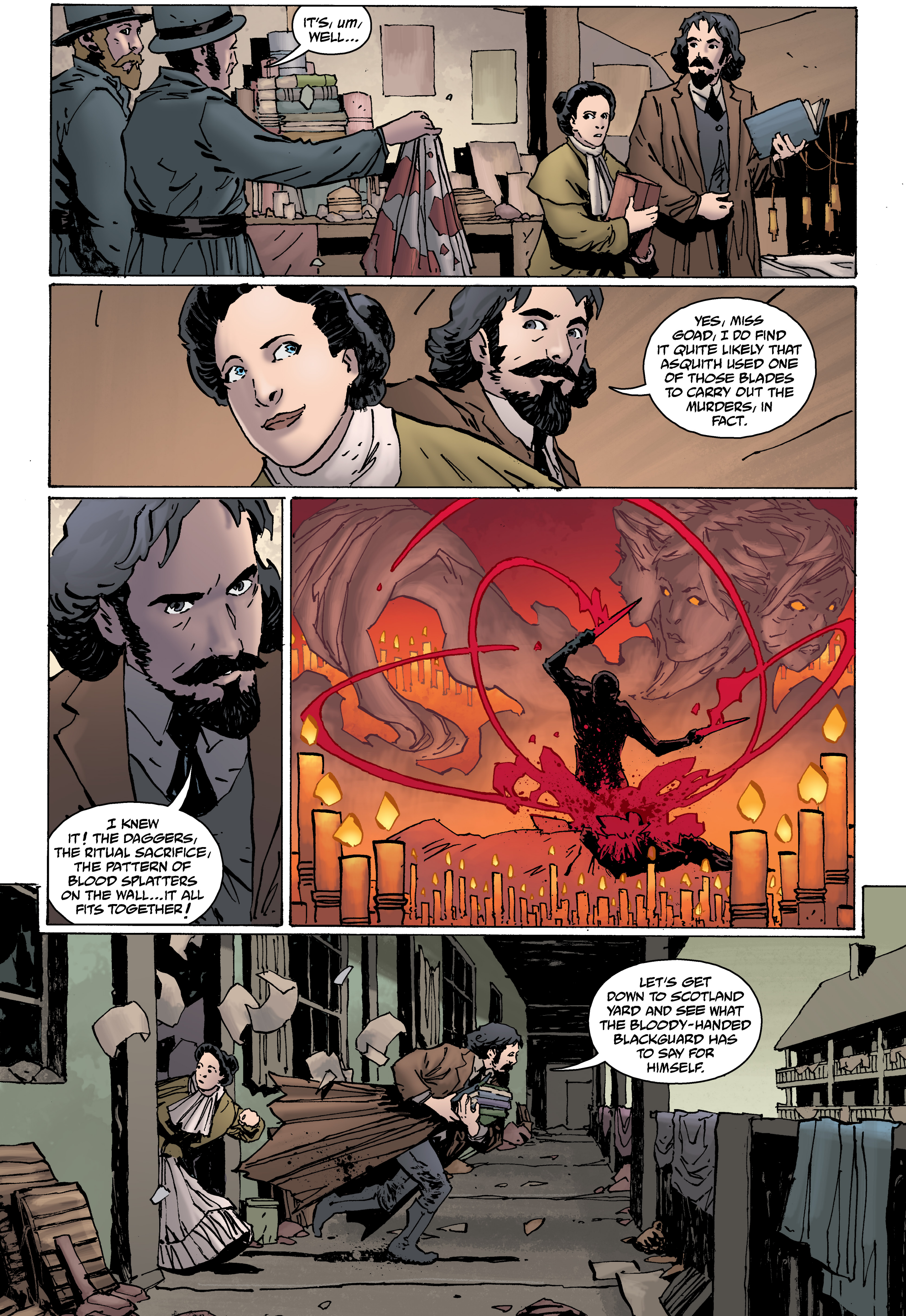

LOOK 'ERE!
THERE!
OOOP!
AAAAH!

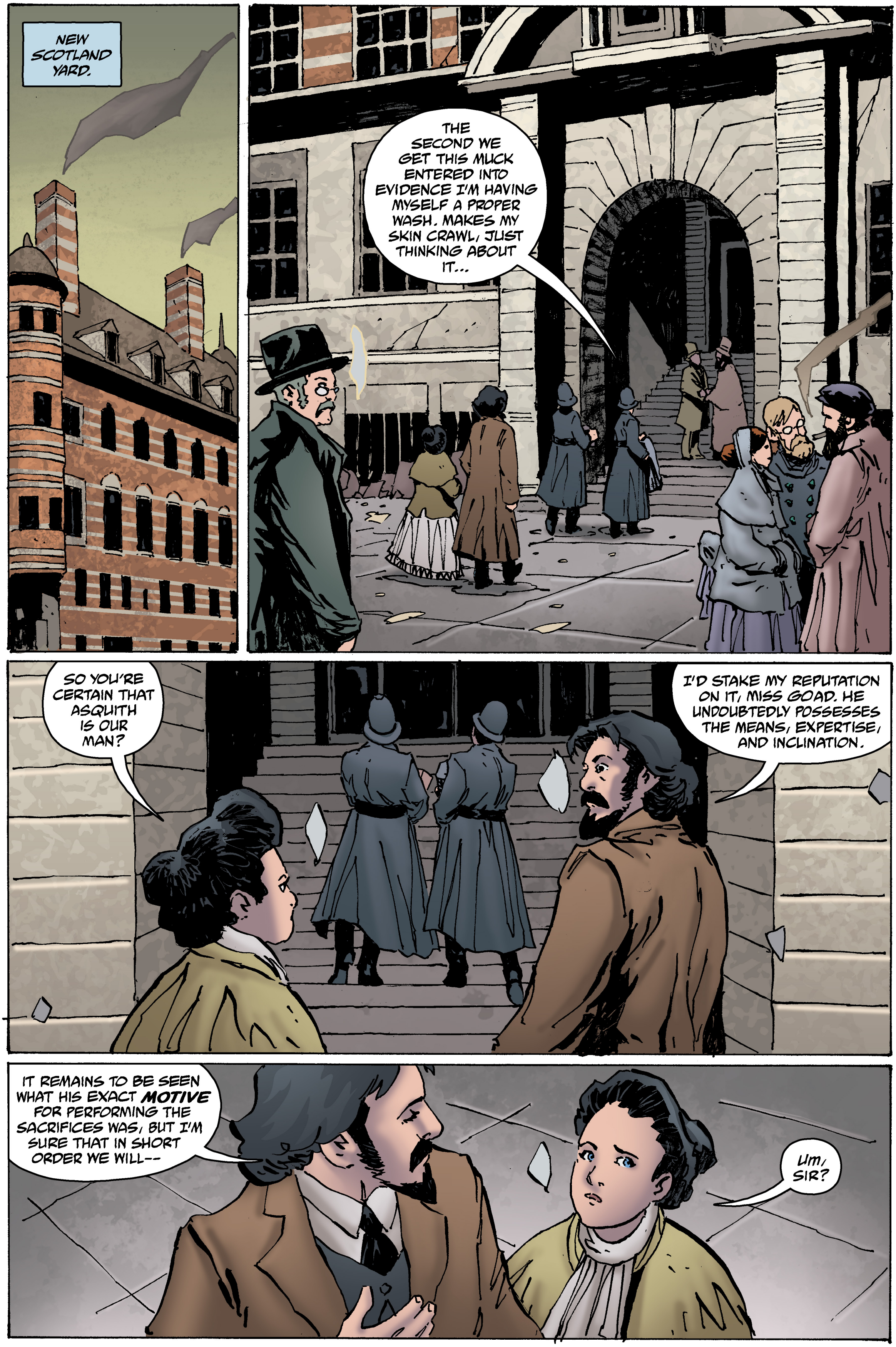

OOF!
THUD
UNHAND ME OR I'LL...!
THAT'S ENOUGH OUT OF YOU. SAVE IT FOR THE INSPECTOR BACK AT THE YARD.
MURPHY, YOU AND APPLETHWAITE ARE WITH ME.
WE'RE GOING TO SEARCH ASQUITH'S FLAT.

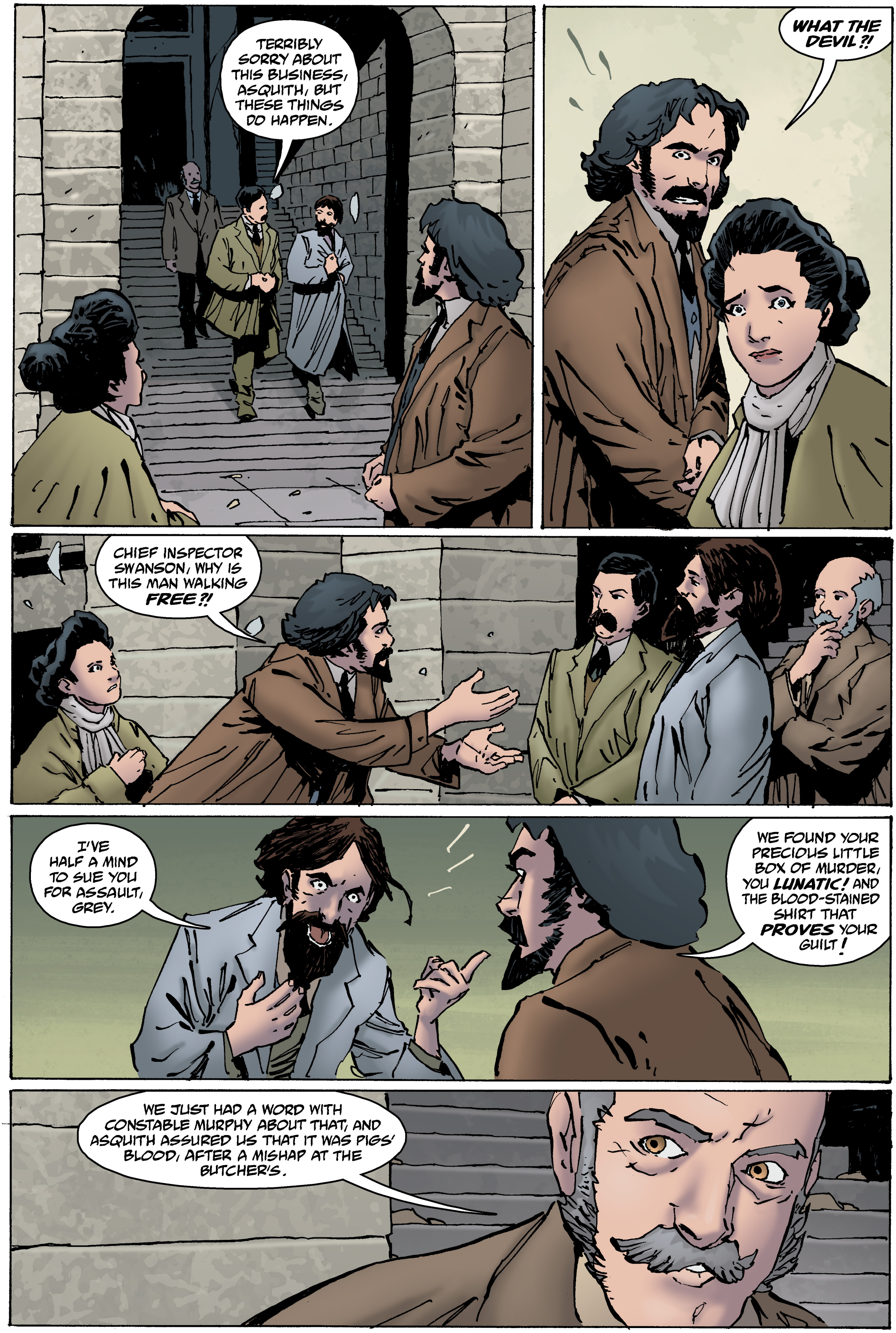

LET'S SEE JUST WHAT HE'S HIDING IN HERE, *eh?*
THIS IS PROMISING...
ASQUITH HAS BEEN BUSY, HASN'T HE?

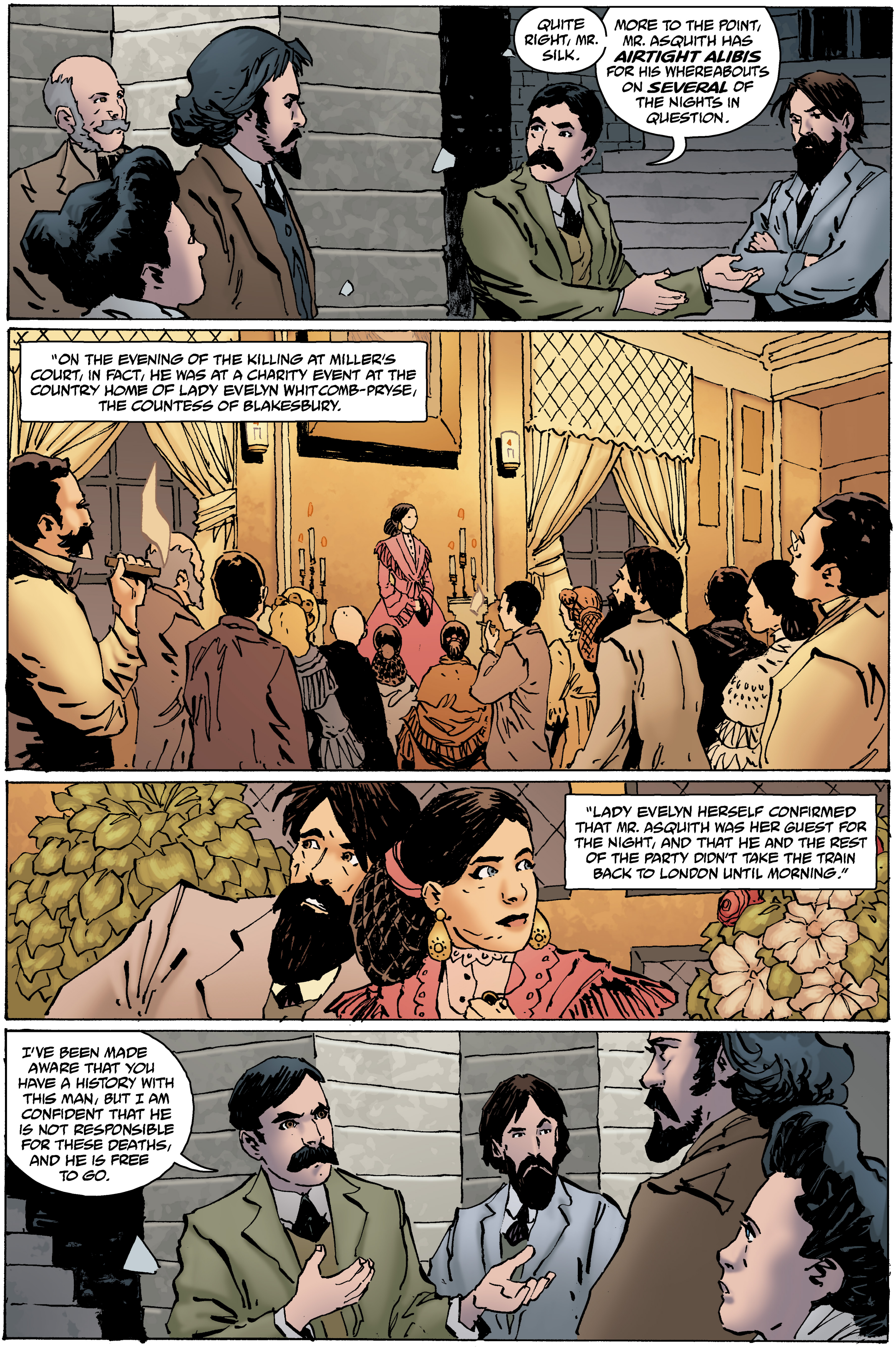

ANYTHING OF NOTE, SIR?
MOST OF IT IS FAIRLY OPAQUE, BUT THERE ARE MANY REFERENCES TO A "DEIPNON," AND THE PROPER PROCEDURE FOR SETTING UP...HERE, I'LL READ A BIT.
"IN IMMANENTISING THE HEKATAION IT IS VITAL THAT THE ELEMENTS ARE POSITIONED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE DESIGNATED CROSSROADS."
WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH THE PRICE OF TEA IN CHINA?
WELL, IF I REMEMBER MY GREEK CORRECTLY, "DEIPNON," OR "EVENING MEAL," WAS USED TO REFER TO AN OFFERING TO THE GODDESS **HECATE,** TRADITIONALLY LEFT AT CROSSROADS.
AND A HEKATAION IS A HOUSEHOLD SHRINE TO THE GODDESS, WHICH WOULD HAVE BEEN KEPT SAFELY INDOORS.
WHAT'S THIS?

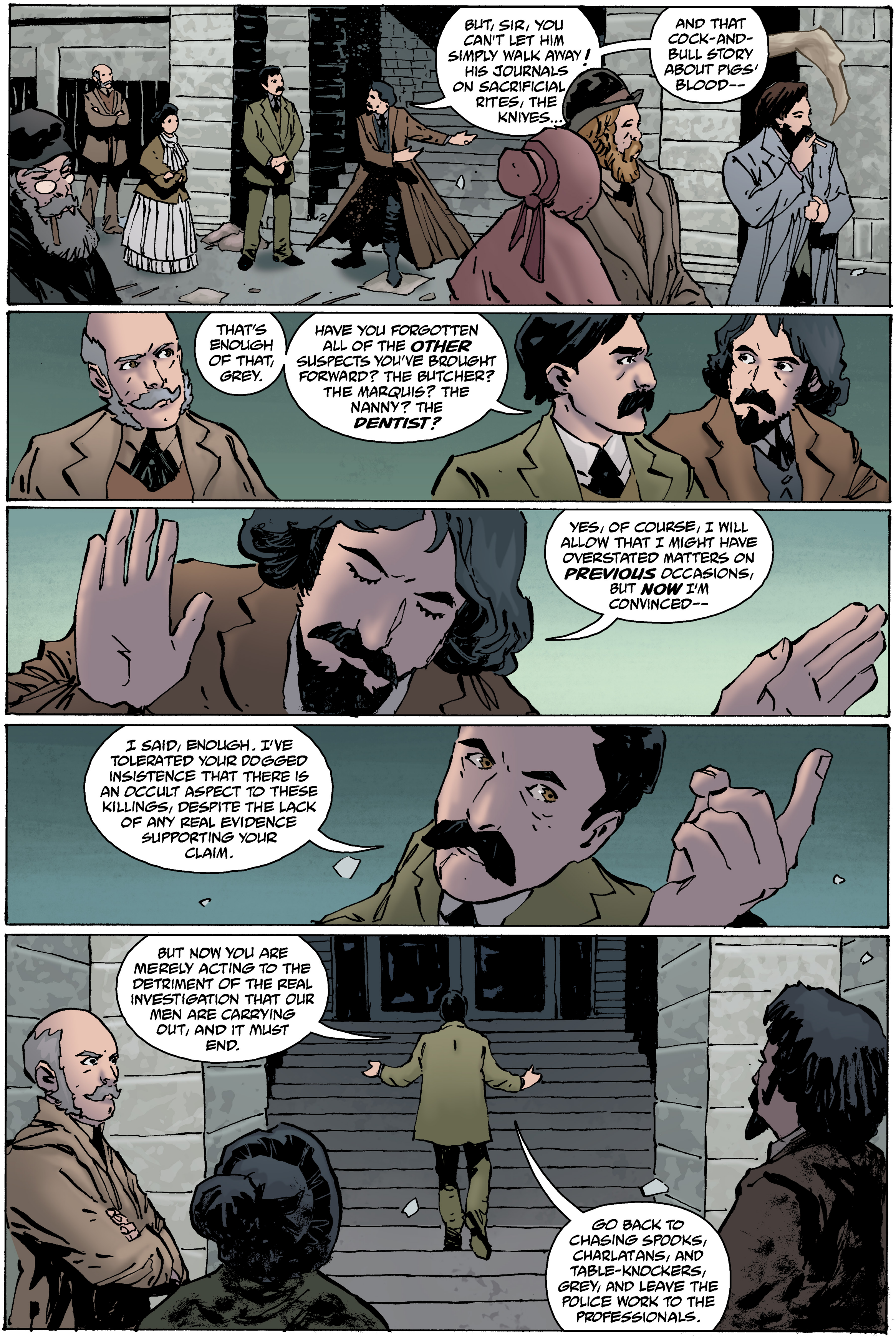

THINK I MAY HAVE SOMETHING, SIR EDWARD.
NOT THE KIT YOU'D NORMALLY FIND SQUIRRELED AWAY BENEATH YOUR BED, *eh?*
INDEED. SO ASQUITH WAS MAKING A STUDY OF RITES AND OFFERINGS TO THE GODDESS OF WITCHCRAFT, ***AND*** KEPT A BOX OF SACRIFICIAL DAGGERS UNDER HIS BED.
ALL OF WHICH SUGGESTS A RATHER ***OMINOUS*** SIGNIFICANCE TO THESE PARTICULAR BLADES.
BLIMEY, YOU DON'T SUPPOSE HE USED ONE OF THESE TO--
SIR? I THINK YOU BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.

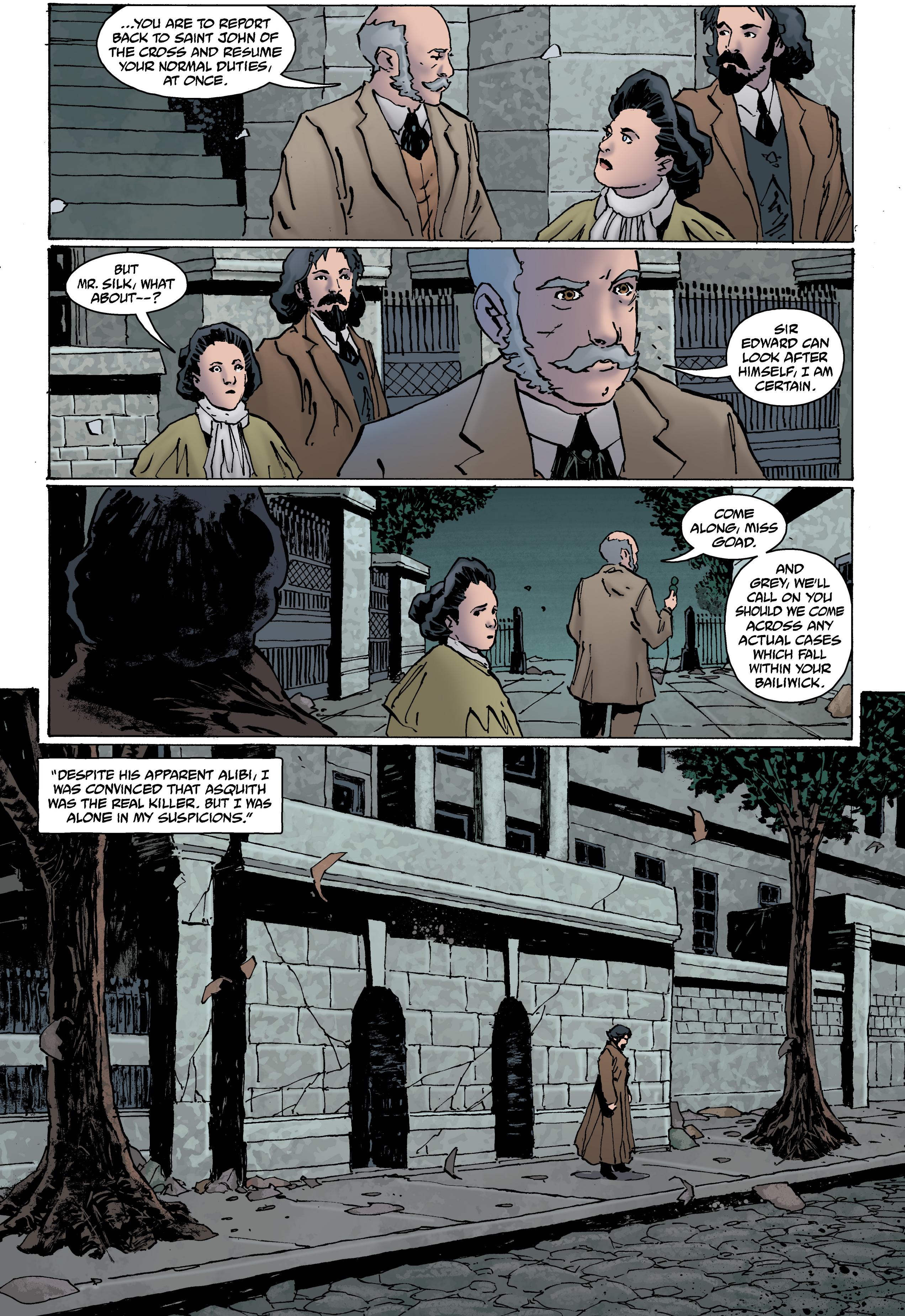

IT'S, um, WELL...
YES, MISS GOAD, I DO FIND IT QUITE LIKELY THAT ASQUITH USED ONE OF THOSE BLADES TO CARRY OUT THE MURDERS, IN FACT.
I KNEW IT! THE DAGGERS, THE RITUAL SACRIFICE, THE PATTERN OF BLOOD SPLATTERS ON THE WALL... IT ALL FITS TOGETHER!
LET'S GET DOWN TO SCOTLAND YARD AND SEE WHAT THE BLOODY-HANDED BLACKGUARD HAS TO SAY FOR HIMSELF.

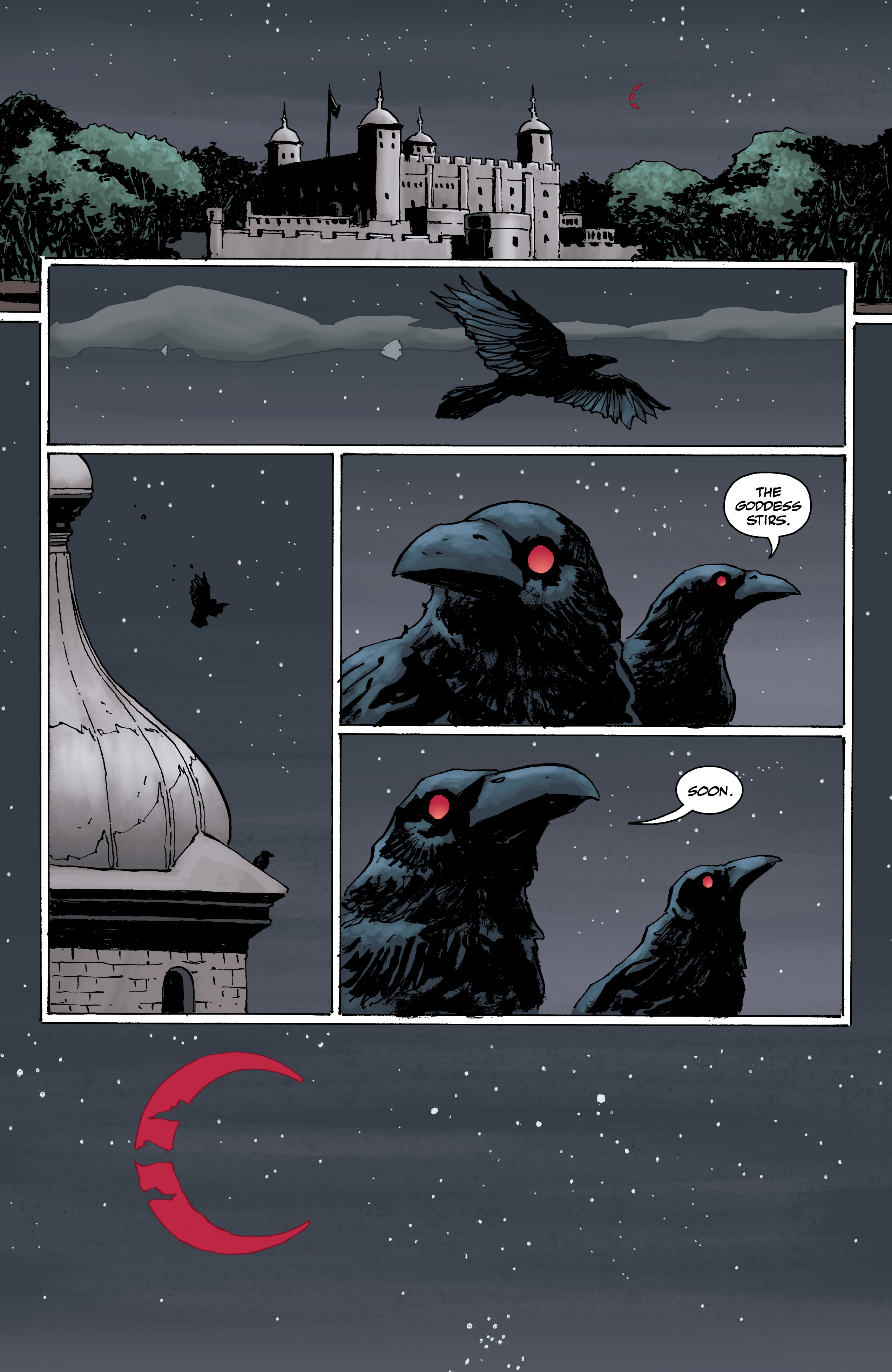

NEW SCOTLAND YARD.
THE SECOND WE GET THIS MUCK ENTERED INTO EVIDENCE I'M HAVING MYSELF A PROPER WASH. MAKES MY SKIN CRAWL, JUST THINKING ABOUT IT...
SO YOU'RE CERTAIN THAT ASQUITH IS OUR MAN?
I'D STAKE MY REPUTATION ON IT, MISS GOAD. HE UNDOUBTEDLY POSSESSES THE MEANS, EXPERTISE, AND INCLINATION.
IT REMAINS TO BE SEEN WHAT HIS EXACT **MOTIVE** FOR PERFORMING THE SACRIFICES WAS, BUT I'M SURE THAT IN SHORT ORDER WE WILL--
UM, SIR?

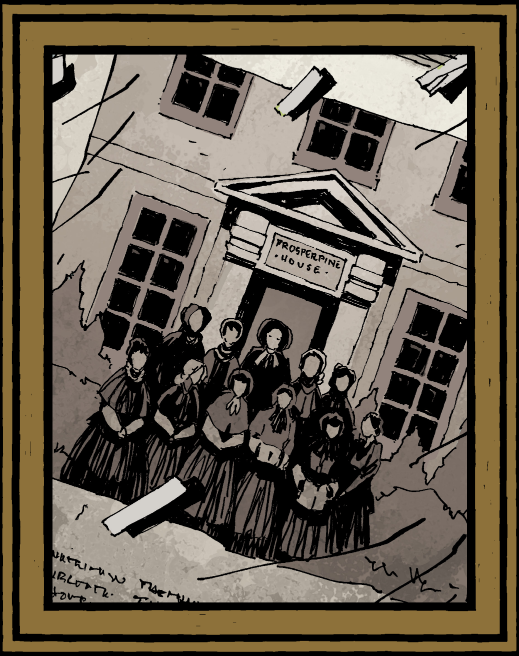

TERRIBLY SORRY ABOUT THIS BUSINESS, ASQUITH, BUT THESE THINGS DO HAPPEN.
WHAT THE DEVIL?!
CHIEF INSPECTOR SWANSON, WHY IS THIS MAN WALKING **FREE?!**
I'VE HALF A MIND TO SUE YOU FOR ASSAULT, GREY.
WE FOUND YOUR PRECIOUS LITTLE BOX OF MURDER, YOU **LUNATIC!** AND THE BLOOD-STAINED SHIRT THAT **PROVES** YOUR GUILT!
WE JUST HAD A WORD WITH CONSTABLE MURPHY ABOUT THAT, AND ASQUITH ASSURED US THAT IT WAS PIGS' BLOOD, AFTER A MISHAP AT THE BUTCHER'S.


QUITE RIGHT, MR. SILK.
MORE TO THE POINT, MR. ASQUITH HAS **AIRTIGHT ALIBIS** FOR HIS WHEREABOUTS ON **SEVERAL** OF THE NIGHTS IN QUESTION.
"ON THE EVENING OF THE KILLING AT MILLER'S COURT, IN FACT, HE WAS AT A CHARITY EVENT AT THE COUNTRY HOME OF LADY EVELYN WHITCOMB-PRYSE, THE COUNTESS OF BLAKESBURY.
"LADY EVELYN HERSELF CONFIRMED THAT MR. ASQUITH WAS HER GUEST FOR THE NIGHT, AND THAT HE AND THE REST OF THE PARTY DIDN'T TAKE THE TRAIN BACK TO LONDON UNTIL MORNING."
I'VE BEEN MADE AWARE THAT YOU HAVE A HISTORY WITH THIS MAN, BUT I AM CONFIDENT THAT HE IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE DEATHS, AND HE IS FREE TO GO.

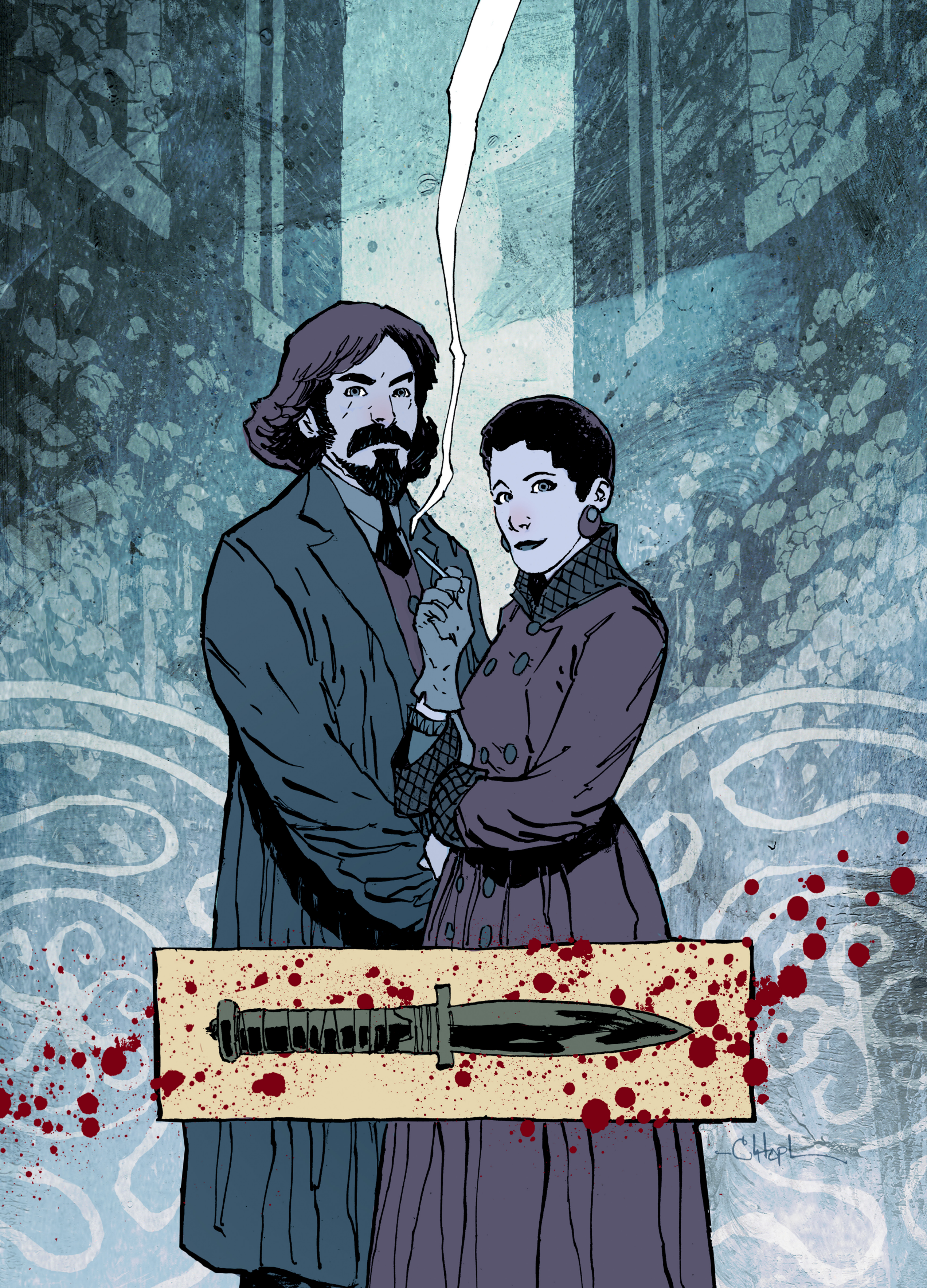

BUT, SIR, YOU CAN'T LET HIM SIMPLY WALK AWAY! HIS JOURNALS ON SACRIFICIAL RITES, THE KNIVES...
AND THAT COCK-AND-BULL STORY ABOUT PIGS' BLOOD--
THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT, GREY.
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ALL OF THE OTHER SUSPECTS YOU'VE BROUGHT FORWARD? THE BUTCHER? THE MARQUIS? THE NANNY? THE DENTIST?
YES, OF COURSE, I WILL ALLOW THAT I MIGHT HAVE OVERSTATED MATTERS ON PREVIOUS OCCASIONS, BUT NOW I'M CONVINCED--
I SAID, ENOUGH. I'VE TOLERATED YOUR DOGGED INSISTENCE THAT THERE IS AN OCCULT ASPECT TO THESE KILLINGS, DESPITE THE LACK OF ANY REAL EVIDENCE SUPPORTING YOUR CLAIM.
BUT NOW YOU ARE MERELY ACTING TO THE DETRIMENT OF THE REAL INVESTIGATION THAT OUR MEN ARE CARRYING OUT, AND IT MUST END.
GO BACK TO CHASING SPOOKS, CHARLATANS, AND TABLE-KNOCKERS, GREY, AND LEAVE THE POLICE WORK TO THE PROFESSIONALS.

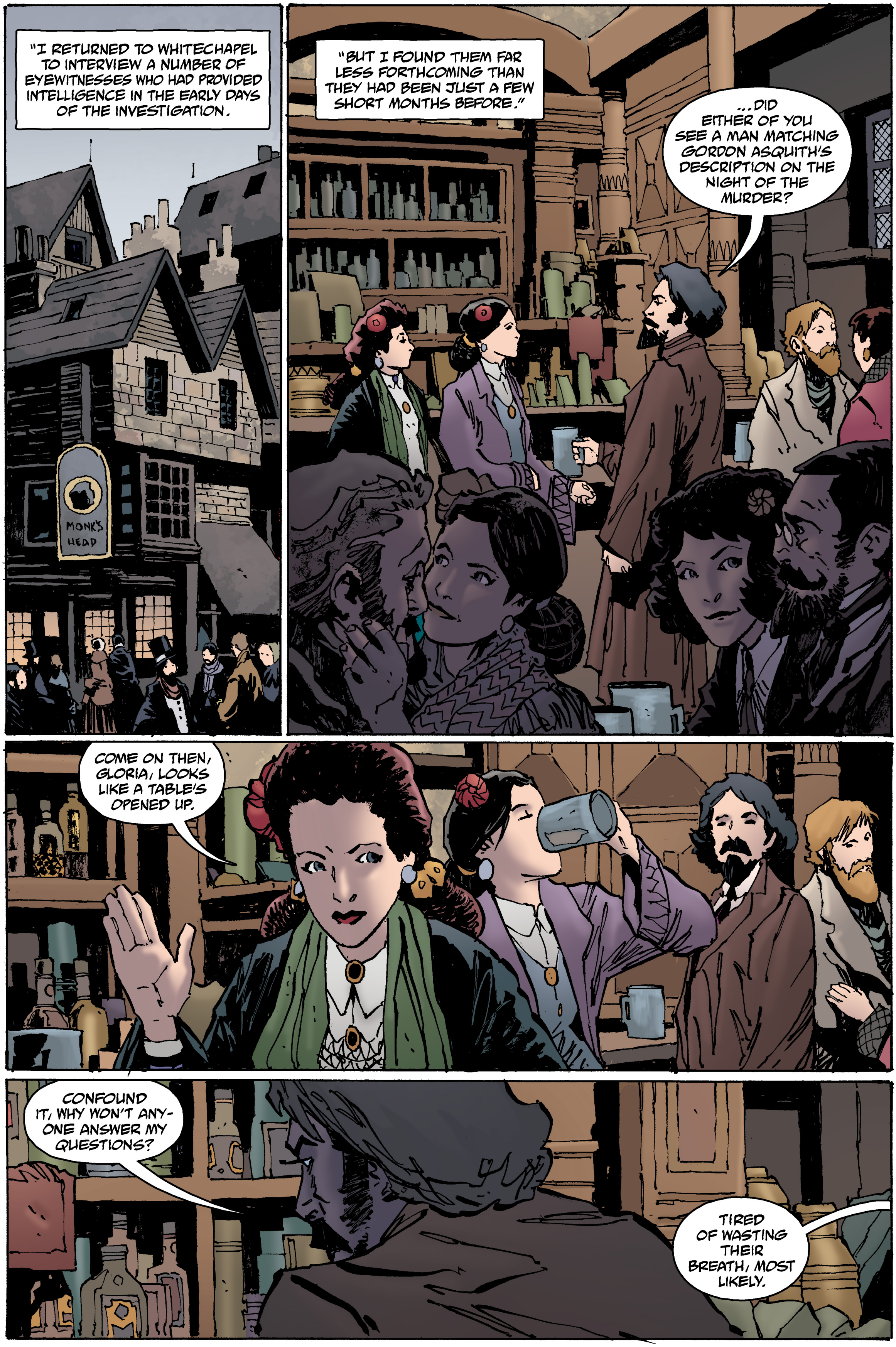

...YOU ARE TO REPORT BACK TO SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS AND RESUME YOUR NORMAL DUTIES, AT ONCE.
BUT MR. SILK, WHAT ABOUT--?
SIR EDWARD CAN LOOK AFTER HIMSELF, I AM CERTAIN.
COME ALONG, MISS GOAD.
AND GREY, WE'LL CALL ON YOU SHOULD WE COME ACROSS ANY ACTUAL CASES WHICH FALL WITHIN YOUR BAILIWICK.
"DESPITE HIS APPARENT ALIBI, I WAS CONVINCED THAT ASQUITH WAS THE REAL KILLER. BUT I WAS ALONE IN MY SUSPICIONS."

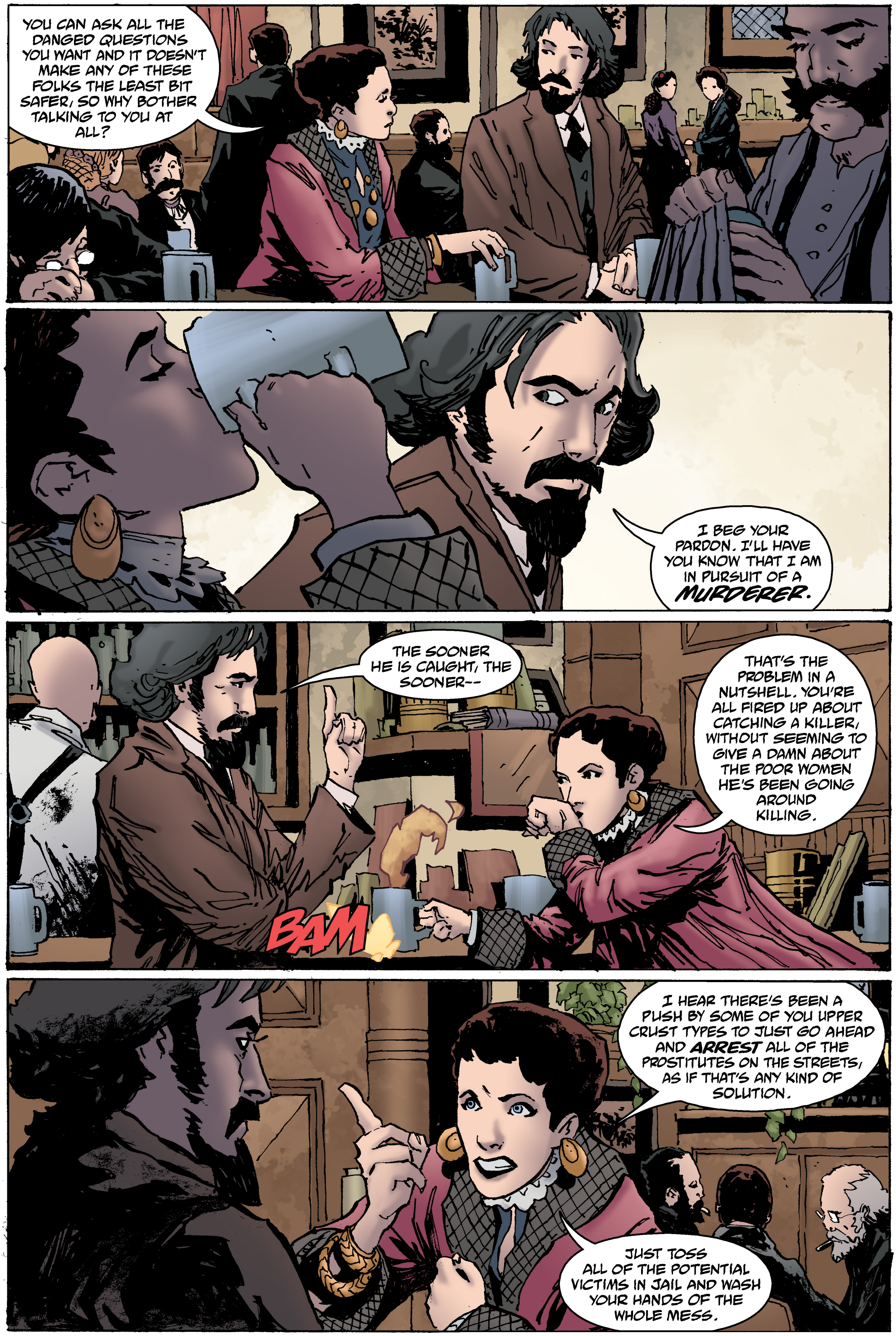

THE GODDESS STIRS.
SOON.

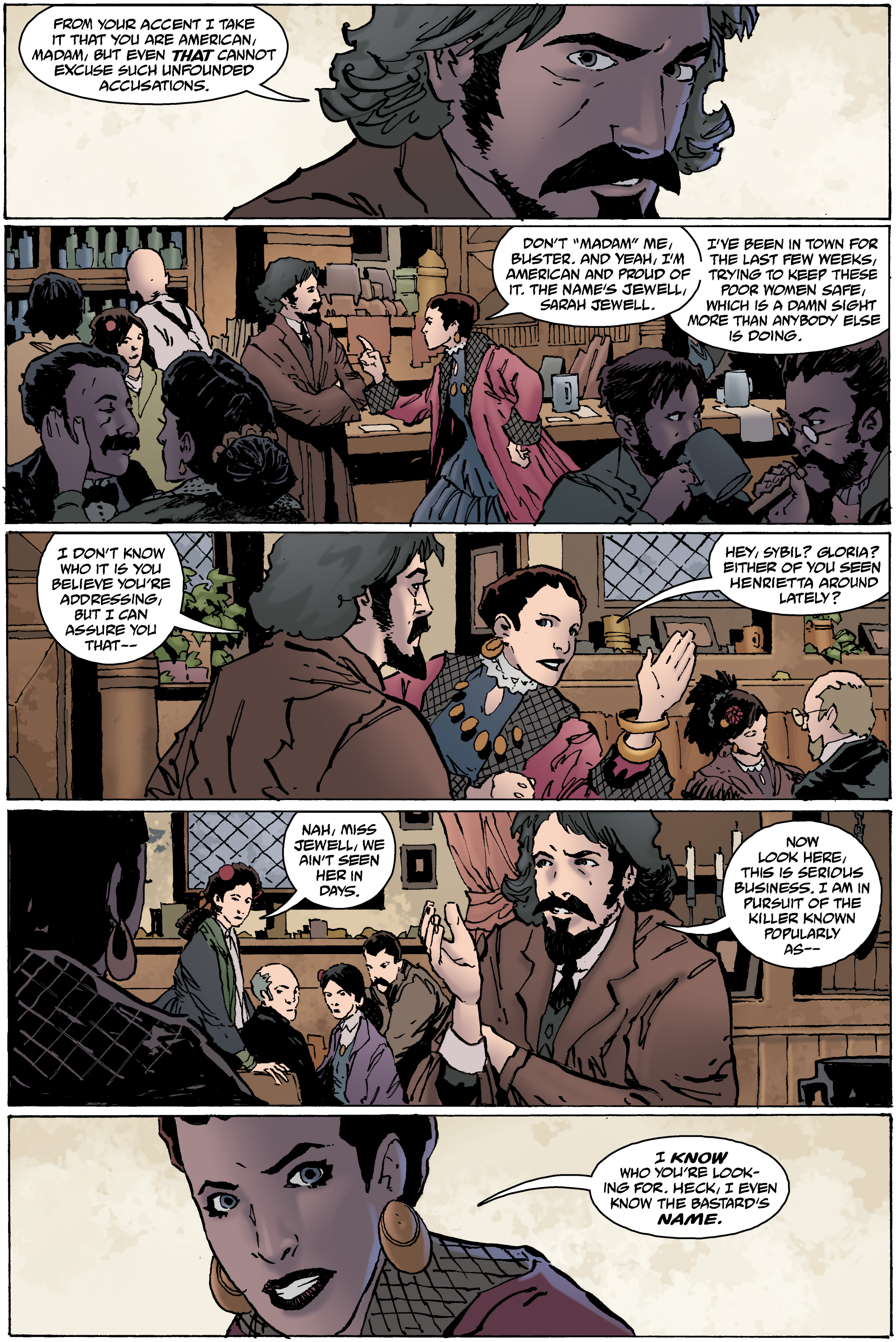

PROSPERPINE
· HOUSE ·

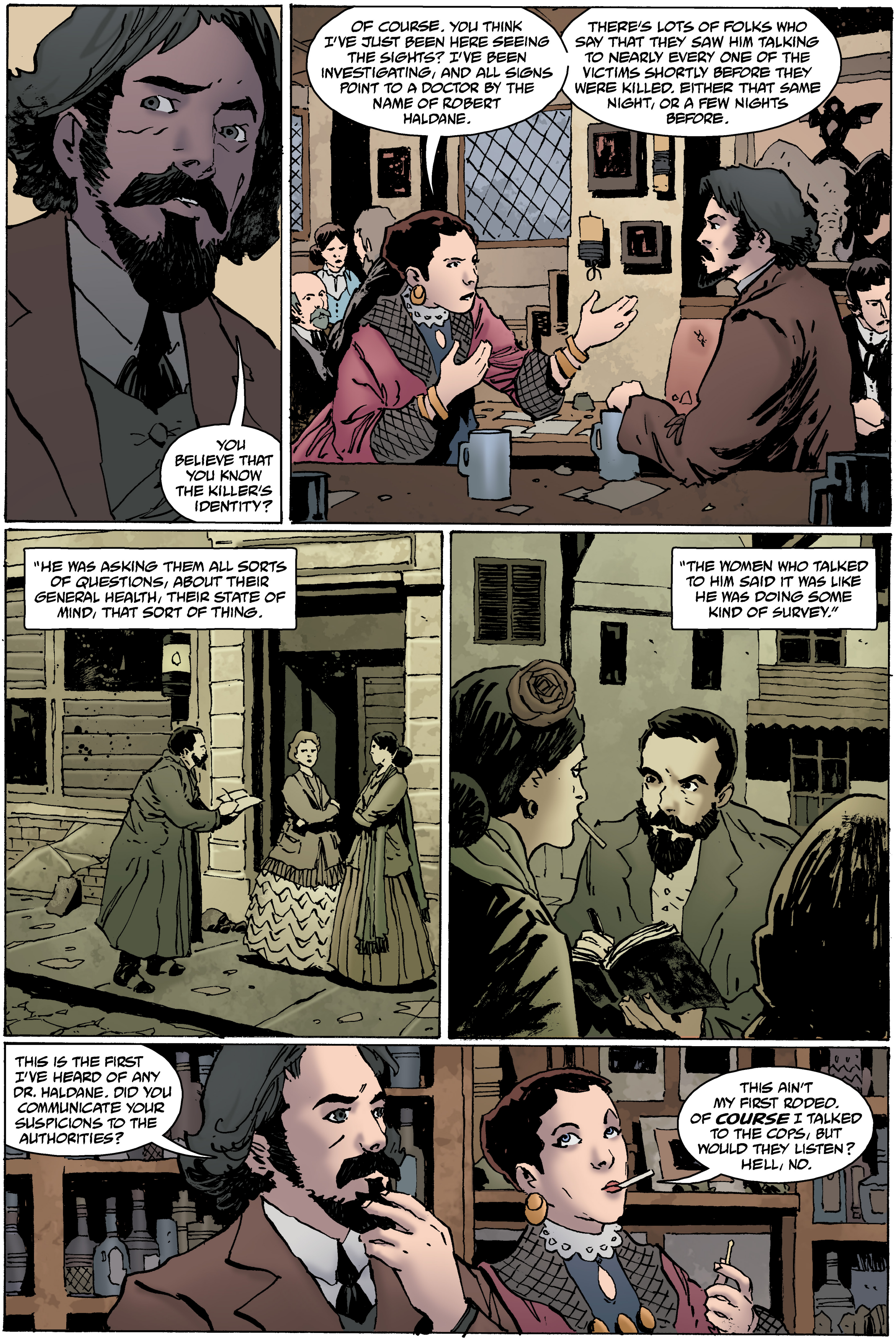
CHAPTER TWO

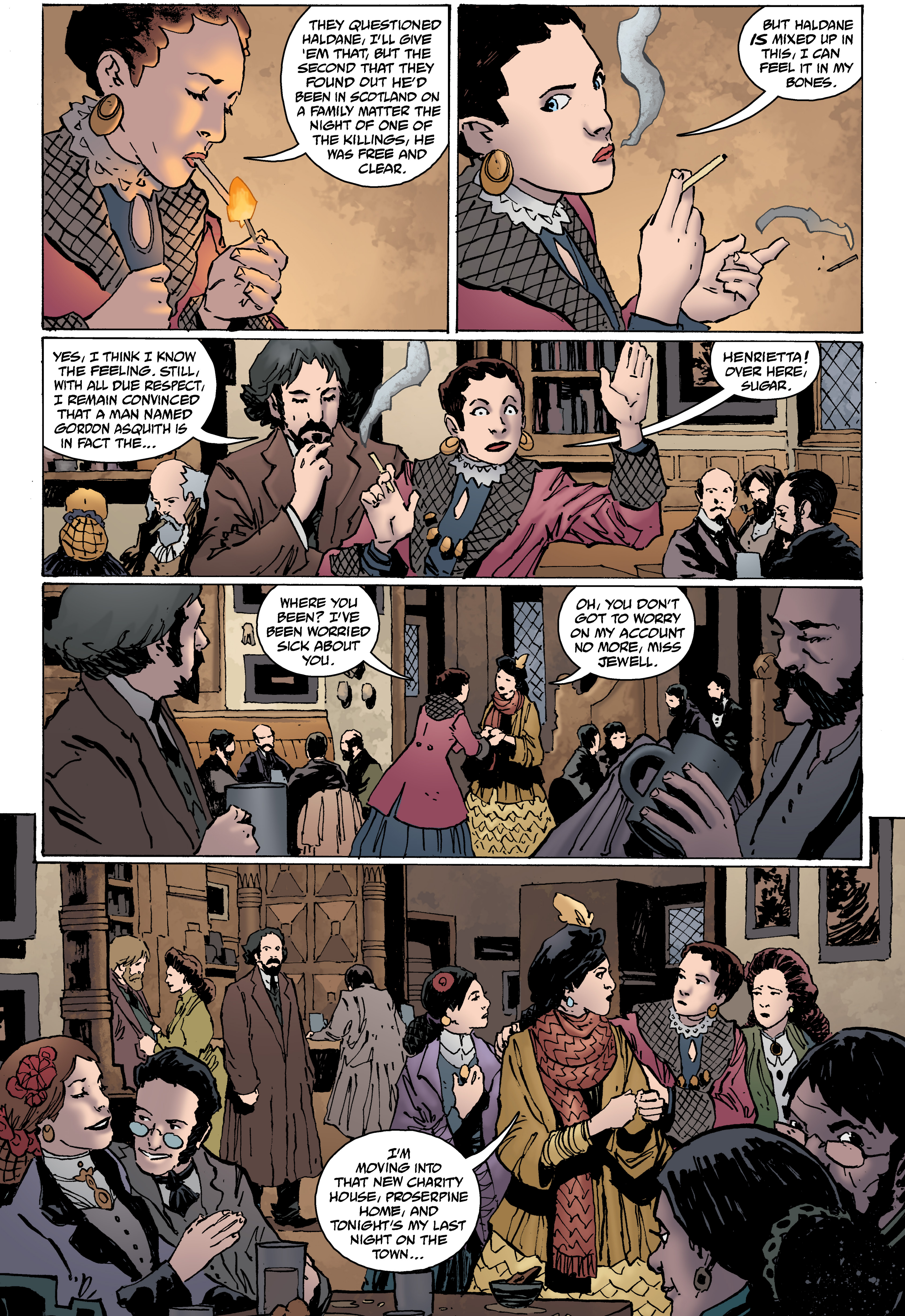


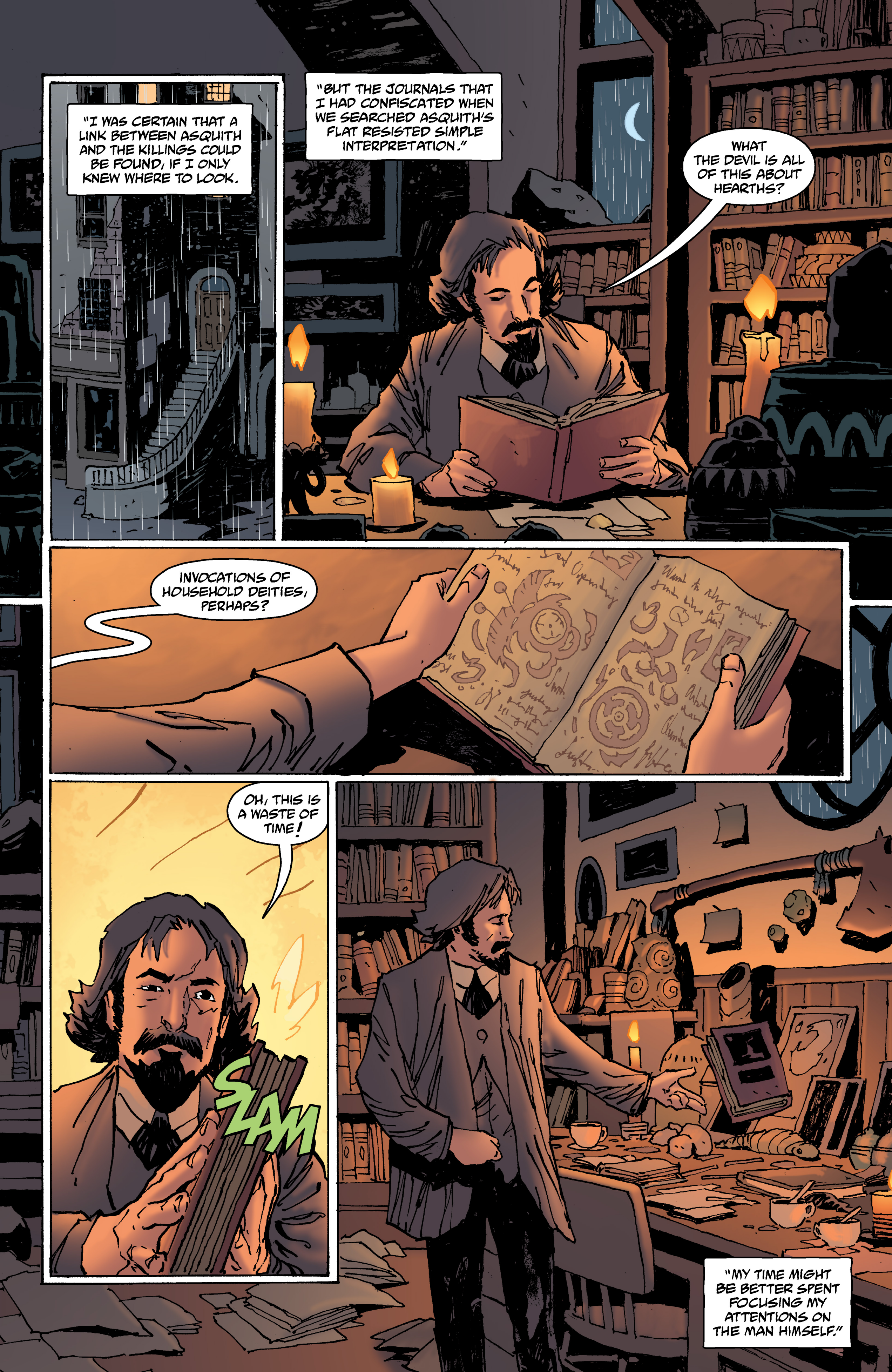

"I RETURNED TO WHITECHAPEL TO INTERVIEW A NUMBER OF EYEWITNESSES WHO HAD PROVIDED INTELLIGENCE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE INVESTIGATION.
MONK'S HEAD
"BUT I FOUND THEM FAR LESS FORTHCOMING THAN THEY HAD BEEN JUST A FEW SHORT MONTHS BEFORE."
...DID EITHER OF YOU SEE A MAN MATCHING GORDON ASQUITH'S DESCRIPTION ON THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER?
COME ON THEN, GLORIA, LOOKS LIKE A TABLE'S OPENED UP.
CONFOUND IT, WHY WON'T ANYONE ANSWER MY QUESTIONS?
TIRED OF WASTING THEIR BREATH, MOST LIKELY.

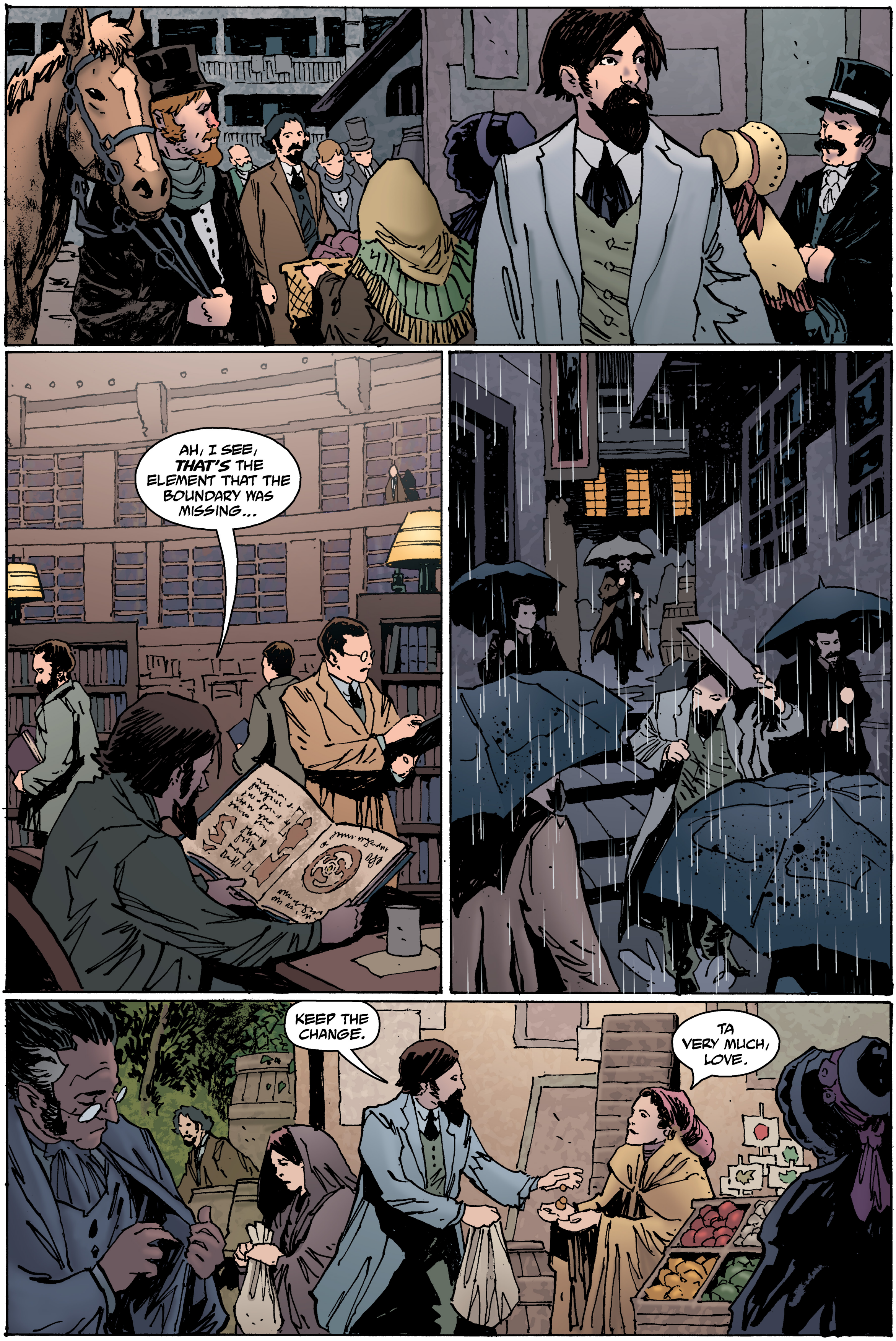

YOU CAN ASK ALL THE DANGED QUESTIONS YOU WANT AND IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY OF THESE FOLKS THE LEAST BIT SAFER, SO WHY BOTHER TALKING TO YOU AT ALL?
I BEG YOUR PARDON. I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT I AM IN PURSUIT OF A ***MURDERER***.
THE SOONER HE IS CAUGHT, THE SOONER--
THAT'S THE PROBLEM IN A NUTSHELL. YOU'RE ALL FIRED UP ABOUT CATCHING A KILLER, WITHOUT SEEMING TO GIVE A DAMN ABOUT THE POOR WOMEN HE'S BEEN GOING AROUND KILLING.
BAM
I HEAR THERE'S BEEN A PUSH BY SOME OF YOU UPPER CRUST TYPES TO JUST GO AHEAD AND **ARREST** ALL OF THE PROSTITUTES ON THE STREETS, AS IF THAT'S ANY KIND OF SOLUTION.
JUST TOSS ALL OF THE POTENTIAL VICTIMS IN JAIL AND WASH YOUR HANDS OF THE WHOLE MESS.

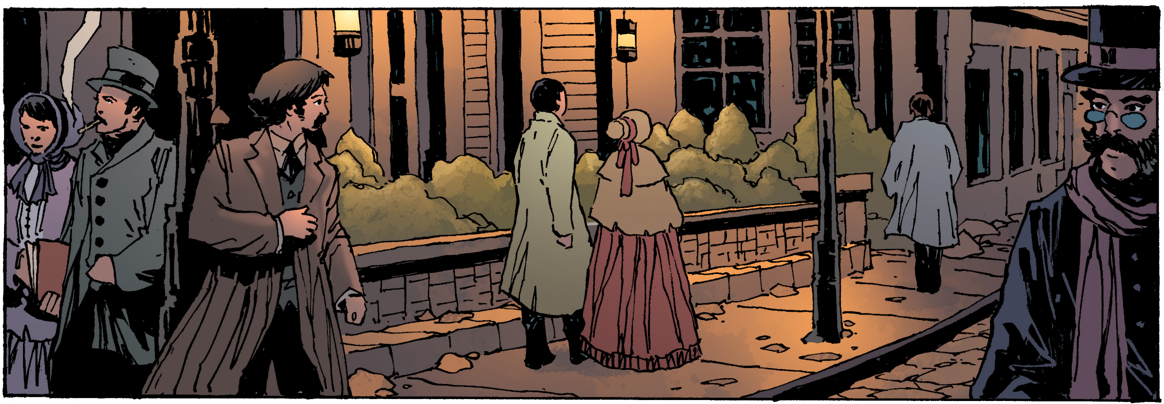

FROM YOUR ACCENT I TAKE IT THAT YOU ARE AMERICAN, MADAM, BUT EVEN **THAT** CANNOT EXCUSE SUCH UNFOUNDED ACCUSATIONS.
DON'T "MADAM" ME, BUSTER. AND YEAH, I'M AMERICAN AND PROUD OF IT. THE NAME'S JEWELL, SARAH JEWELL.
I'VE BEEN IN TOWN FOR THE LAST FEW WEEKS, TRYING TO KEEP THESE POOR WOMEN SAFE, WHICH IS A DAMN SIGHT MORE THAN ANYBODY ELSE IS DOING.
I DON'T KNOW WHO IT IS YOU BELIEVE YOU'RE ADDRESSING, BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT--
HEY, SYBIL? GLORIA? EITHER OF YOU SEEN HENRIETTA AROUND LATELY?
NAH, MISS JEWELL, WE AIN'T SEEN HER IN DAYS.
NOW LOOK HERE, THIS IS SERIOUS BUSINESS. I AM IN PURSUIT OF THE KILLER KNOWN POPULARLY AS--
I **KNOW** WHO YOU'RE LOOKING FOR. HECK, I EVEN KNOW THE BASTARD'S **NAME.**

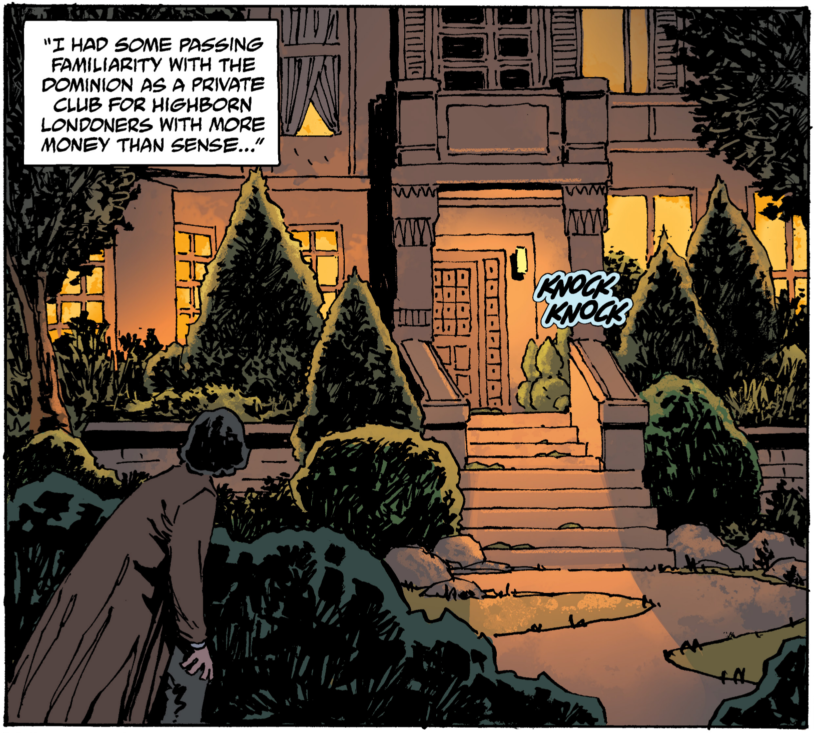

YOU BELIEVE THAT YOU KNOW THE KILLER'S IDENTITY?
OF COURSE. YOU THINK I'VE JUST BEEN HERE SEEING THE SIGHTS? I'VE BEEN INVESTIGATING, AND ALL SIGNS POINT TO A DOCTOR BY THE NAME OF ROBERT HALDANE.
THERE'S LOTS OF FOLKS WHO SAY THAT THEY SAW HIM TALKING TO NEARLY EVERY ONE OF THE VICTIMS SHORTLY BEFORE THEY WERE KILLED. EITHER THAT SAME NIGHT, OR A FEW NIGHTS BEFORE.
"HE WAS ASKING THEM ALL SORTS OF QUESTIONS, ABOUT THEIR GENERAL HEALTH, THEIR STATE OF MIND, THAT SORT OF THING.
"THE WOMEN WHO TALKED TO HIM SAID IT WAS LIKE HE WAS DOING SOME KIND OF SURVEY."
THIS IS THE FIRST I'VE HEARD OF ANY DR. HALDANE. DID YOU COMMUNICATE YOUR SUSPICIONS TO THE AUTHORITIES?
THIS AIN'T MY FIRST RODEO. OF **COURSE** I TALKED TO THE COPS, BUT WOULD THEY LISTEN? HELL, NO.

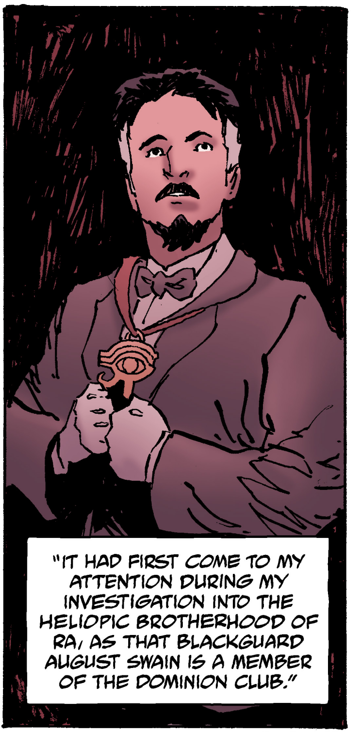

THEY QUESTIONED HALDANE, I'LL GIVE 'EM THAT, BUT THE SECOND THAT THEY FOUND OUT HE'D BEEN IN SCOTLAND ON A FAMILY MATTER THE NIGHT OF ONE OF THE KILLINGS, HE WAS FREE AND CLEAR.
BUT HALDANE **IS** MIXED UP IN THIS, I CAN FEEL IT IN MY BONES.
YES, I THINK I KNOW THE FEELING. STILL, WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, I REMAIN CONVINCED THAT A MAN NAMED GORDON ASQUITH IS IN FACT THE...
HENRIETTA! OVER HERE, SUGAR.
WHERE YOU BEEN? I'VE BEEN WORRIED SICK ABOUT YOU.
OH, YOU DON'T GOT TO WORRY ON MY ACCOUNT NO MORE, MISS JEWELL.
I'M MOVING INTO THAT NEW CHARITY HOUSE, PROSERPINE HOME, AND TONIGHT'S MY LAST NIGHT ON THE TOWN...

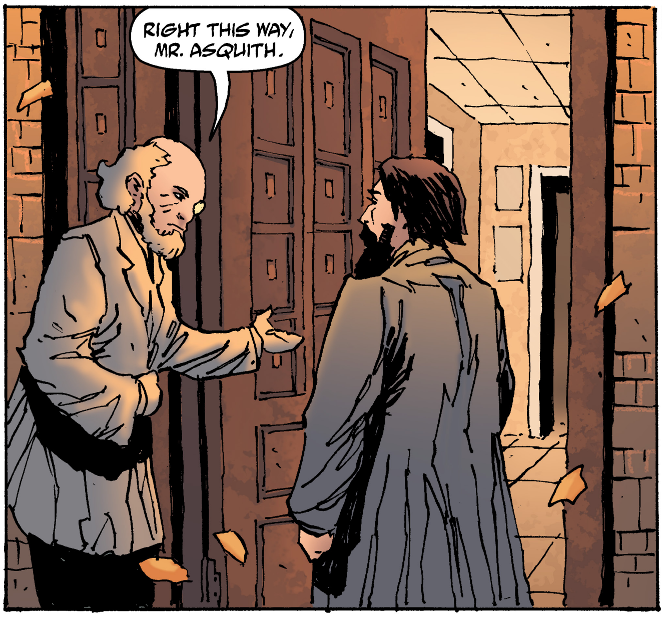

"I WAS CERTAIN THAT A LINK BETWEEN ASQUITH AND THE KILLINGS COULD BE FOUND, IF I ONLY KNEW WHERE TO LOOK.
"BUT THE JOURNALS THAT I HAD CONFISCATED WHEN WE SEARCHED ASQUITH'S FLAT RESISTED SIMPLE INTERPRETATION."
WHAT THE DEVIL IS ALL OF THIS ABOUT HEARTHS?
INVOCATIONS OF HOUSEHOLD DEITIES, PERHAPS?
OH, THIS IS A WASTE OF TIME!
SLAM
"MY TIME MIGHT BE BETTER SPENT FOCUSING MY ATTENTIONS ON THE MAN HIMSELF."

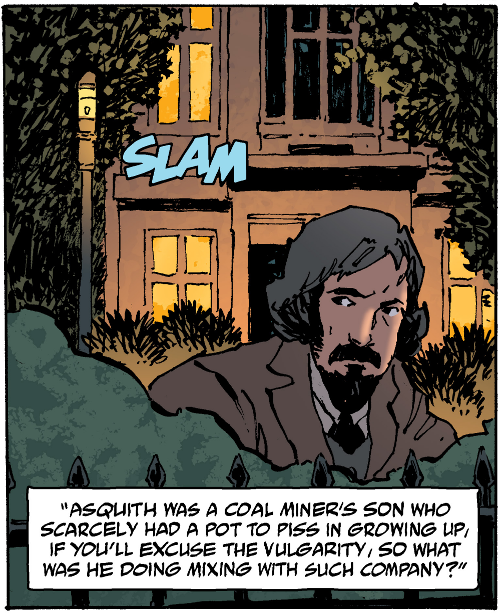

AH, I SEE, *THAT'S* THE ELEMENT THAT THE BOUNDARY WAS MISSING...
KEEP THE CHANGE.
TA VERY MUCH, LOVE.

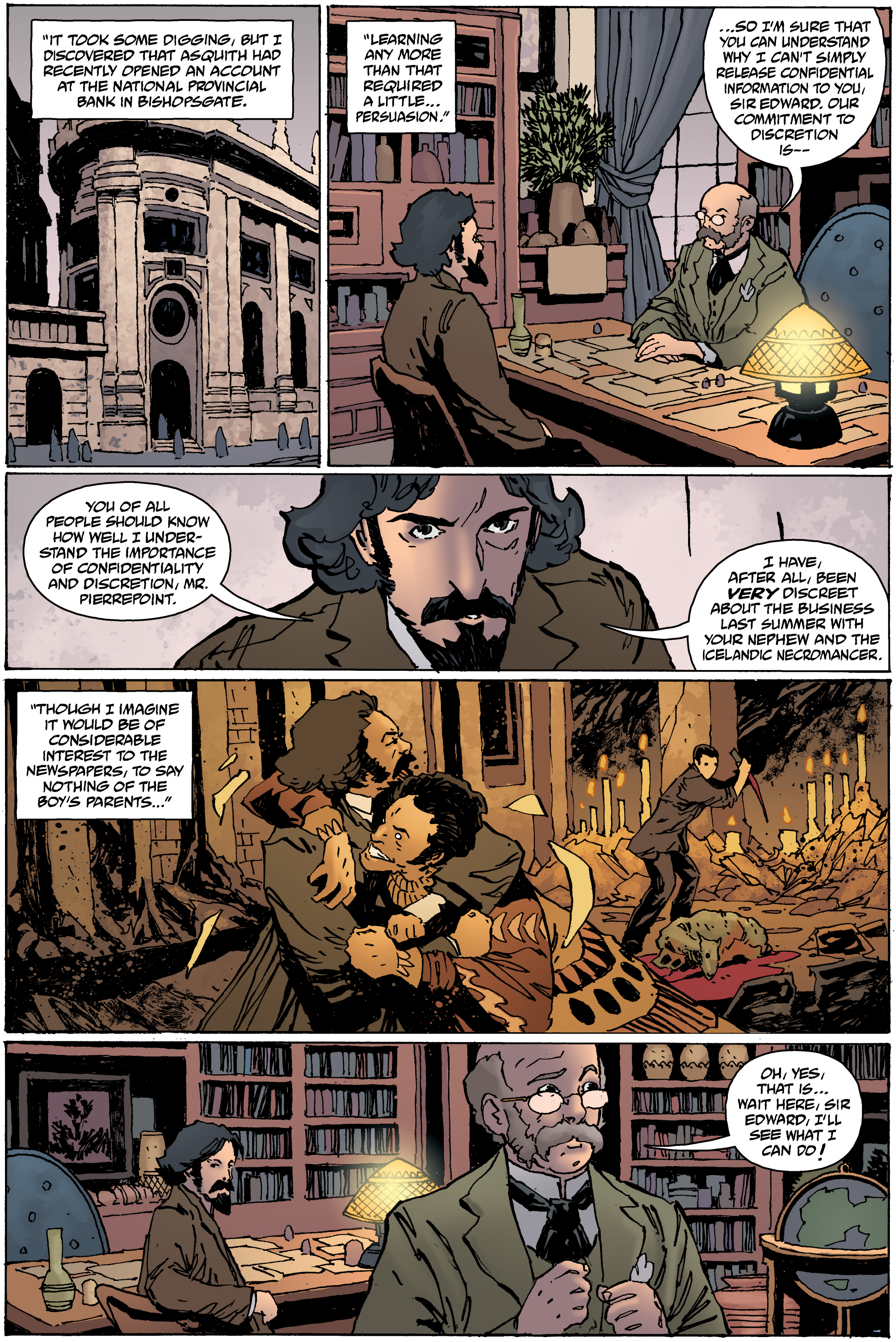


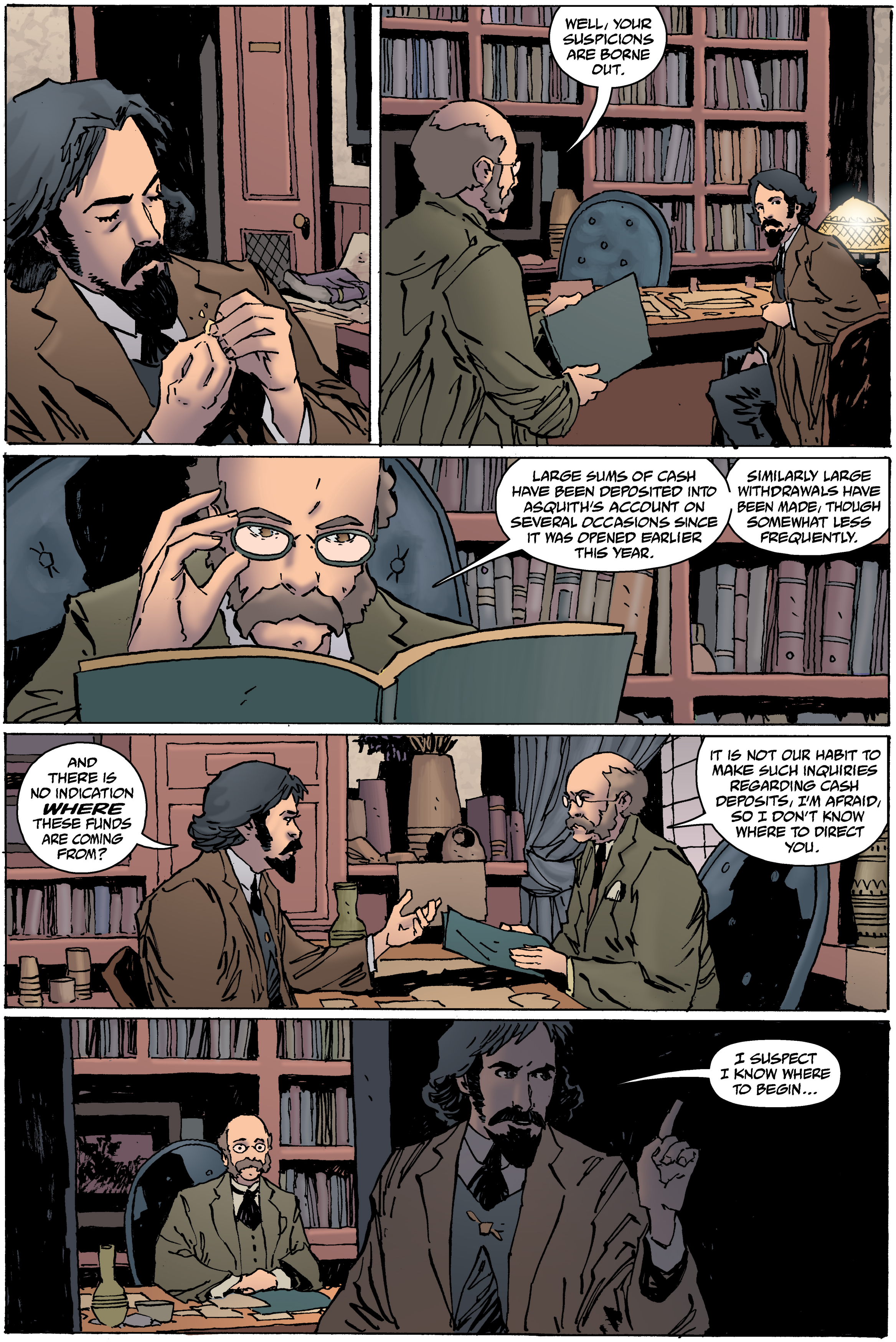

"I HAD SOME PASSING FAMILIARITY WITH THE DOMINION AS A PRIVATE CLUB FOR HIGHBORN LONDONERS WITH MORE MONEY THAN SENSE..."
KNOCK KNOCK

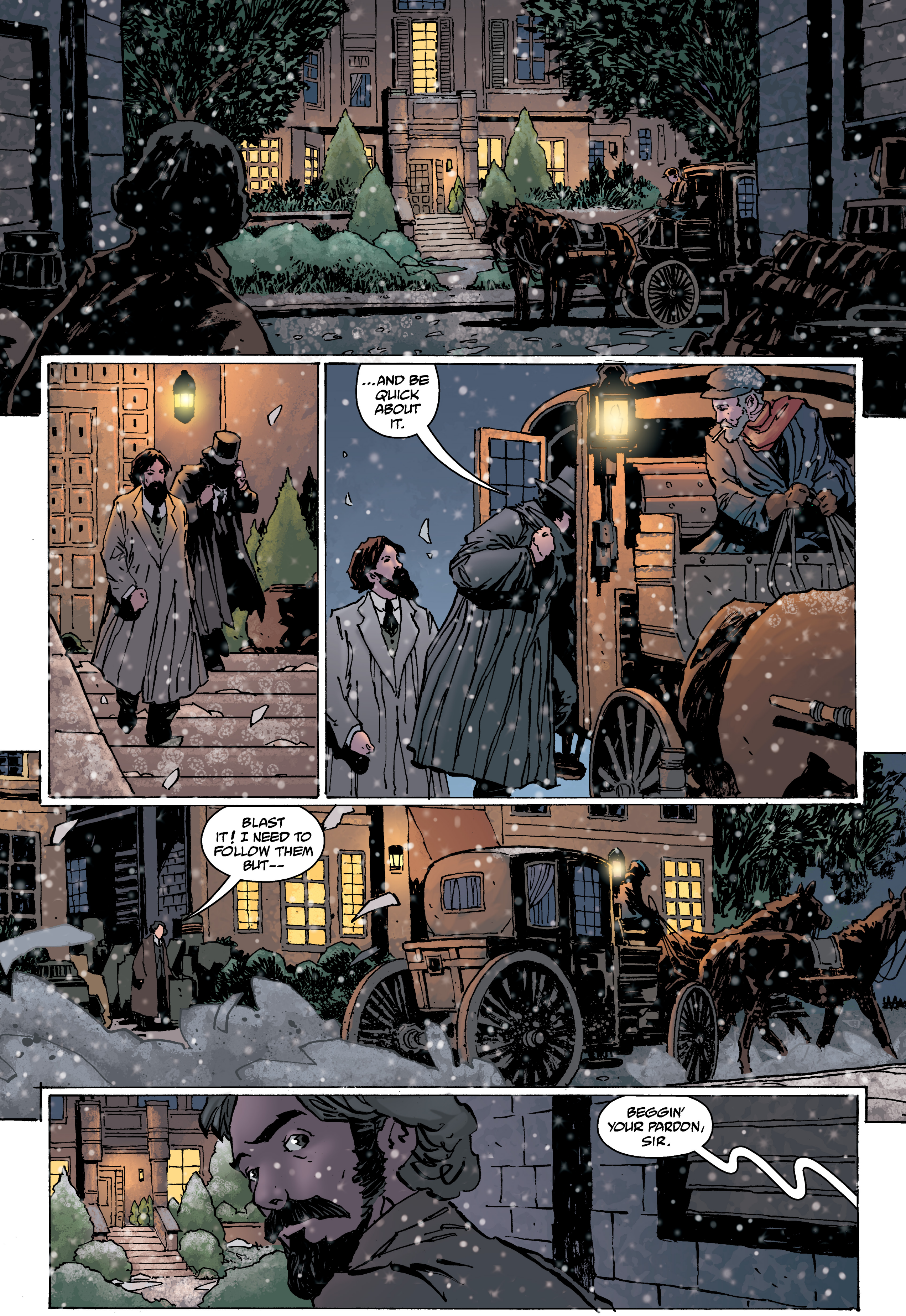

"IT HAD FIRST COME TO MY ATTENTION DURING MY INVESTIGATION INTO THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD OF RA, AS THAT BLACKGUARD AUGUST SWAIN IS A MEMBER OF THE DOMINION CLUB."

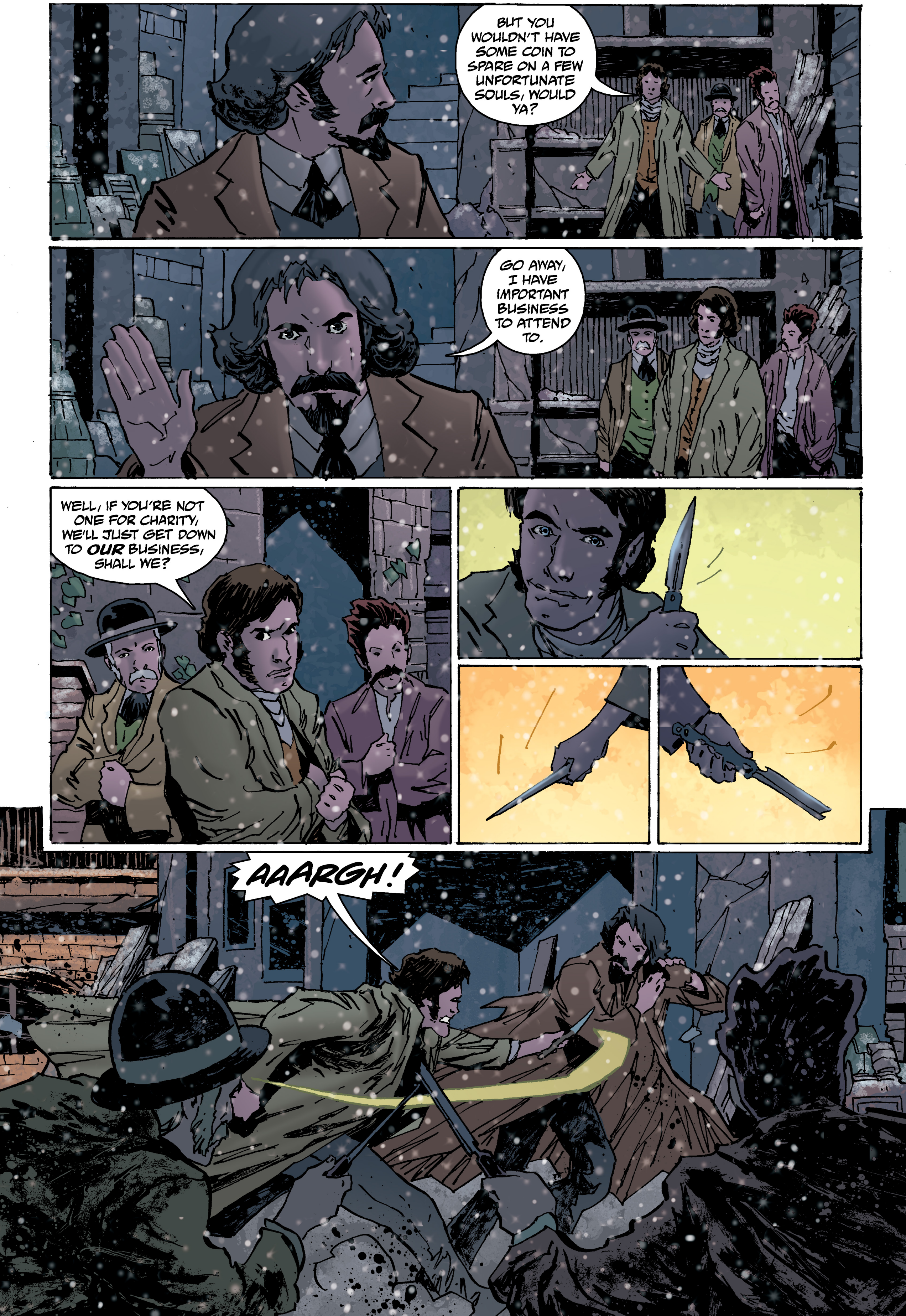

RIGHT THIS WAY, MR. ASQUITH.

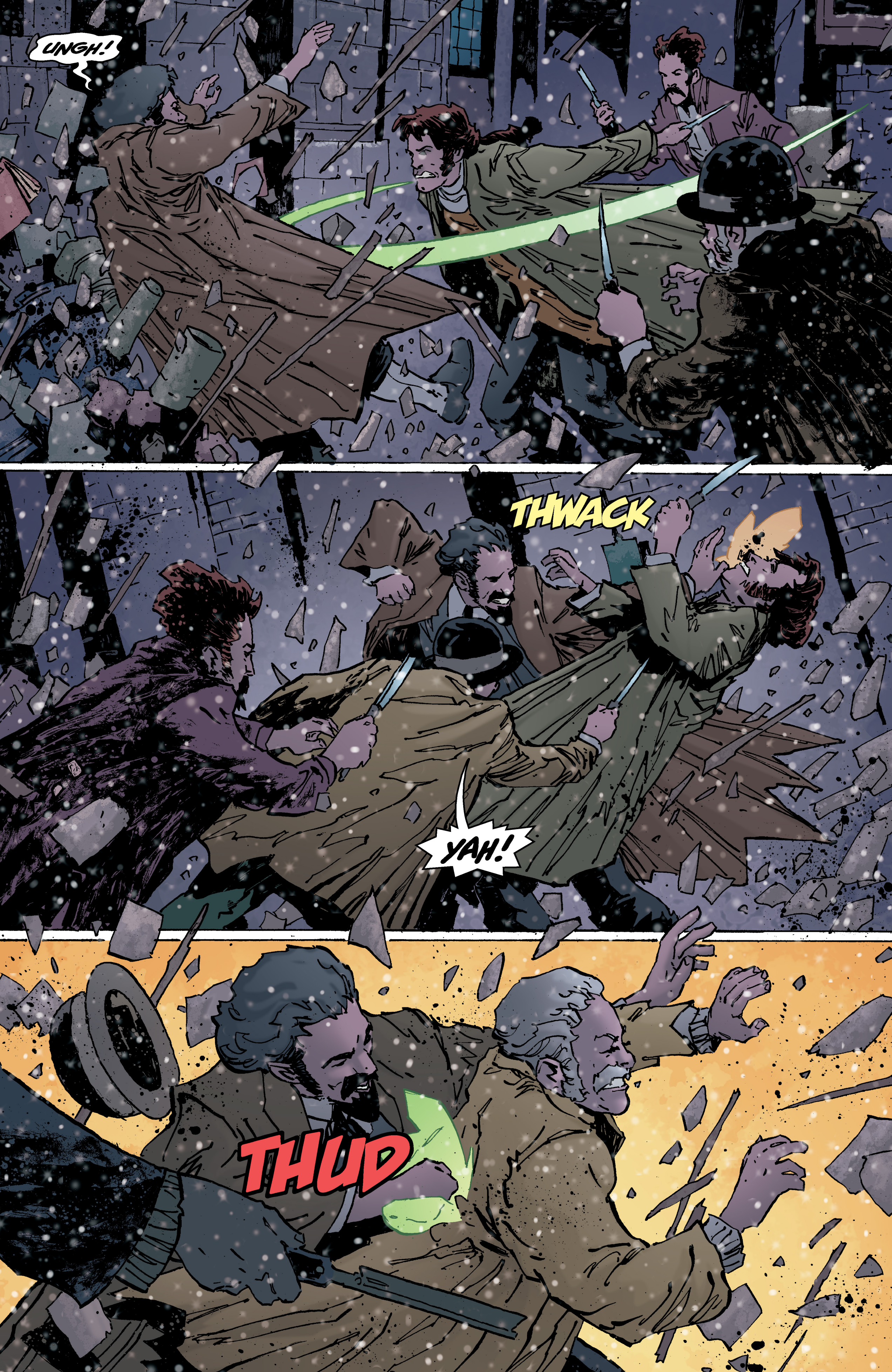

SLAM
"ASQUITH WAS A COAL MINER'S SON WHO SCARCELY HAD A POT TO PISS IN GROWING UP, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE THE VULGARITY, SO WHAT WAS HE DOING MIXING WITH SUCH COMPANY?"

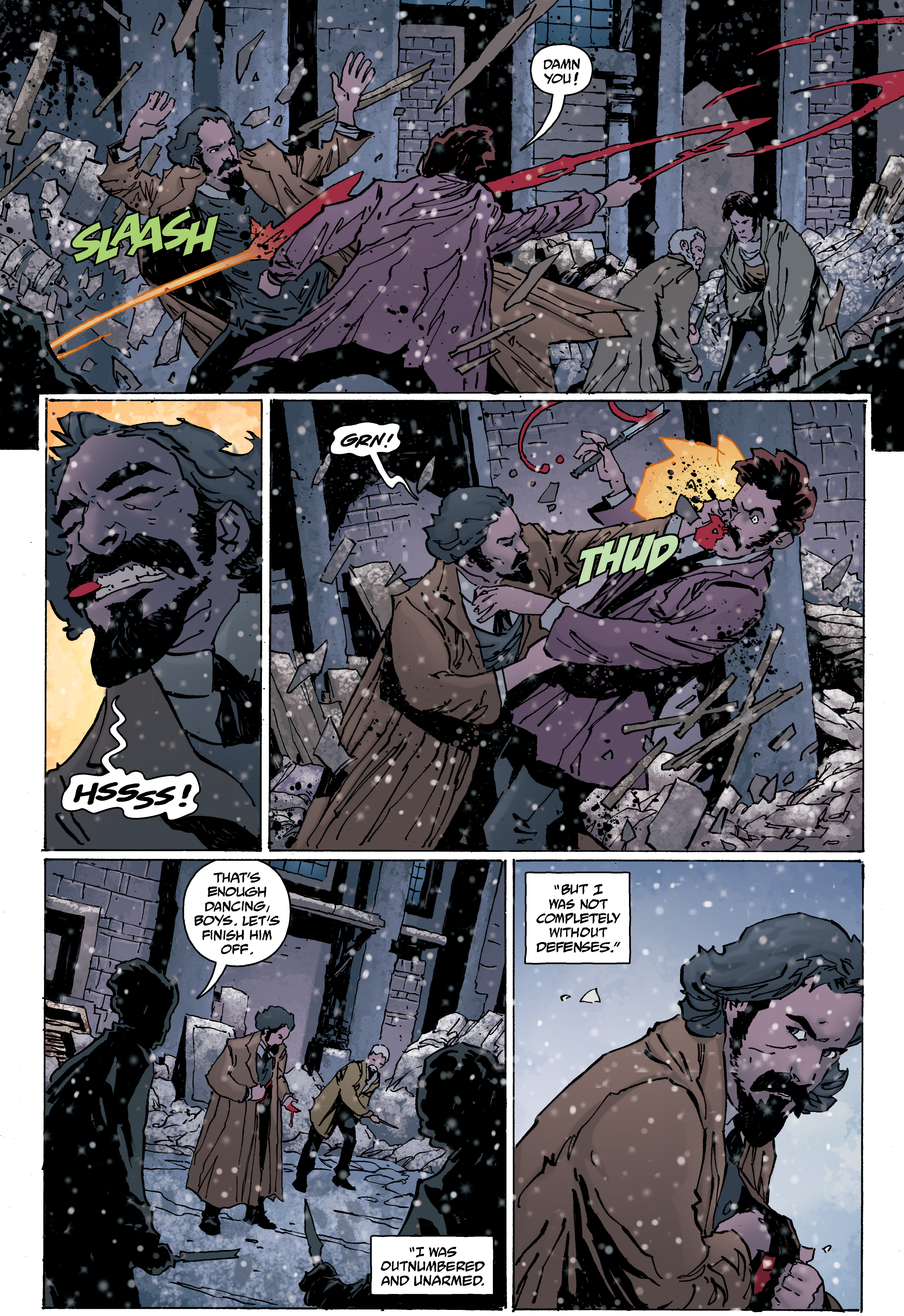

"IT TOOK SOME DIGGING, BUT I DISCOVERED THAT ASQUITH HAD RECENTLY OPENED AN ACCOUNT AT THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK IN BISHOPSGATE.
"LEARNING ANY MORE THAN THAT REQUIRED A LITTLE... PERSUASION."
...SO I'M SURE THAT YOU CAN UNDERSTAND WHY I CAN'T SIMPLY RELEASE CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION TO YOU, SIR EDWARD. OUR COMMITMENT TO DISCRETION IS--
YOU OF ALL PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW HOW WELL I UNDERSTAND THE IMPORTANCE OF CONFIDENTIALITY AND DISCRETION, MR. PIERREPOINT.
I HAVE, AFTER ALL, BEEN **VERY** DISCREET ABOUT THE BUSINESS LAST SUMMER WITH YOUR NEPHEW AND THE ICELANDIC NECROMANCER.
"THOUGH I IMAGINE IT WOULD BE OF CONSIDERABLE INTEREST TO THE NEWSPAPERS, TO SAY NOTHING OF THE BOY'S PARENTS..."
OH, YES, THAT IS... WAIT HERE, SIR EDWARD, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

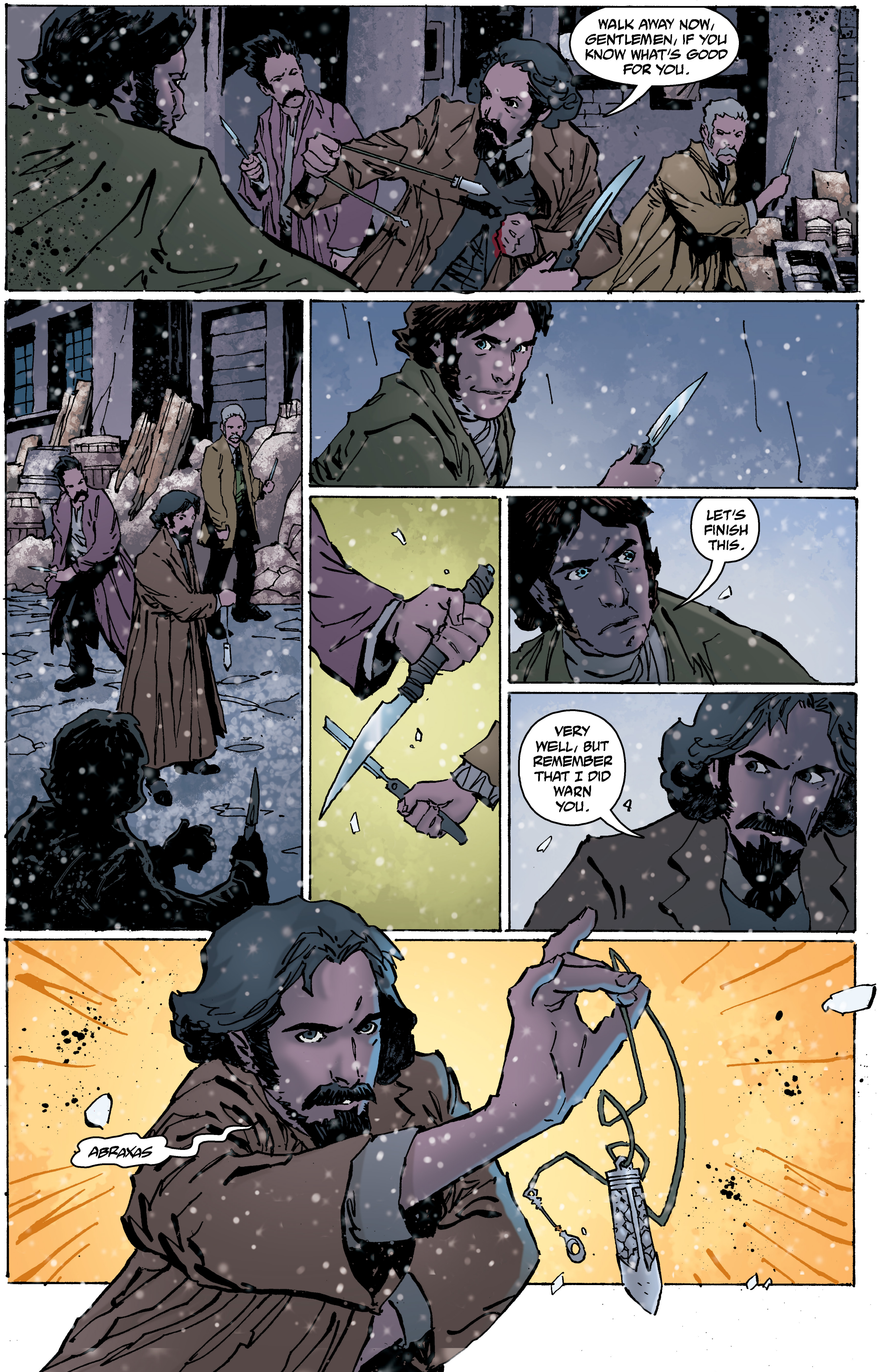

WELL, YOUR SUSPICIONS ARE BORNE OUT.
LARGE SUMS OF CASH HAVE BEEN DEPOSITED INTO ASQUITH'S ACCOUNT ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS SINCE IT WAS OPENED EARLIER THIS YEAR.
SIMILARLY LARGE WITHDRAWALS HAVE BEEN MADE, THOUGH SOMEWHAT LESS FREQUENTLY.
AND THERE IS NO INDICATION ***WHERE*** THESE FUNDS ARE COMING FROM?
IT IS NOT OUR HABIT TO MAKE SUCH INQUIRIES REGARDING CASH DEPOSITS, I'M AFRAID, SO I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO DIRECT YOU.
I SUSPECT I KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN...

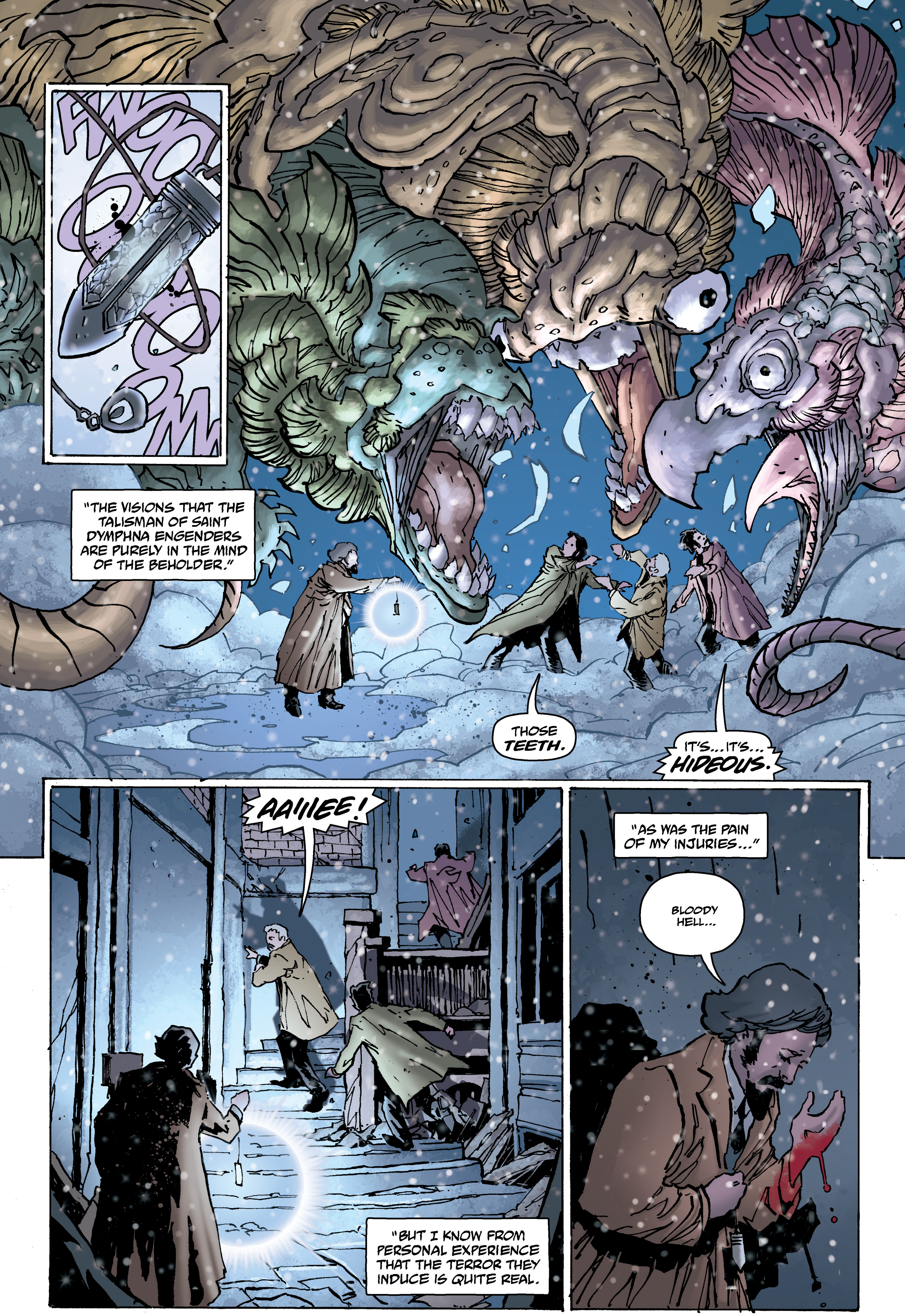

...AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT.
BLAST IT! I NEED TO FOLLOW THEM BUT--
BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON, SIR.

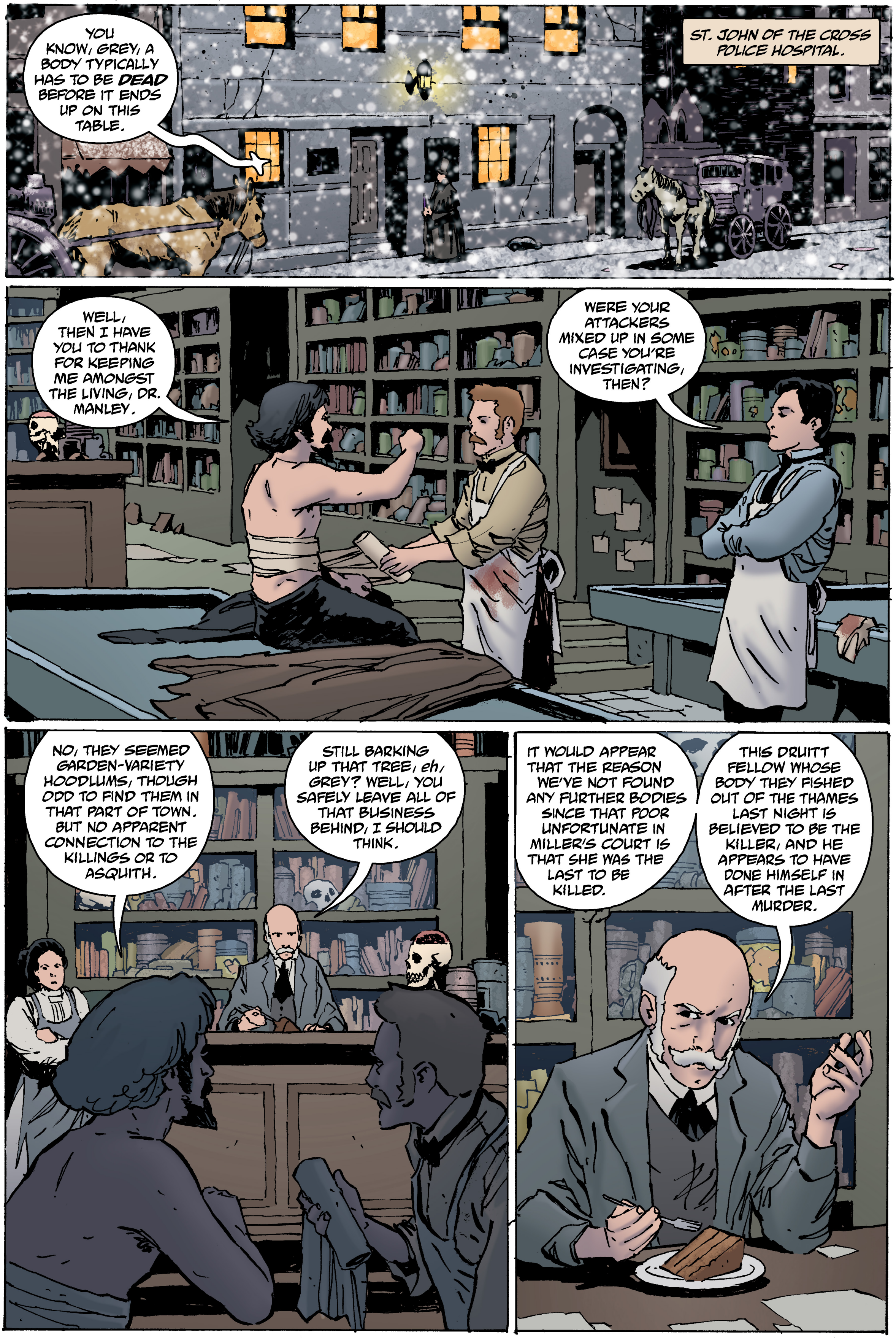

BUT YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SOME COIN TO SPARE ON A FEW UNFORTUNATE SOULS, WOULD YA?
GO AWAY, I HAVE IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO.
WELL, IF YOU'RE NOT ONE FOR CHARITY, WE'LL JUST GET DOWN TO OUR BUSINESS, SHALL WE?
AAARGH!

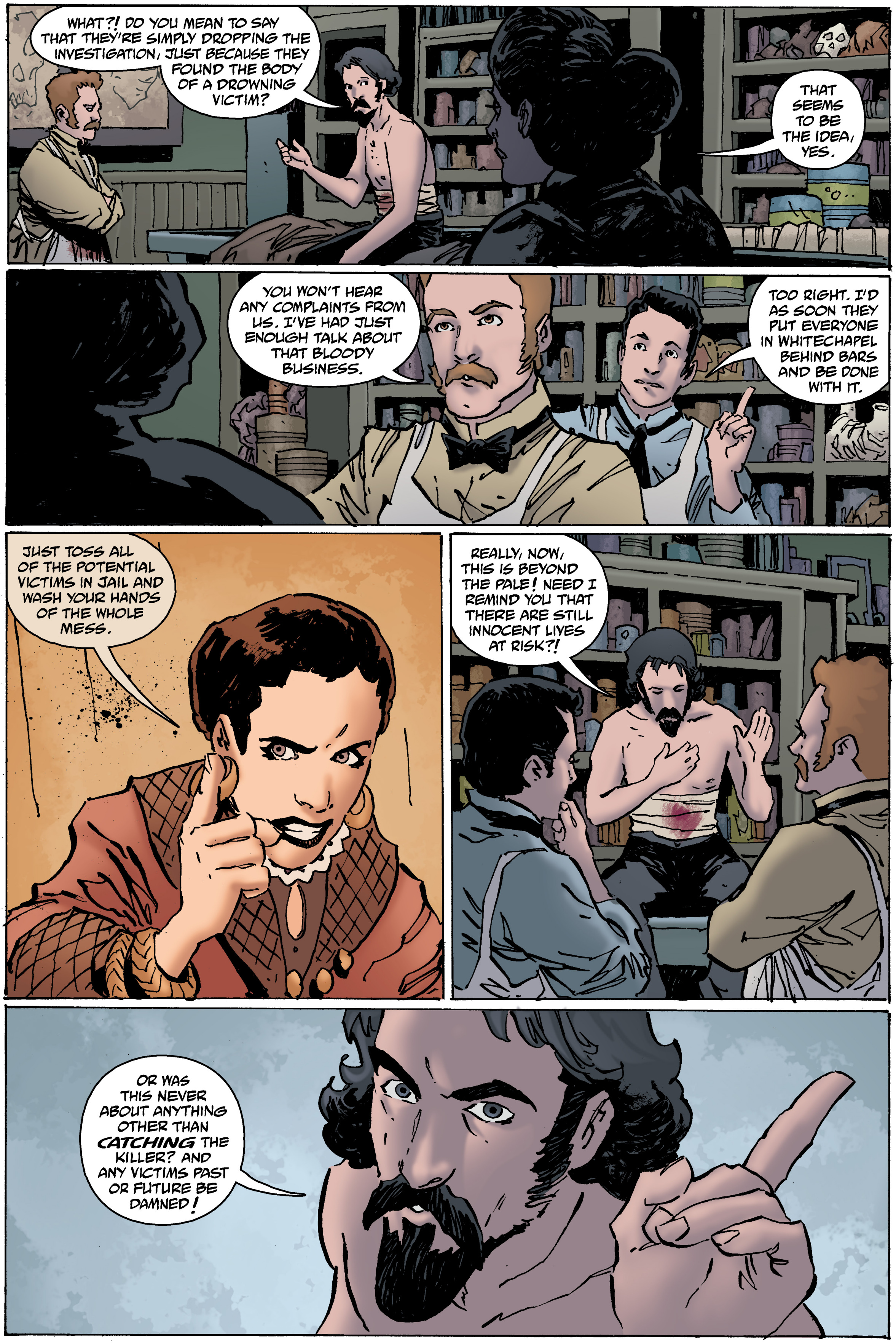

UNGH!
THWACK
YAH!
THUD

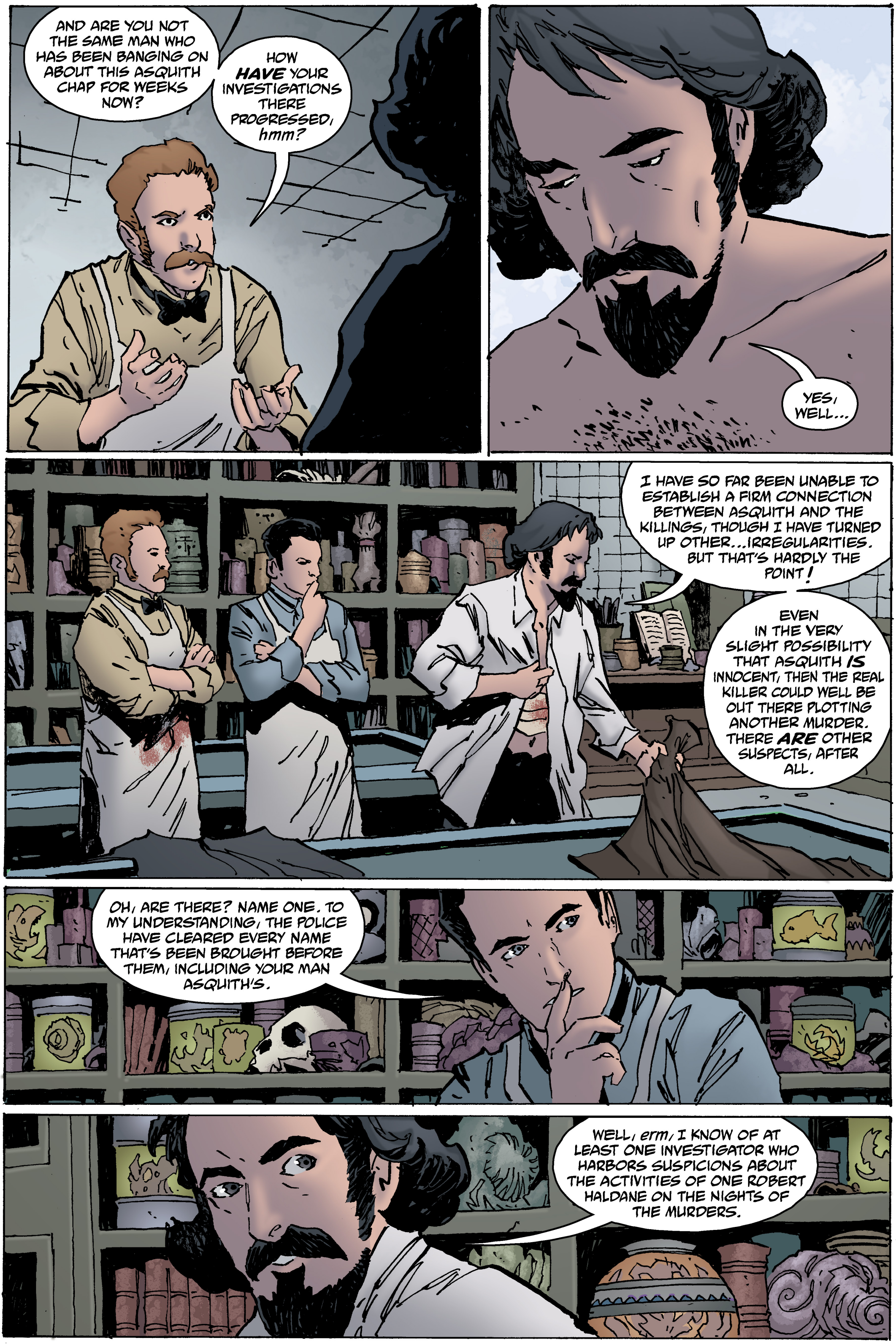

DAMN YOU!
SLAASH
HSSSS!
GRN!
THUD
THAT'S ENOUGH DANCING, BOYS. LET'S FINISH HIM OFF.
"I WAS OUTNUMBERED AND UNARMED.
"BUT I WAS NOT COMPLETELY WITHOUT DEFENSES."

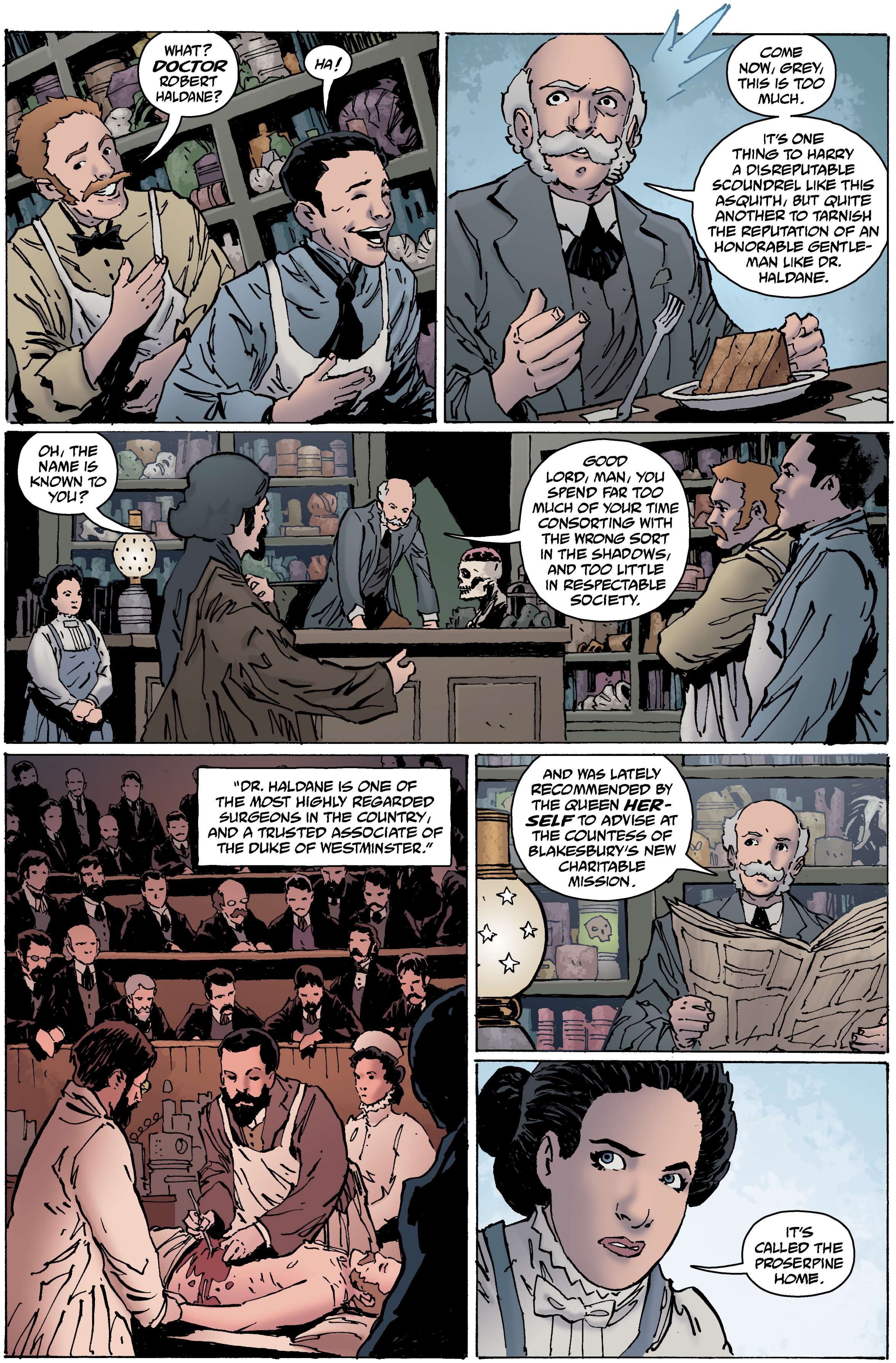

WALK AWAY NOW, GENTLEMEN, IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU.
LET'S FINISH THIS.
VERY WELL, BUT REMEMBER THAT I DID WARN YOU.
ABRAXAS

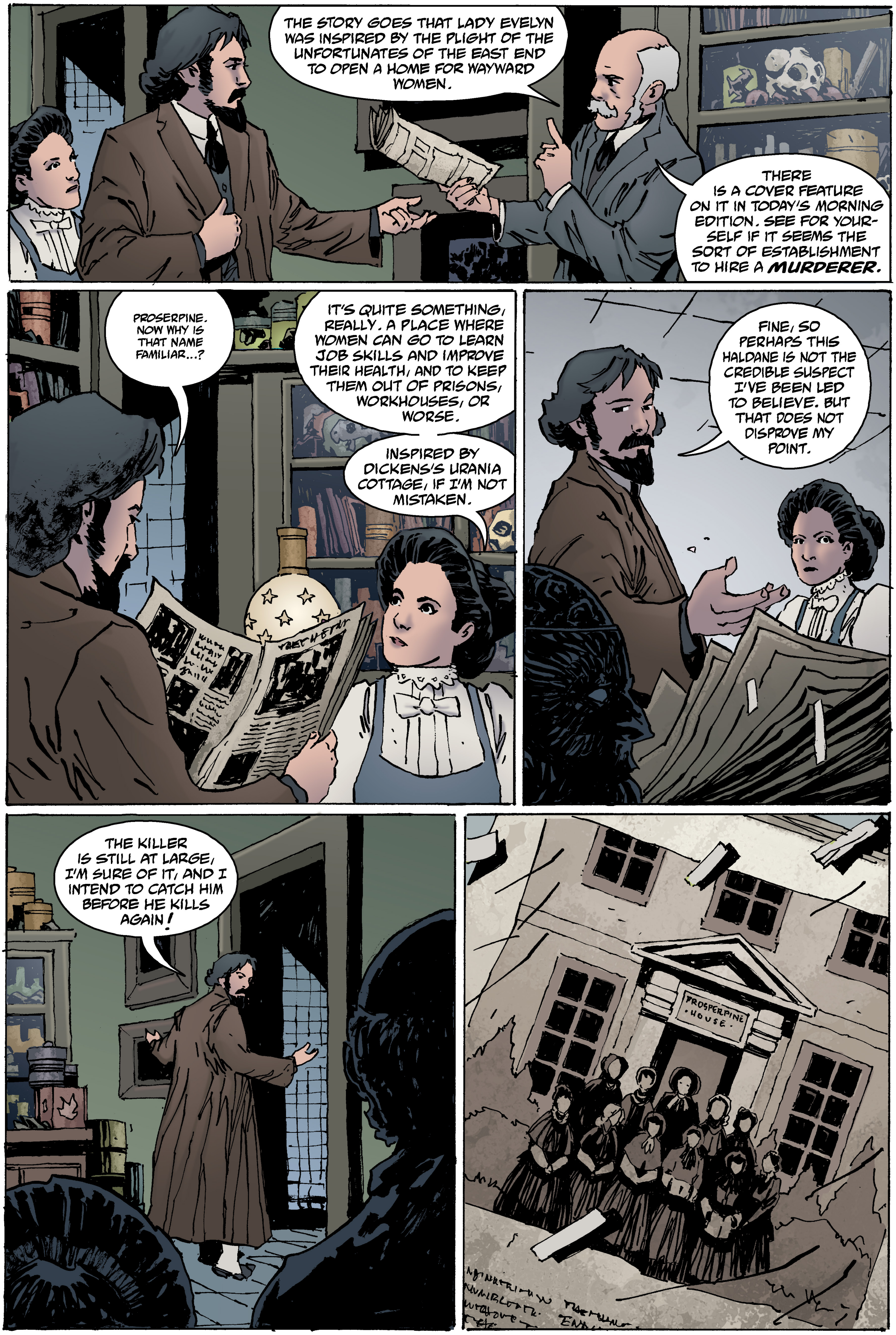

FWOOOOOM
"THE VISIONS THAT THE TALISMAN OF SAINT DYMPHNA ENGENDERS ARE PURELY IN THE MIND OF THE BEHOLDER."
THOSE TEETH.
IT'S...IT'S... HIDEOUS.
AAIIIEE!
"BUT I KNOW FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE THAT THE TERROR THEY INDUCE IS QUITE REAL.
"AS WAS THE PAIN OF MY INJURIES..."
BLOODY HELL...

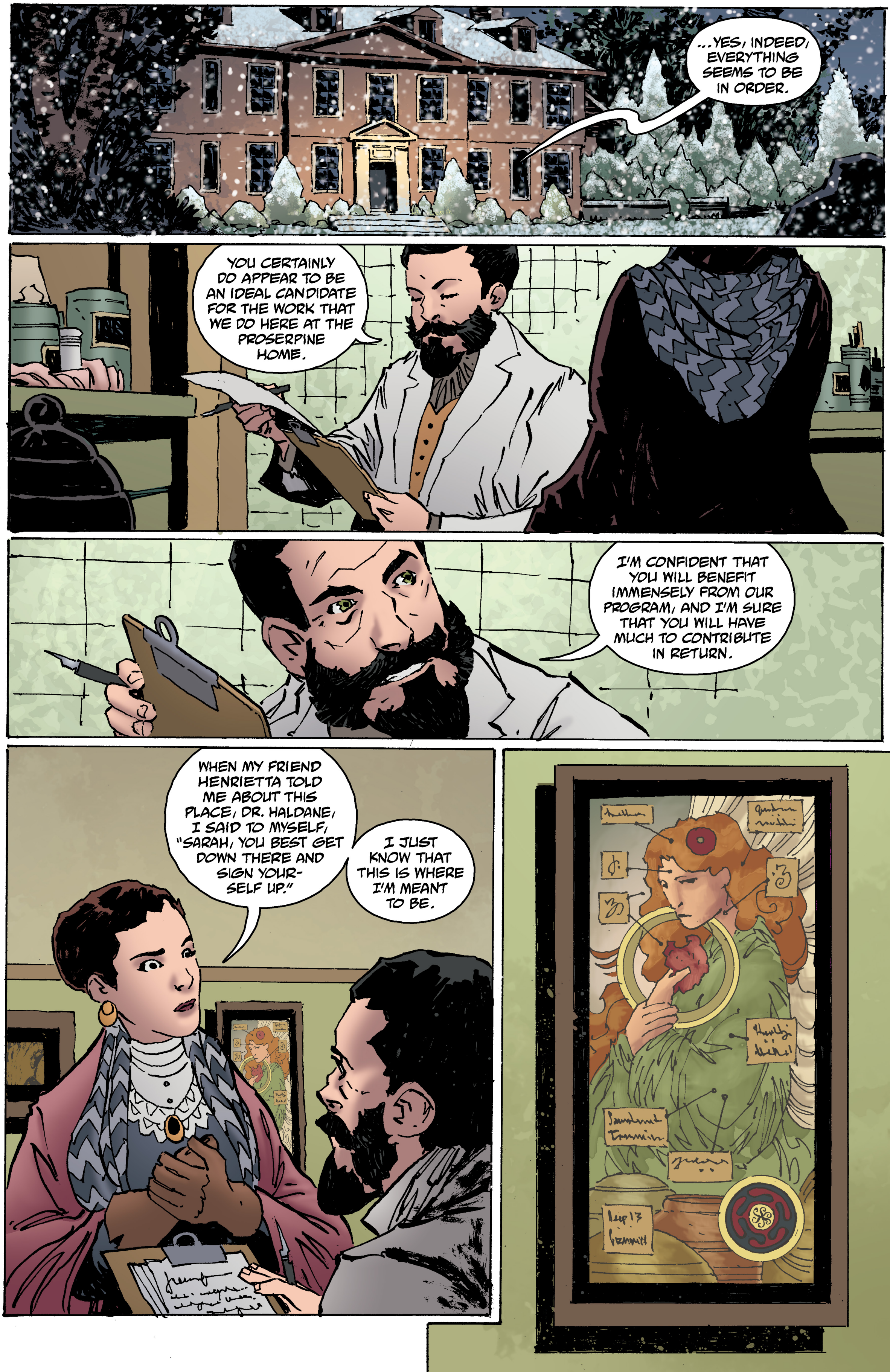

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS POLICE HOSPITAL.
YOU KNOW, GREY, A BODY TYPICALLY HAS TO BE **DEAD** BEFORE IT ENDS UP ON THIS TABLE.
WELL, THEN I HAVE YOU TO THANK FOR KEEPING ME AMONGST THE LIVING, DR. MANLEY.
WERE YOUR ATTACKERS MIXED UP IN SOME CASE YOU'RE INVESTIGATING, THEN?
NO, THEY SEEMED GARDEN-VARIETY HOODLUMS, THOUGH ODD TO FIND THEM IN THAT PART OF TOWN. BUT NO APPARENT CONNECTION TO THE KILLINGS OR TO ASQUITH.
STILL BARKING UP THAT TREE, *eh*, GREY? WELL, YOU SAFELY LEAVE ALL OF THAT BUSINESS BEHIND, I SHOULD THINK.
IT WOULD APPEAR THAT THE REASON WE'VE NOT FOUND ANY FURTHER BODIES SINCE THAT POOR UNFORTUNATE IN MILLER'S COURT IS THAT SHE WAS THE LAST TO BE KILLED.
THIS DRUITT FELLOW WHOSE BODY THEY FISHED OUT OF THE THAMES LAST NIGHT IS BELIEVED TO BE THE KILLER, AND HE APPEARS TO HAVE DONE HIMSELF IN AFTER THE LAST MURDER.


WHAT?! DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT THEY'RE SIMPLY DROPPING THE INVESTIGATION, JUST BECAUSE THEY FOUND THE BODY OF A DROWNING VICTIM?
THAT SEEMS TO BE THE IDEA, YES.
YOU WON'T HEAR ANY COMPLAINTS FROM US. I'VE HAD JUST ENOUGH TALK ABOUT THAT BLOODY BUSINESS.
TOO RIGHT. I'D AS SOON THEY PUT EVERYONE IN WHITECHAPEL BEHIND BARS AND BE DONE WITH IT.
JUST TOSS ALL OF THE POTENTIAL VICTIMS IN JAIL AND WASH YOUR HANDS OF THE WHOLE MESS.
REALLY, NOW, THIS IS BEYOND THE PALE! NEED I REMIND YOU THAT THERE ARE STILL INNOCENT LIVES AT RISK?!
OR WAS THIS NEVER ABOUT ANYTHING OTHER THAN *CATCHING* THE KILLER? AND ANY VICTIMS PAST OR FUTURE BE DAMNED!

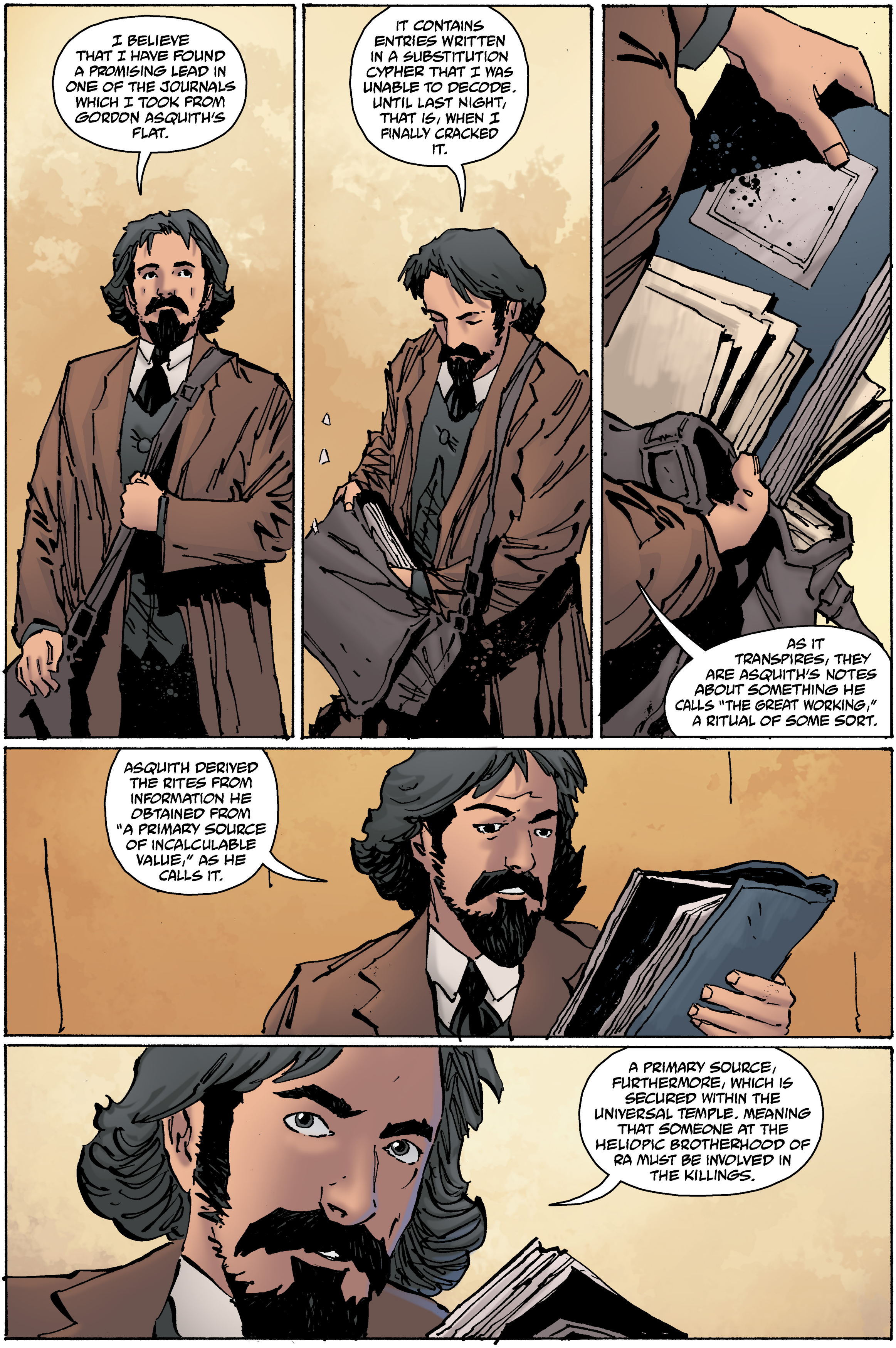

AND ARE YOU NOT THE SAME MAN WHO HAS BEEN BANGING ON ABOUT THIS ASQUITH CHAP FOR WEEKS NOW?
HOW **HAVE** YOUR INVESTIGATIONS THERE PROGRESSED, *hmm?*
YES, WELL...
I HAVE SO FAR BEEN UNABLE TO ESTABLISH A FIRM CONNECTION BETWEEN ASQUITH AND THE KILLINGS, THOUGH I HAVE TURNED UP OTHER...IRREGULARITIES. BUT THAT'S HARDLY THE POINT!
EVEN IN THE VERY SLIGHT POSSIBILITY THAT ASQUITH **IS** INNOCENT, THEN THE REAL KILLER COULD WELL BE OUT THERE PLOTTING ANOTHER MURDER. THERE **ARE** OTHER SUSPECTS, AFTER ALL.
OH, ARE THERE? NAME ONE. TO MY UNDERSTANDING, THE POLICE HAVE CLEARED EVERY NAME THAT'S BEEN BROUGHT BEFORE THEM, INCLUDING YOUR MAN ASQUITH'S.
WELL, *erm,* I KNOW OF AT LEAST ONE INVESTIGATOR WHO HARBORS SUSPICIONS ABOUT THE ACTIVITIES OF ONE ROBERT HALDANE ON THE NIGHTS OF THE MURDERS.

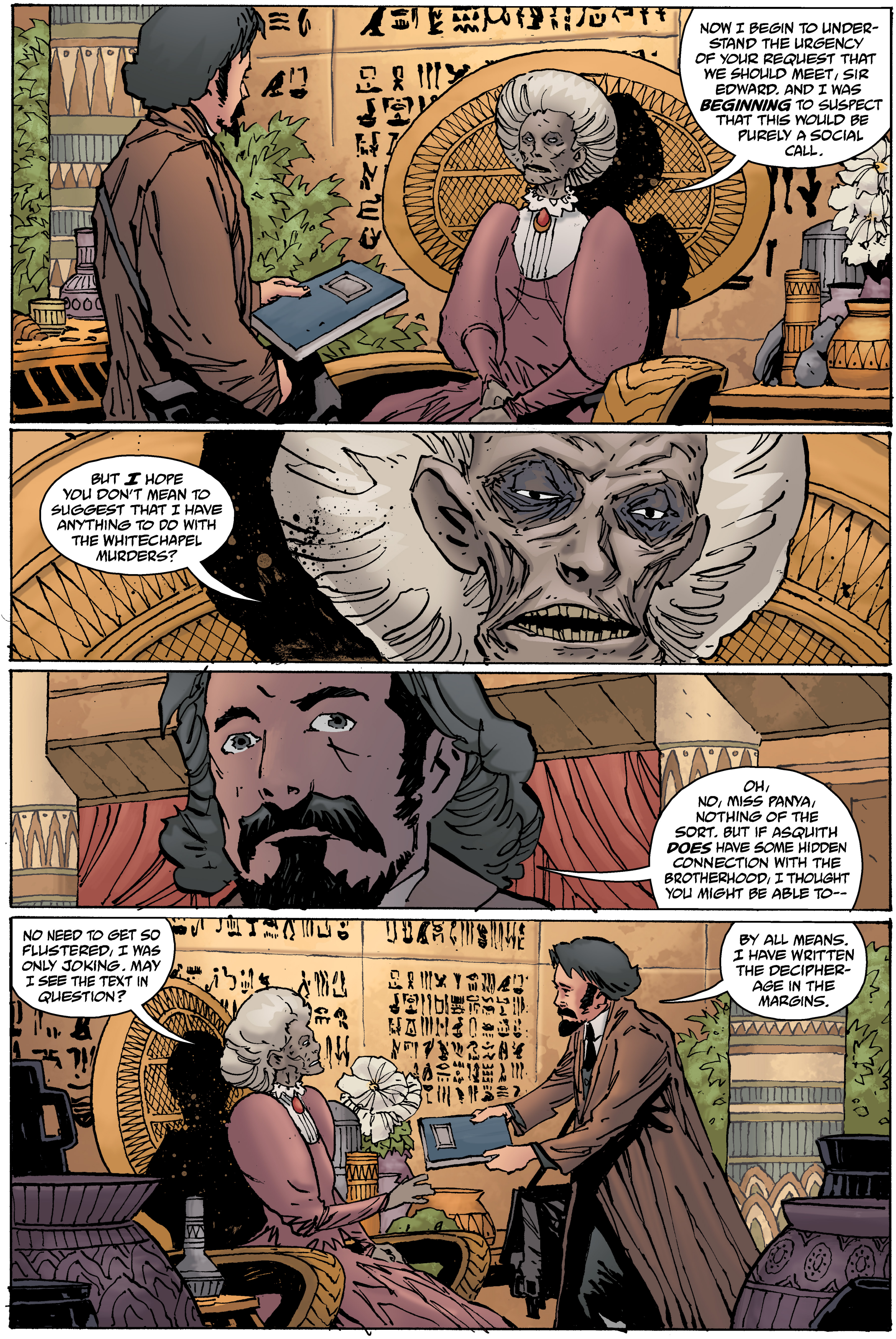

WHAT? **DOCTOR** ROBERT HALDANE?
HA!
COME NOW, GREY, THIS IS TOO MUCH.
IT'S ONE THING TO HARRY A DISREPUTABLE SCOUNDREL LIKE THIS ASQUITH, BUT QUITE ANOTHER TO TARNISH THE REPUTATION OF AN HONORABLE GENTLEMAN LIKE DR. HALDANE.
OH, THE NAME IS KNOWN TO YOU?
GOOD LORD, MAN, YOU SPEND FAR TOO MUCH OF YOUR TIME CONSORTING WITH THE WRONG SORT IN THE SHADOWS, AND TOO LITTLE IN RESPECTABLE SOCIETY.
"DR. HALDANE IS ONE OF THE MOST HIGHLY REGARDED SURGEONS IN THE COUNTRY, AND A TRUSTED ASSOCIATE OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER."
AND WAS LATELY RECOMMENDED BY THE QUEEN **HERSELF** TO ADVISE AT THE COUNTESS OF BLAKESBURY'S NEW CHARITABLE MISSION.
IT'S CALLED THE PROSERPINE HOME.

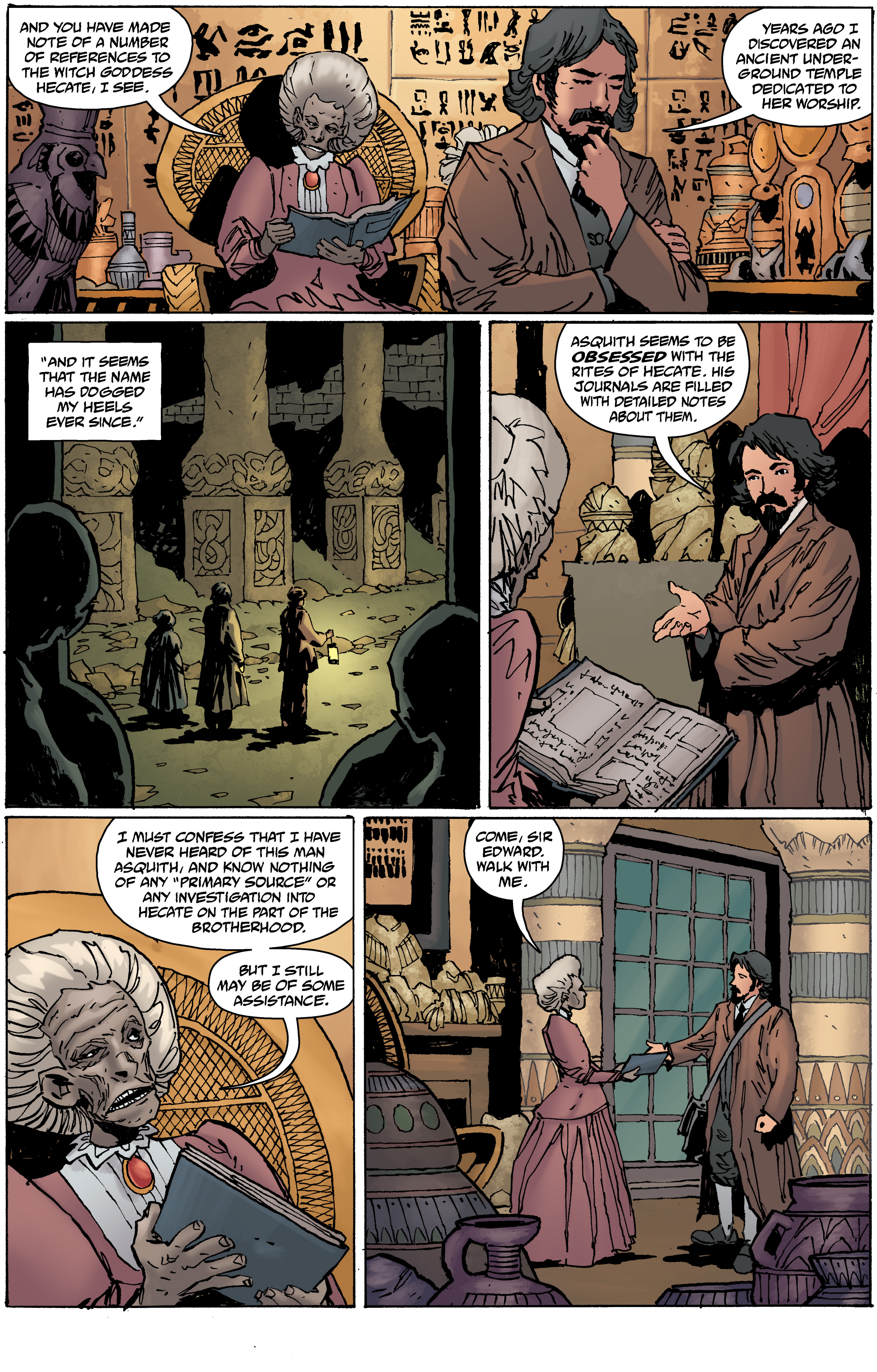

THE STORY GOES THAT LADY EVELYN WAS INSPIRED BY THE PLIGHT OF THE UNFORTUNATES OF THE EAST END TO OPEN A HOME FOR WAYWARD WOMEN.
THERE IS A COVER FEATURE ON IT IN TODAY'S MORNING EDITION. SEE FOR YOURSELF IF IT SEEMS THE SORT OF ESTABLISHMENT TO HIRE A **MURDERER.**
PROSERPINE. NOW WHY IS THAT NAME FAMILIAR...?
IT'S QUITE SOMETHING, REALLY. A PLACE WHERE WOMEN CAN GO TO LEARN JOB SKILLS AND IMPROVE THEIR HEALTH, AND TO KEEP THEM OUT OF PRISONS, WORKHOUSES, OR WORSE.
INSPIRED BY DICKENS'S URANIA COTTAGE, IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN.
FINE, SO PERHAPS THIS HALDANE IS NOT THE CREDIBLE SUSPECT I'VE BEEN LED TO BELIEVE. BUT THAT DOES NOT DISPROVE MY POINT.
THE KILLER IS STILL AT LARGE, I'M SURE OF IT, AND I INTEND TO CATCH HIM BEFORE HE KILLS AGAIN!
PROSERPINE · HOUSE ·

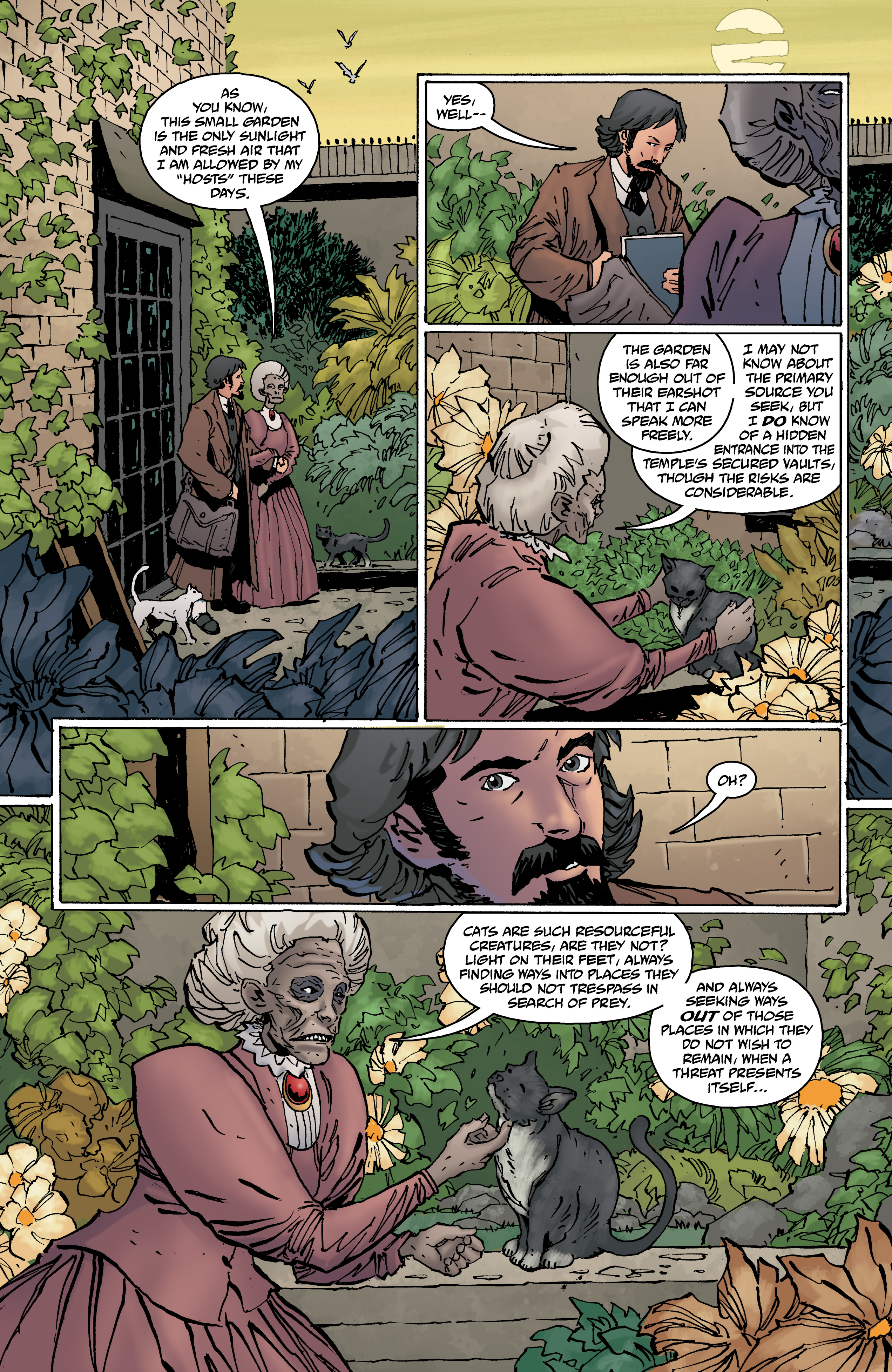

...YES, INDEED, EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER.
YOU CERTAINLY DO APPEAR TO BE AN IDEAL CANDIDATE FOR THE WORK THAT WE DO HERE AT THE PROSERPINE HOME.
I'M CONFIDENT THAT YOU WILL BENEFIT IMMENSELY FROM OUR PROGRAM, AND I'M SURE THAT YOU WILL HAVE MUCH TO CONTRIBUTE IN RETURN.
WHEN MY FRIEND HENRIETTA TOLD ME ABOUT THIS PLACE, DR. HALDANE, I SAID TO MYSELF, "SARAH, YOU BEST GET DOWN THERE AND SIGN YOURSELF UP."
I JUST KNOW THAT THIS IS WHERE I'M MEANT TO BE.

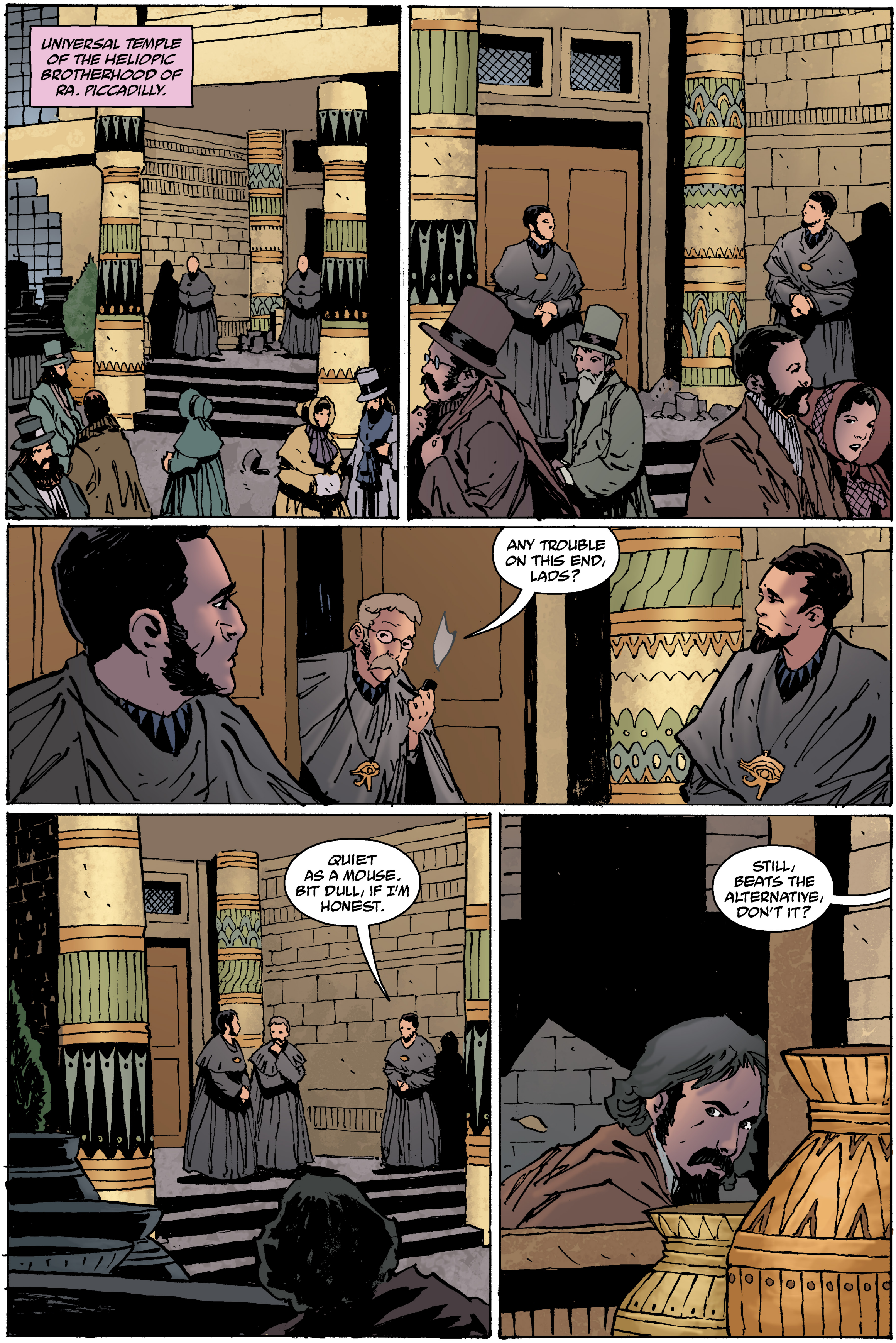
CHAPTER THREE

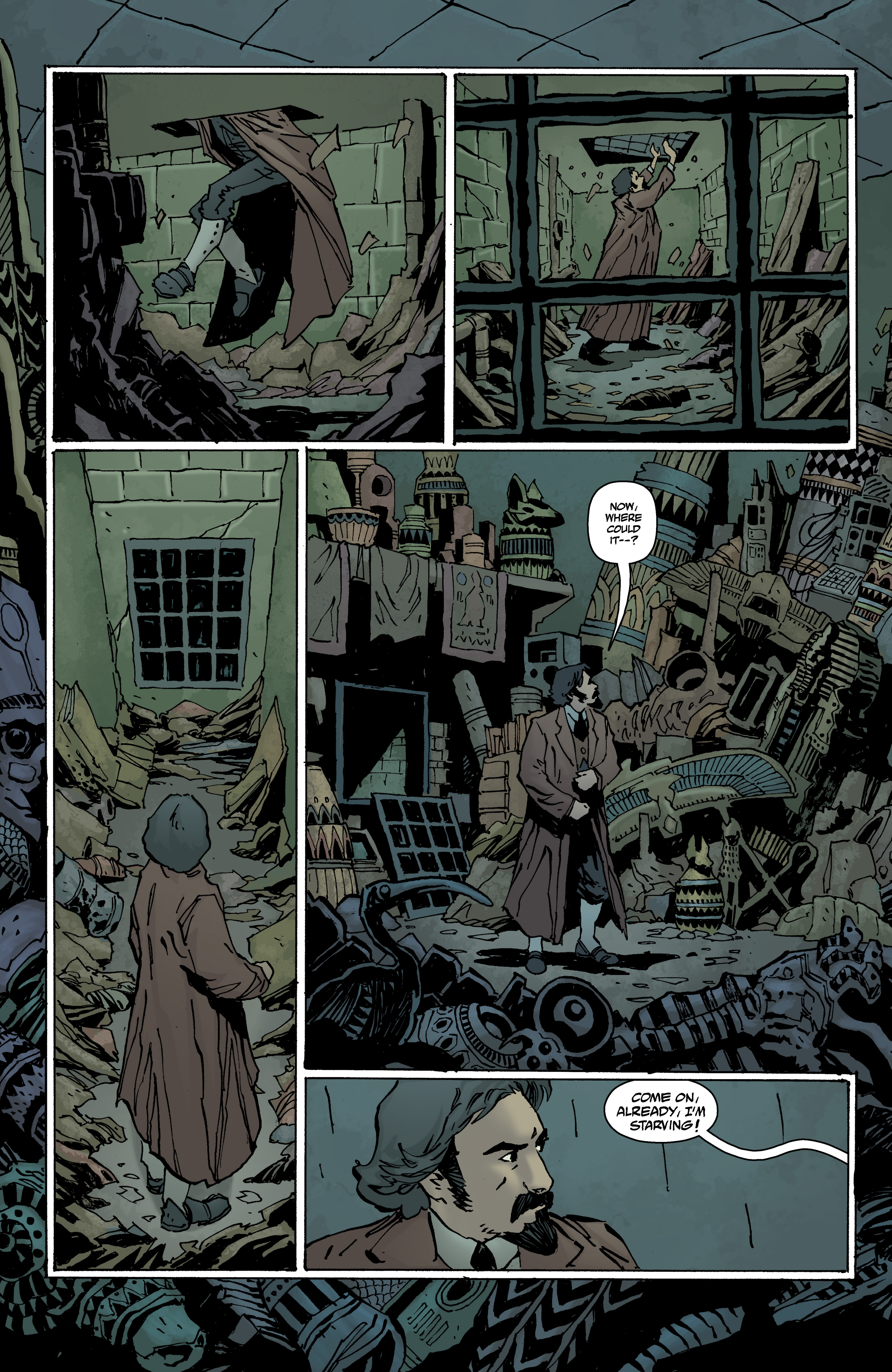

I BELIEVE THAT I HAVE FOUND A PROMISING LEAD IN ONE OF THE JOURNALS WHICH I TOOK FROM GORDON ASQUITH'S FLAT.
IT CONTAINS ENTRIES WRITTEN IN A SUBSTITUTION CYPHER THAT I WAS UNABLE TO DECODE. UNTIL LAST NIGHT, THAT IS, WHEN I FINALLY CRACKED IT.
AS IT TRANSPIRES, THEY ARE ASQUITH'S NOTES ABOUT SOMETHING HE CALLS "THE GREAT WORKING," A RITUAL OF SOME SORT.
ASQUITH DERIVED THE RITES FROM INFORMATION HE OBTAINED FROM "A PRIMARY SOURCE OF INCALCULABLE VALUE," AS HE CALLS IT.
A PRIMARY SOURCE, FURTHERMORE, WHICH IS SECURED WITHIN THE UNIVERSAL TEMPLE. MEANING THAT SOMEONE AT THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD OF RA MUST BE INVOLVED IN THE KILLINGS.

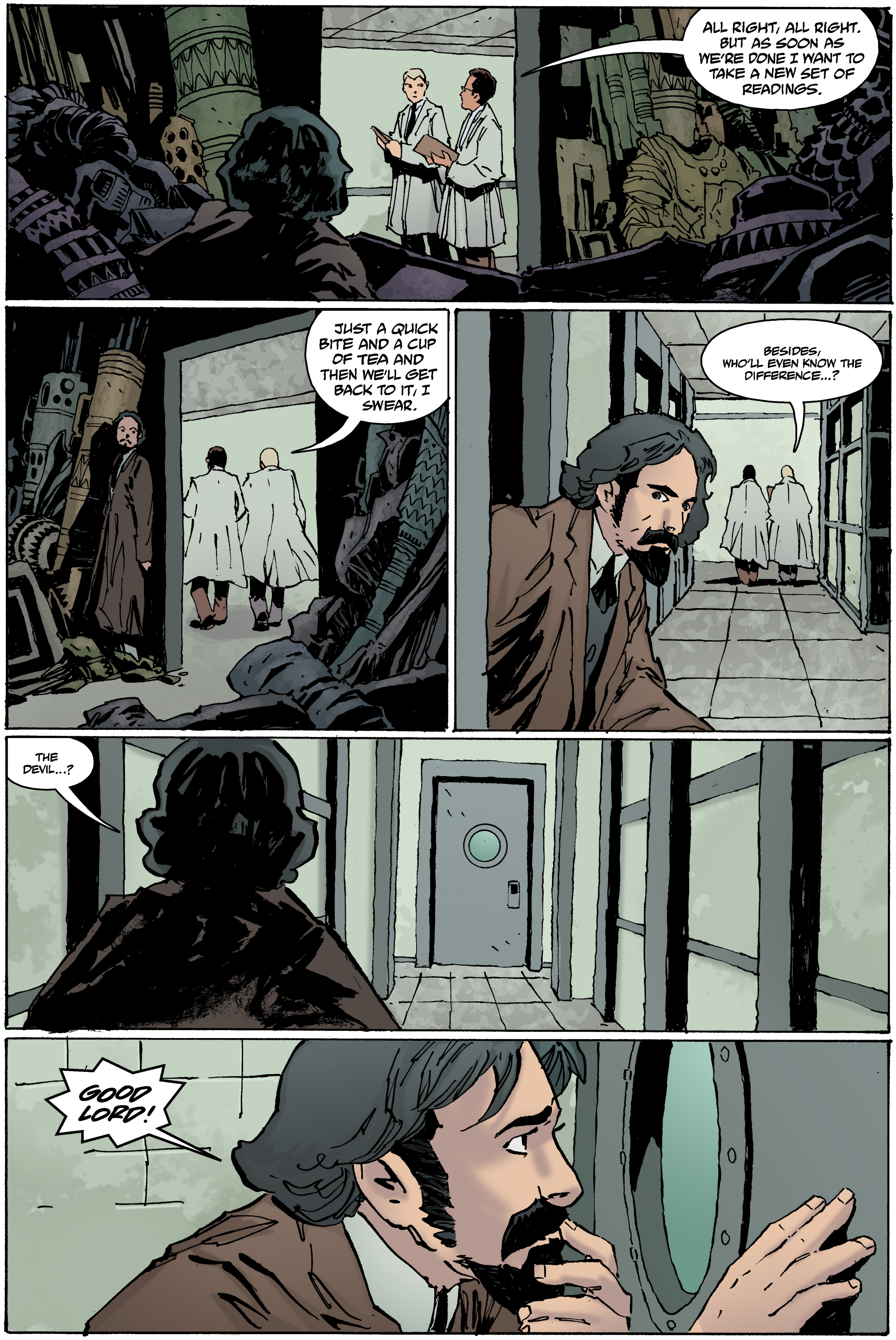

NOW I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND THE URGENCY OF YOUR REQUEST THAT WE SHOULD MEET, SIR EDWARD. AND I WAS **BEGINNING** TO SUSPECT THAT THIS WOULD BE PURELY A SOCIAL CALL.
BUT *I* HOPE YOU DON'T MEAN TO SUGGEST THAT I HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS?
OH, NO, MISS PANYA, NOTHING OF THE SORT. BUT IF ASQUITH ***DOES*** HAVE SOME HIDDEN CONNECTION WITH THE BROTHERHOOD, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO--
NO NEED TO GET SO FLUSTERED, I WAS ONLY JOKING. MAY I SEE THE TEXT IN QUESTION?
BY ALL MEANS. I HAVE WRITTEN THE DECIPHERAGE IN THE MARGINS.

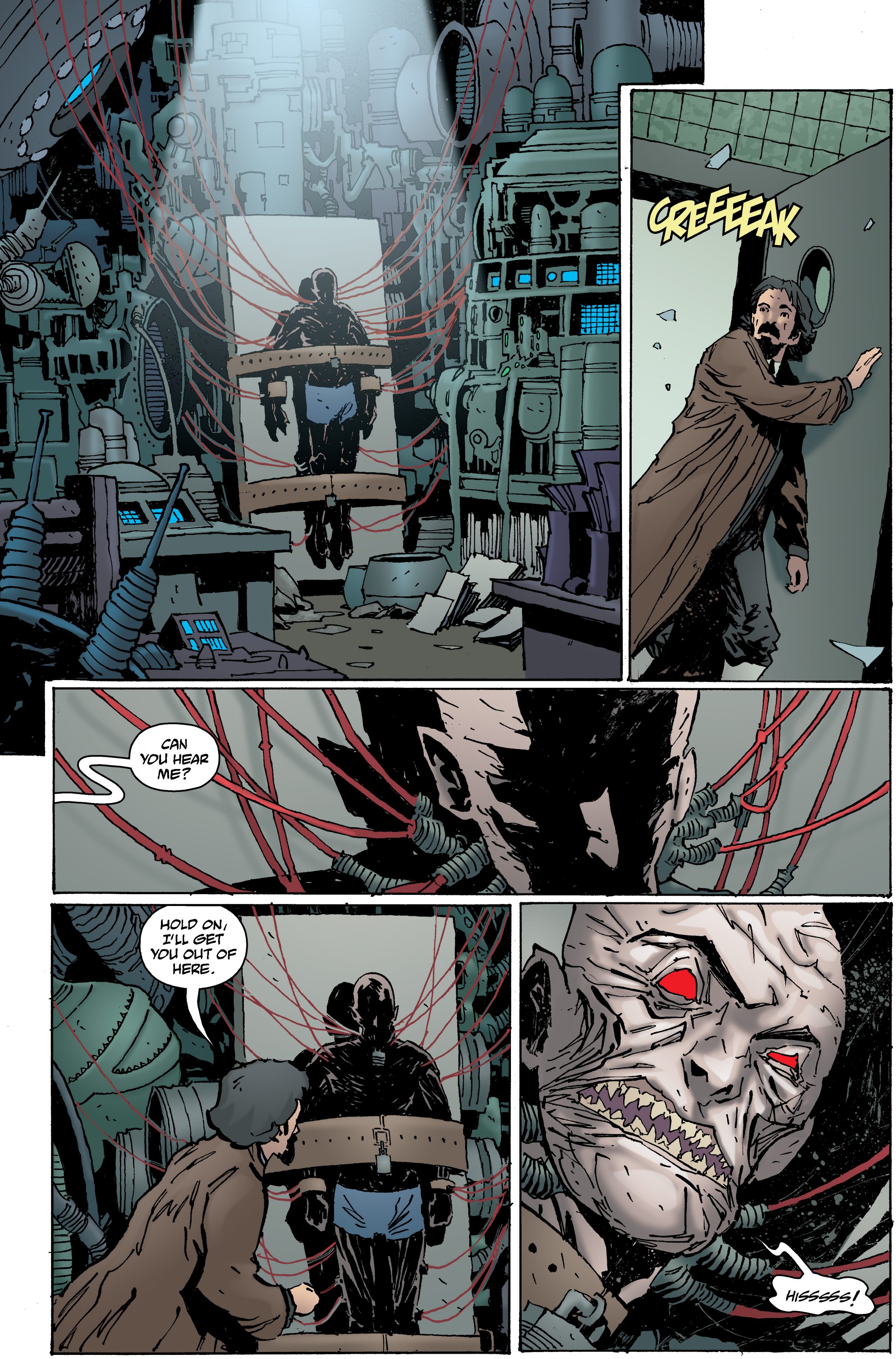

AND YOU HAVE MADE NOTE OF A NUMBER OF REFERENCES TO THE WITCH GODDESS HECATE, I SEE.
YEARS AGO I DISCOVERED AN ANCIENT UNDERGROUND TEMPLE DEDICATED TO HER WORSHIP.
"AND IT SEEMS THAT THE NAME HAS DOGGED MY HEELS EVER SINCE."
ASQUITH SEEMS TO BE **OBSESSED** WITH THE RITES OF HECATE. HIS JOURNALS ARE FILLED WITH DETAILED NOTES ABOUT THEM.
I MUST CONFESS THAT I HAVE NEVER HEARD OF THIS MAN ASQUITH, AND KNOW NOTHING OF ANY "PRIMARY SOURCE" OR ANY INVESTIGATION INTO HECATE ON THE PART OF THE BROTHERHOOD.
BUT I STILL MAY BE OF SOME ASSISTANCE.
COME, SIR EDWARD. WALK WITH ME.

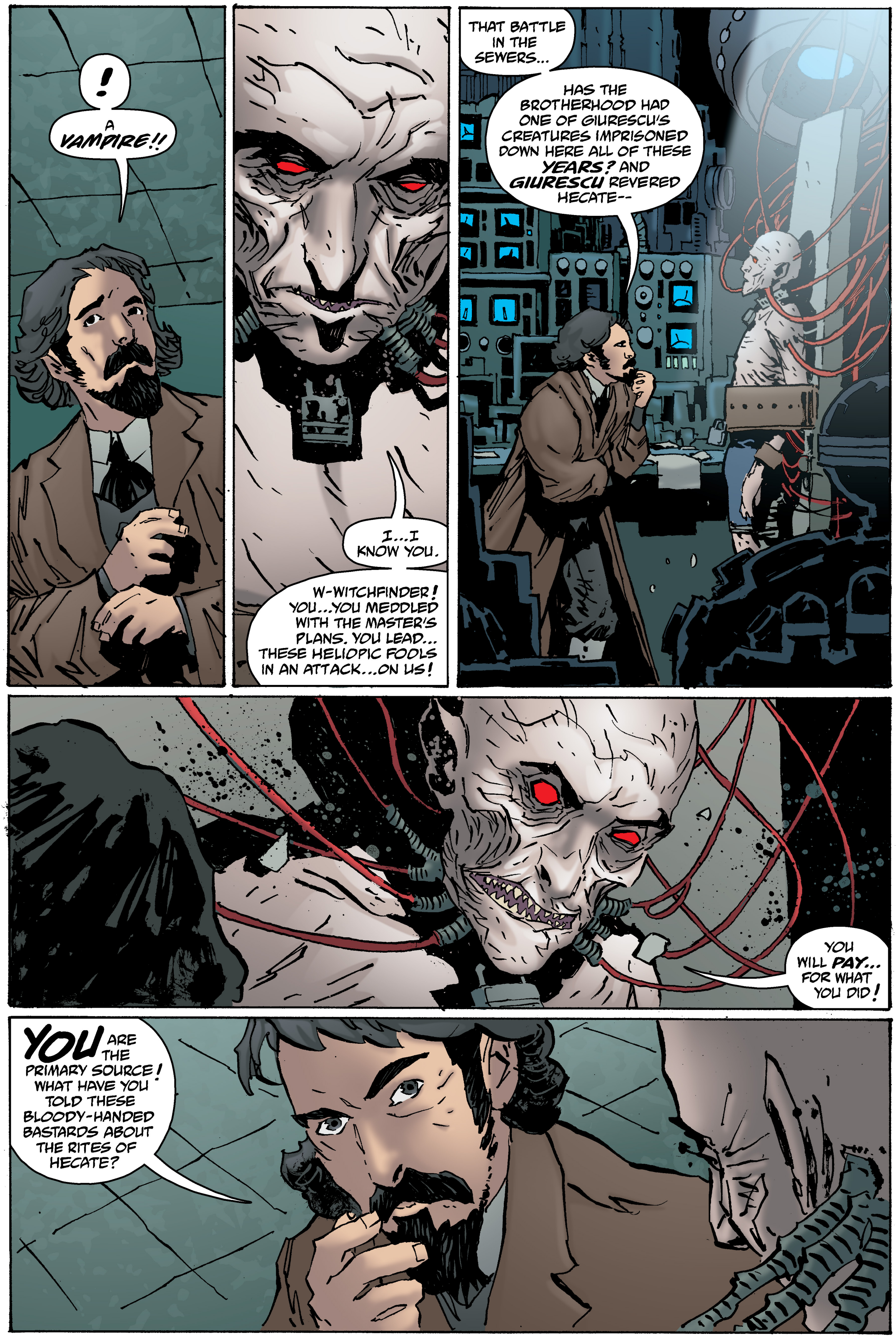

AS YOU KNOW, THIS SMALL GARDEN IS THE ONLY SUNLIGHT AND FRESH AIR THAT I AM ALLOWED BY MY "HOSTS" THESE DAYS.
YES, WELL--
THE GARDEN IS ALSO FAR ENOUGH OUT OF THEIR EARSHOT THAT I CAN SPEAK MORE FREELY.
I MAY NOT KNOW ABOUT THE PRIMARY SOURCE YOU SEEK, BUT I **DO** KNOW OF A HIDDEN ENTRANCE INTO THE TEMPLE'S SECURED VAULTS, THOUGH THE RISKS ARE CONSIDERABLE.
OH?
CATS ARE SUCH RESOURCEFUL CREATURES, ARE THEY NOT? LIGHT ON THEIR FEET, ALWAYS FINDING WAYS INTO PLACES THEY SHOULD NOT TRESPASS IN SEARCH OF PREY.
AND ALWAYS SEEKING WAYS ***OUT*** OF THOSE PLACES IN WHICH THEY DO NOT WISH TO REMAIN, WHEN A THREAT PRESENTS ITSELF...

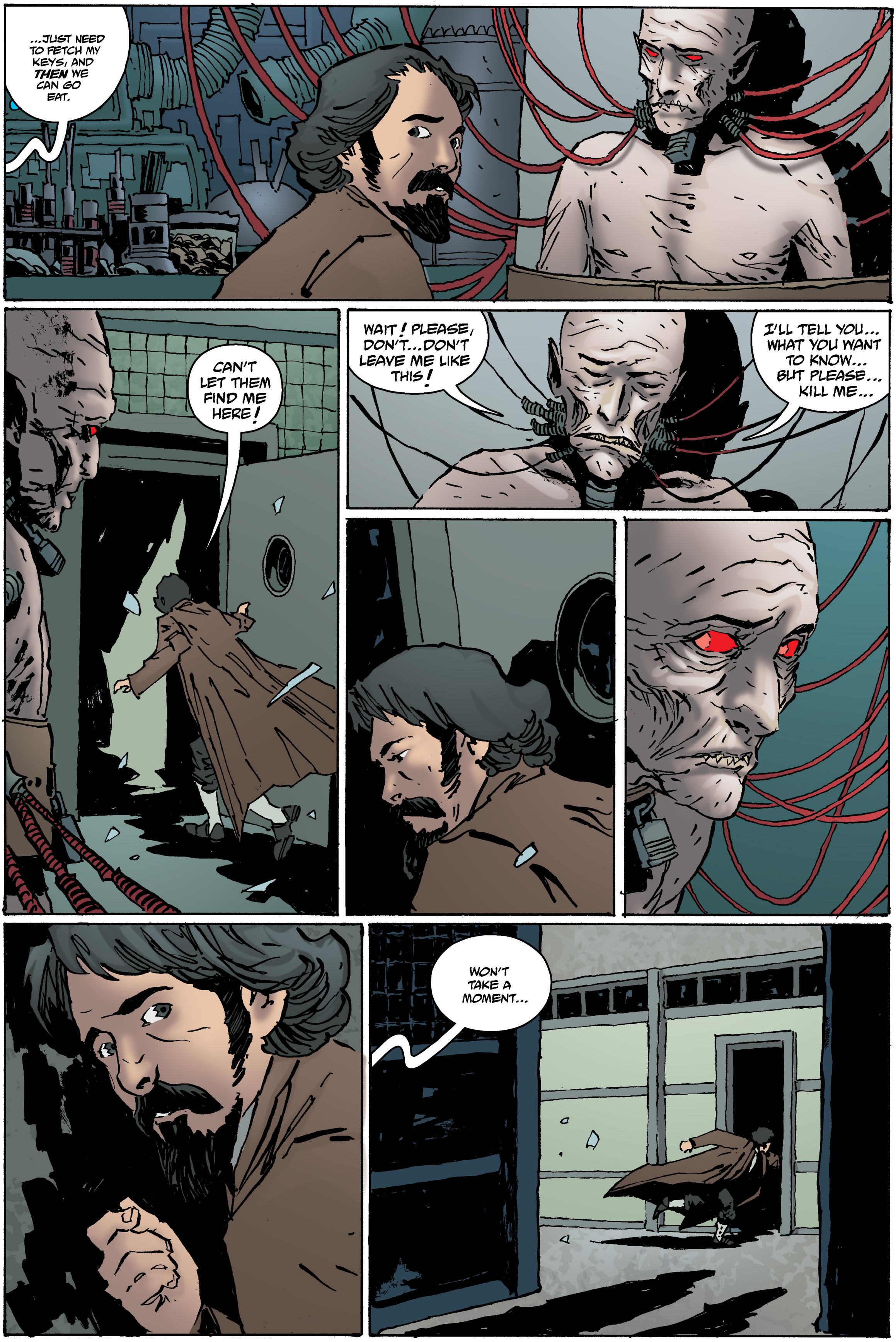

UNIVERSAL TEMPLE OF THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD OF RA. PICCADILLY.
ANY TROUBLE ON THIS END, LADS?
QUIET AS A MOUSE. BIT DULL, IF I'M HONEST.
STILL, BEATS THE ALTERNATIVE, DON'T IT?

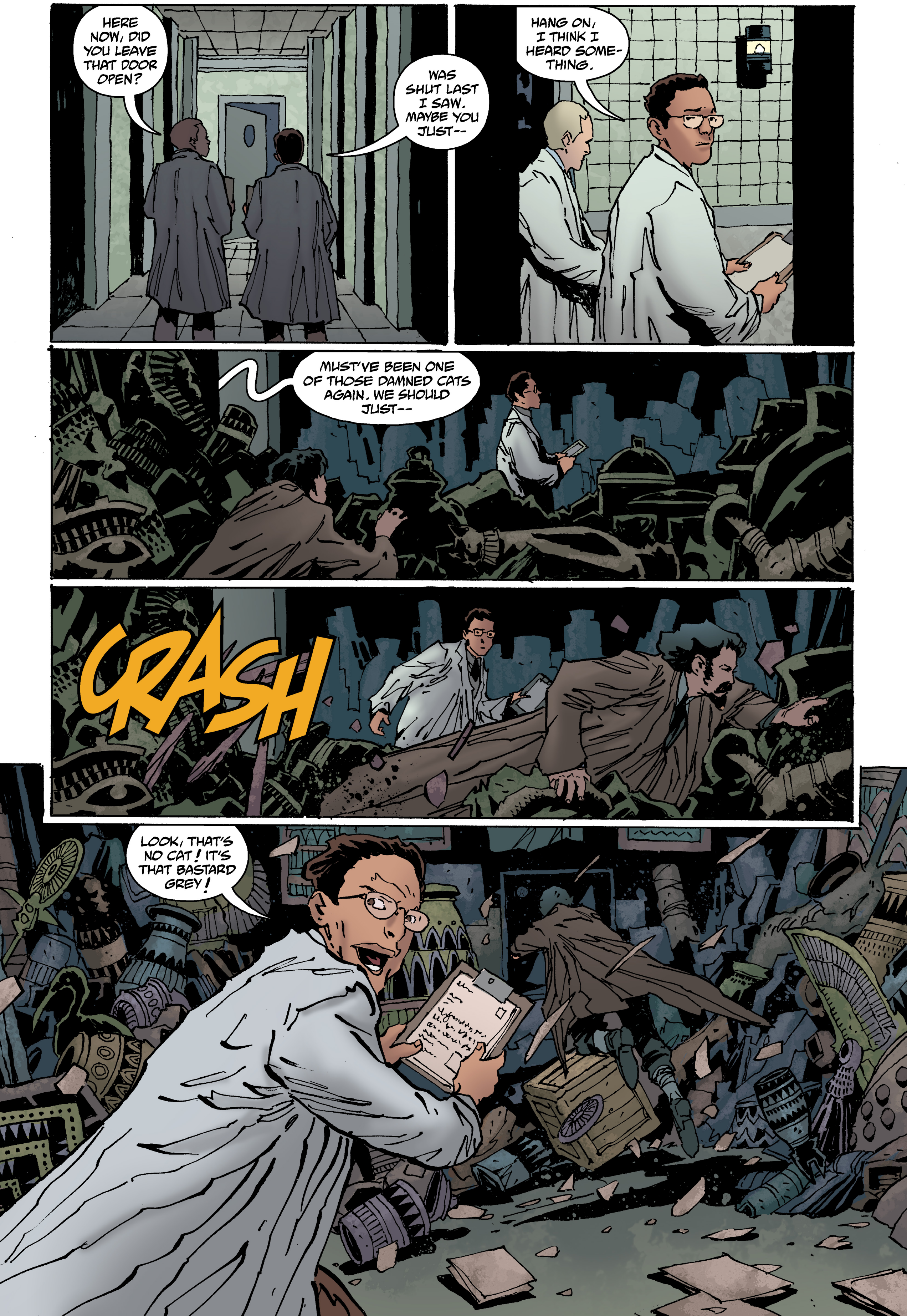

NOW, WHERE COULD IT--?
COME ON, ALREADY, I'M STARVING!

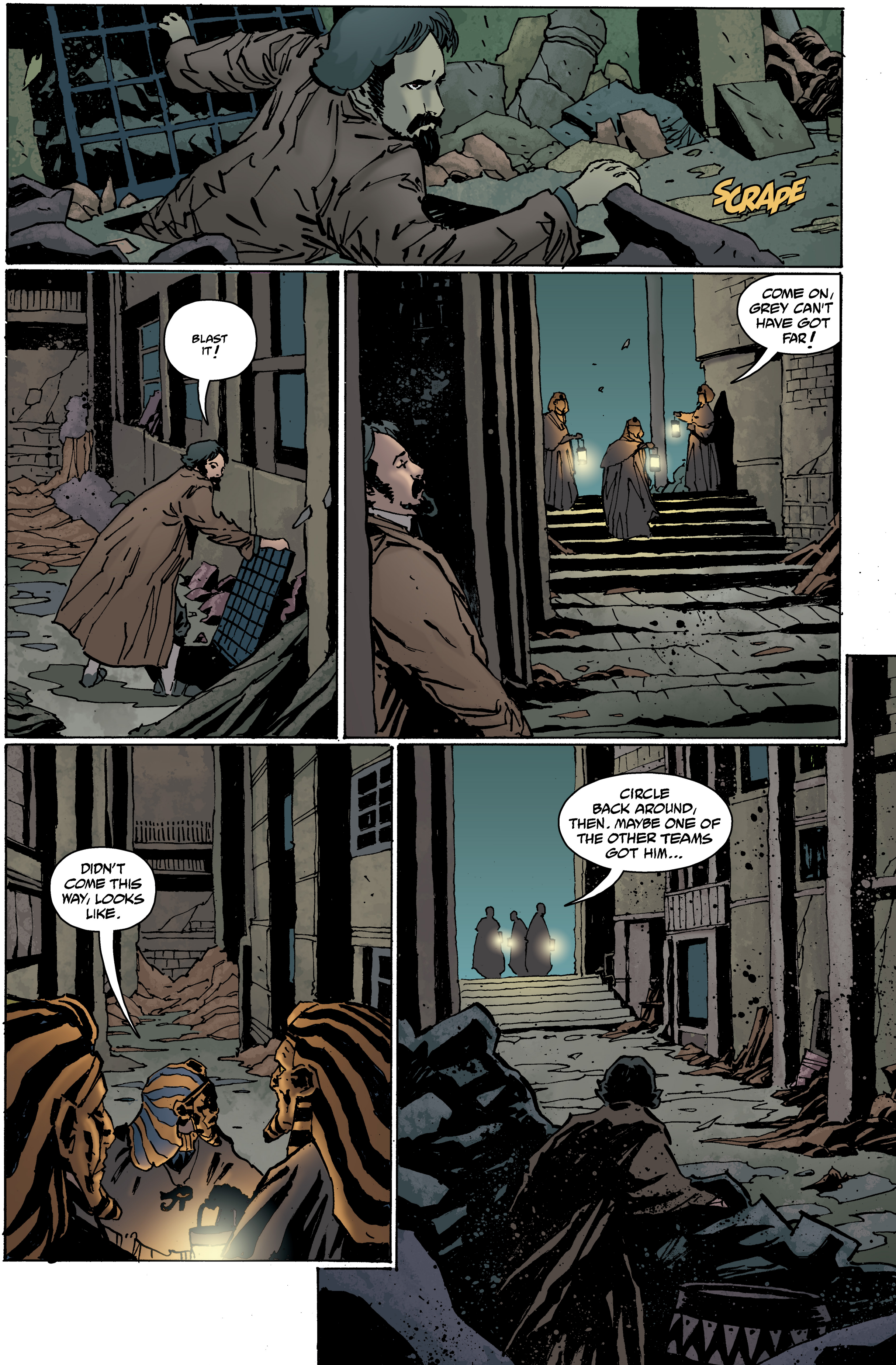

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. BUT AS SOON AS WE'RE DONE I WANT TO TAKE A NEW SET OF READINGS.
JUST A QUICK BITE AND A CUP OF TEA AND THEN WE'LL GET BACK TO IT, I SWEAR.
BESIDES, WHO'LL EVEN KNOW THE DIFFERENCE...?
THE DEVIL...?
GOOD LORD!

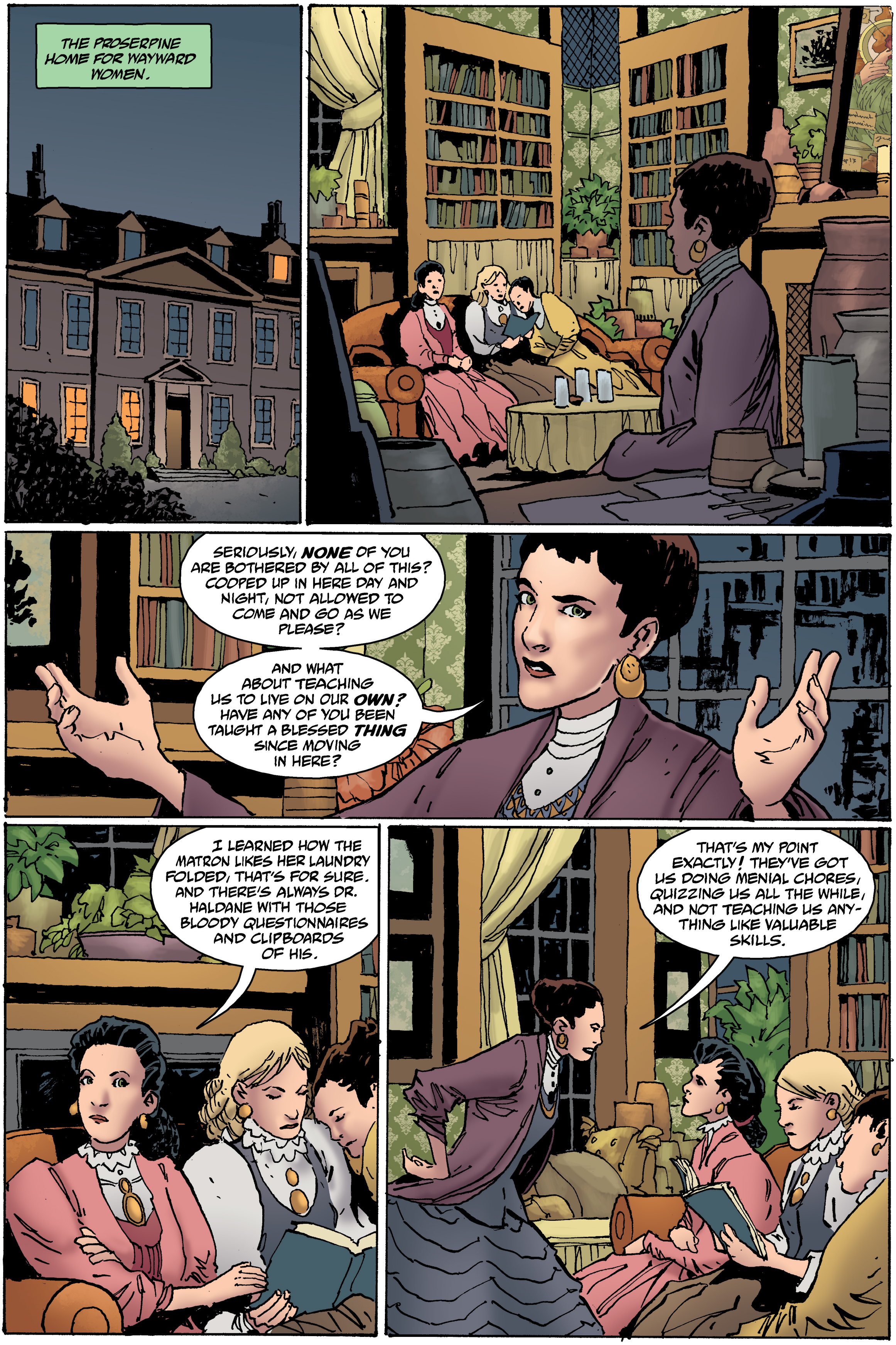

CREEEEAK
CAN YOU HEAR ME?
HOLD ON, I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE.
HISSSSS!

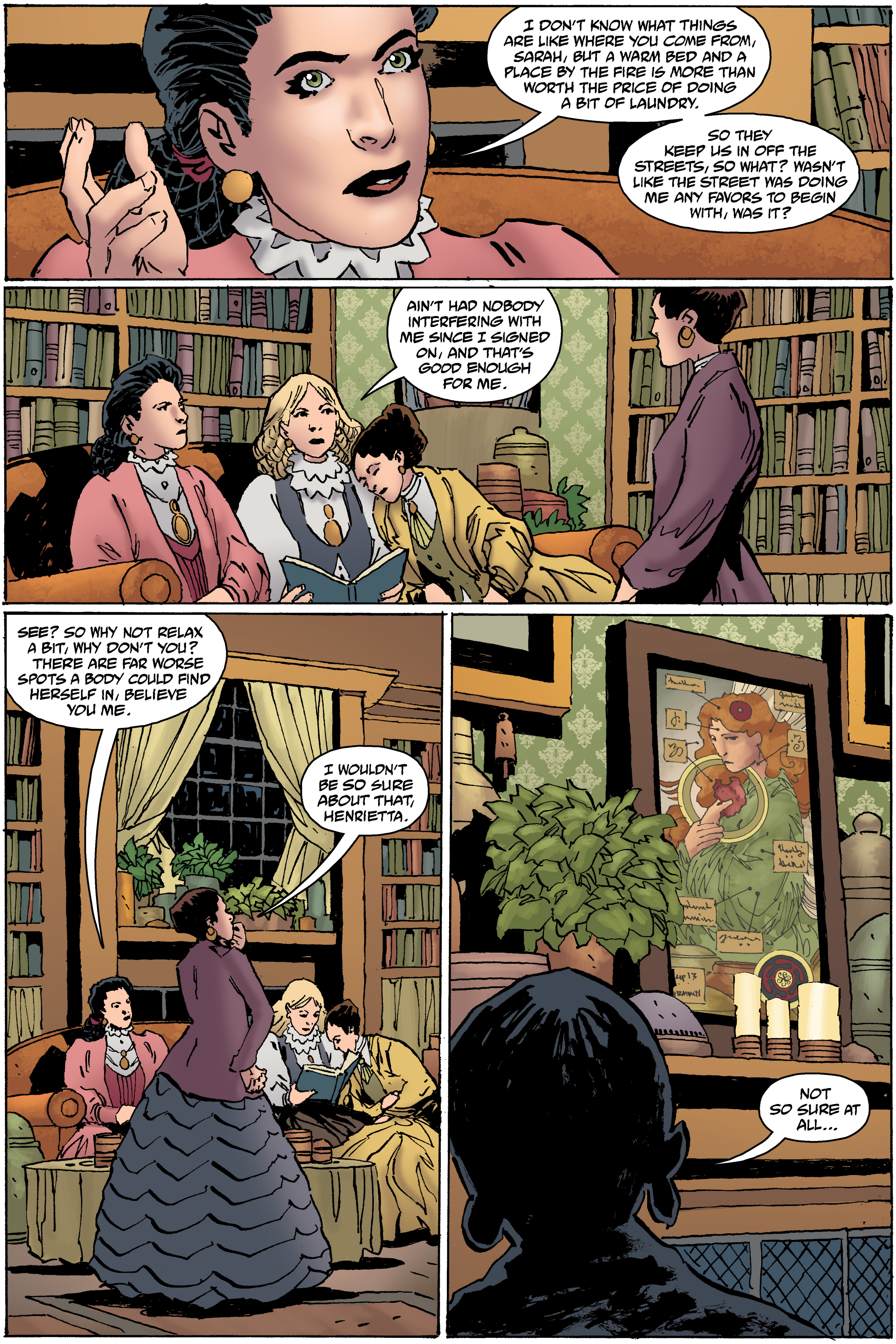

!
A VAMPIRE!!
I...I KNOW YOU.
W-WITCHFINDER! YOU...YOU MEDDLED WITH THE MASTER'S PLANS. YOU LEAD... THESE HELIOPIC FOOLS IN AN ATTACK...ON US!
THAT BATTLE IN THE SEWERS...
HAS THE BROTHERHOOD HAD ONE OF GIURESCU'S CREATURES IMPRISONED DOWN HERE ALL OF THESE YEARS? AND GIURESCU REVERED HECATE--
YOU WILL PAY... FOR WHAT YOU DID!
YOU ARE THE PRIMARY SOURCE! WHAT HAVE YOU TOLD THESE BLOODY-HANDED BASTARDS ABOUT THE RITES OF HECATE?

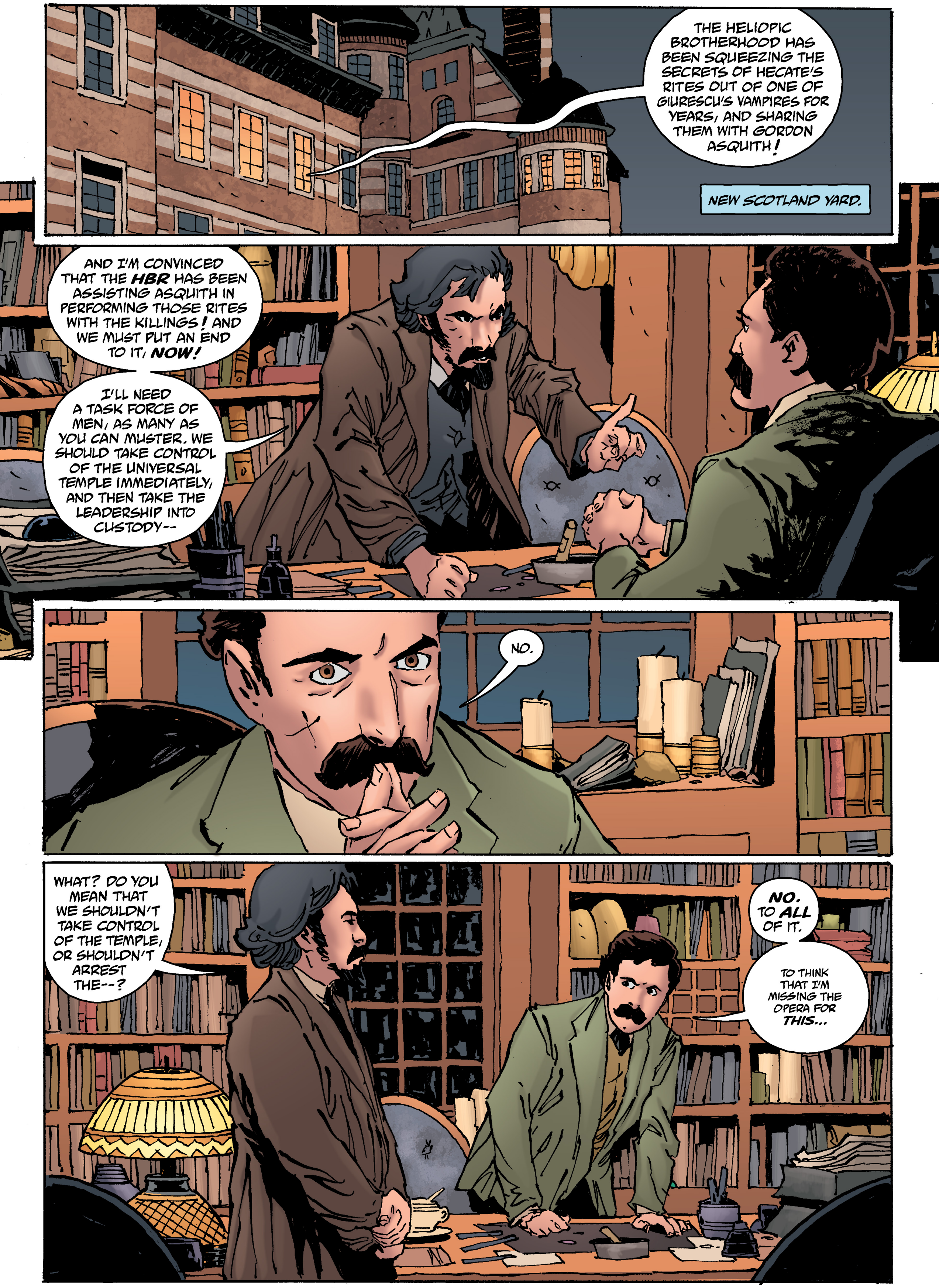

...JUST NEED TO FETCH MY KEYS, AND *THEN* WE CAN GO EAT.
CAN'T LET THEM FIND ME HERE!
WAIT! PLEASE, DON'T...DON'T LEAVE ME LIKE THIS!
I'LL TELL YOU... WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW... BUT PLEASE... KILL ME...
WON'T TAKE A MOMENT...

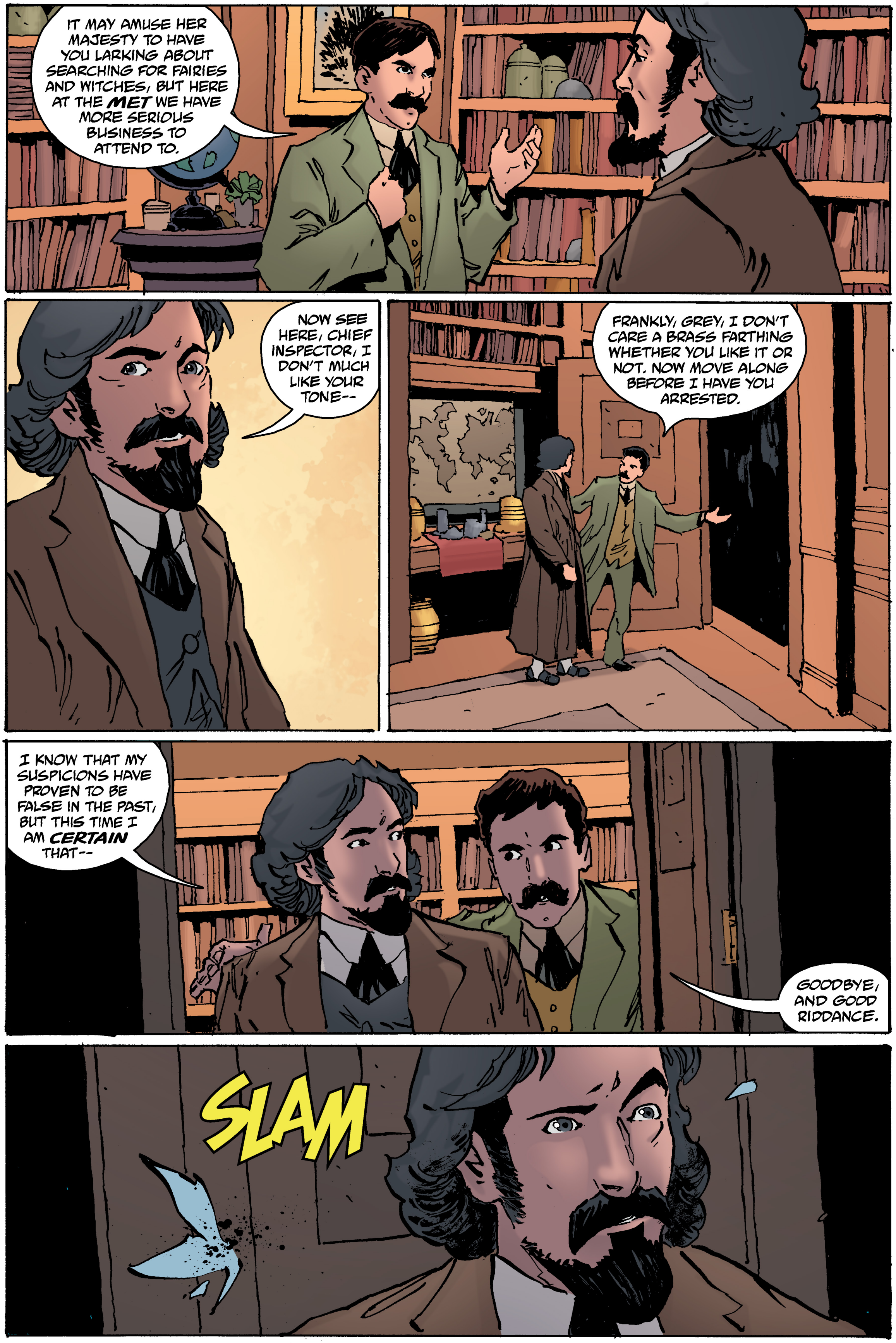

HERE NOW, DID YOU LEAVE THAT DOOR OPEN?
WAS SHUT LAST I SAW. MAYBE YOU JUST--
HANG ON, I THINK I HEARD SOMETHING.
MUST'VE BEEN ONE OF THOSE DAMNED CATS AGAIN. WE SHOULD JUST--
CRASH
LOOK, THAT'S NO CAT! IT'S THAT BASTARD GREY!

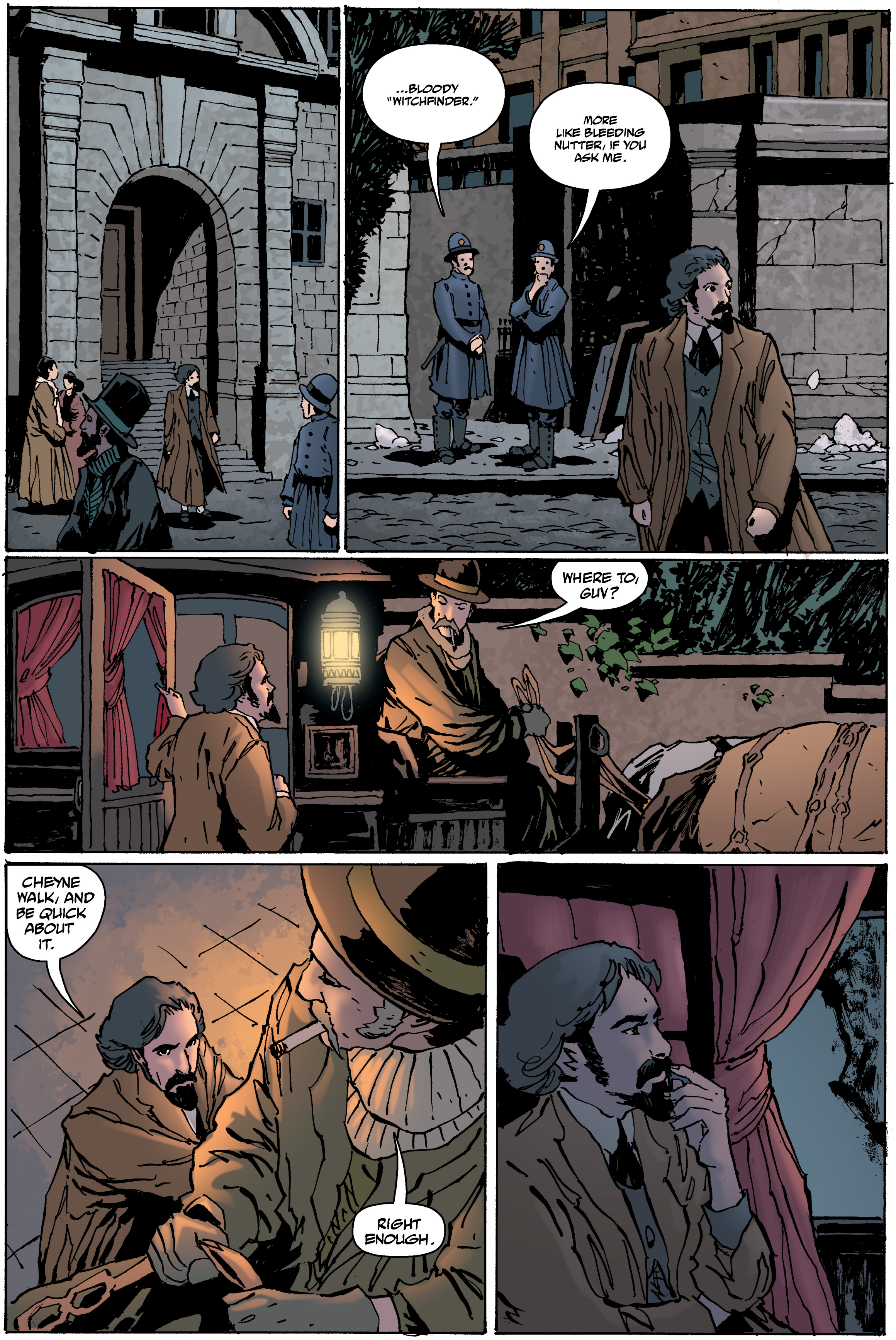

SCRAPE
BLAST IT!
COME ON, GREY CAN'T HAVE GOT FAR!
DIDN'T COME THIS WAY, LOOKS LIKE.
CIRCLE BACK AROUND, THEN. MAYBE ONE OF THE OTHER TEAMS GOT HIM...

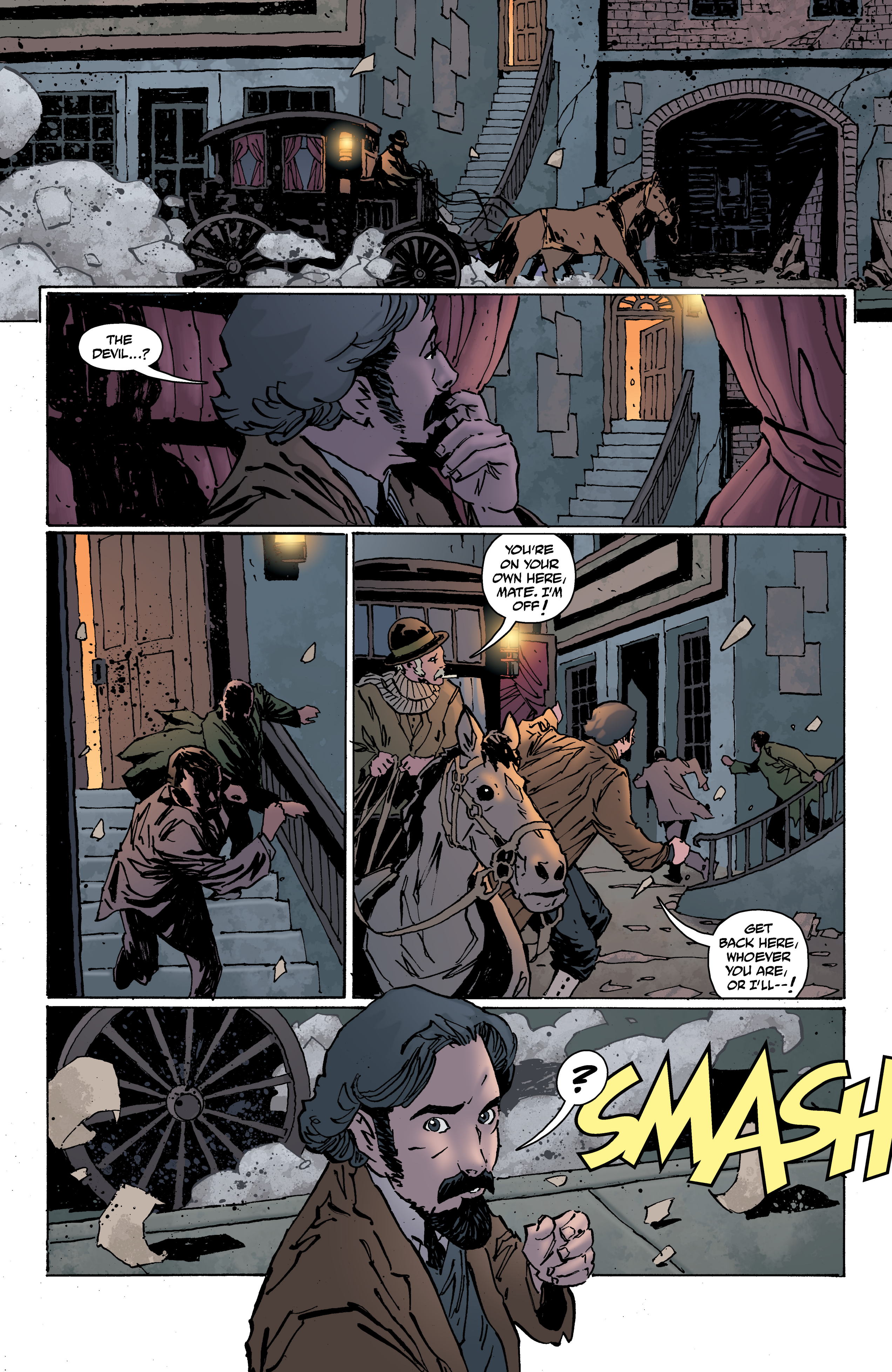

THE PROSERPINE HOME FOR WAYWARD WOMEN.
SERIOUSLY, **NONE** OF YOU ARE BOTHERED BY ALL OF THIS? COOPED UP IN HERE DAY AND NIGHT, NOT ALLOWED TO COME AND GO AS WE PLEASE?
AND WHAT ABOUT TEACHING US TO LIVE ON OUR **OWN?** HAVE ANY OF YOU BEEN TAUGHT A BLESSED **THING** SINCE MOVING IN HERE?
I LEARNED HOW THE MATRON LIKES HER LAUNDRY FOLDED, THAT'S FOR SURE. AND THERE'S ALWAYS DR. HALDANE WITH THOSE BLOODY QUESTIONNAIRES AND CLIPBOARDS OF HIS.
THAT'S MY POINT EXACTLY! THEY'VE GOT US DOING MENIAL CHORES, QUIZZING US ALL THE WHILE, AND NOT TEACHING US ANYTHING LIKE VALUABLE SKILLS.

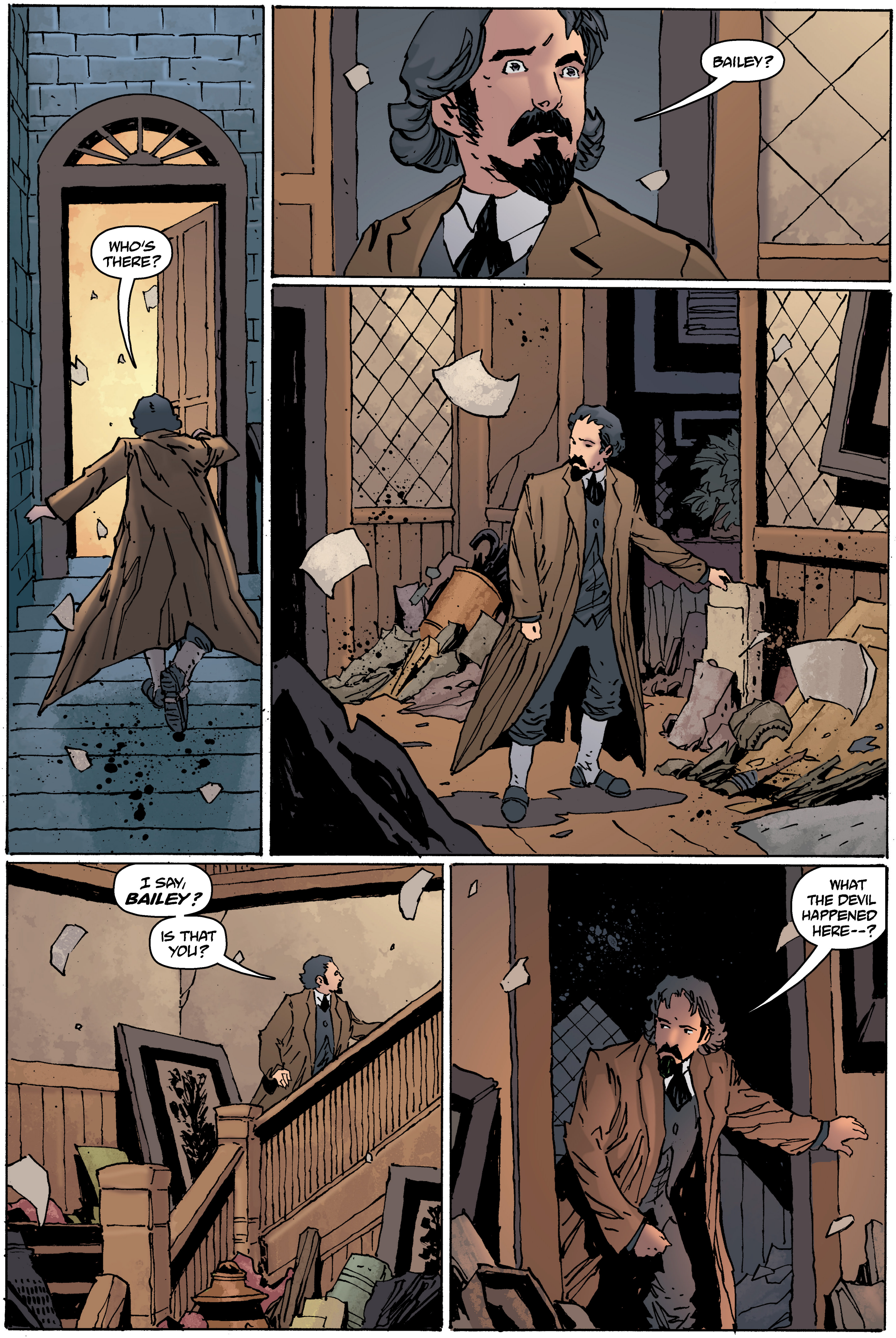

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THINGS ARE LIKE WHERE YOU COME FROM, SARAH, BUT A WARM BED AND A PLACE BY THE FIRE IS MORE THAN WORTH THE PRICE OF DOING A BIT OF LAUNDRY.
SO THEY KEEP US IN OFF THE STREETS, SO WHAT? WASN'T LIKE THE STREET WAS DOING ME ANY FAVORS TO BEGIN WITH, WAS IT?
AIN'T HAD NOBODY INTERFERING WITH ME SINCE I SIGNED ON, AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.
SEE? SO WHY NOT RELAX A BIT, WHY DON'T YOU? THERE ARE FAR WORSE SPOTS A BODY COULD FIND HERSELF IN, BELIEVE YOU ME.
I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE ABOUT THAT, HENRIETTA.
NOT SO SURE AT ALL...

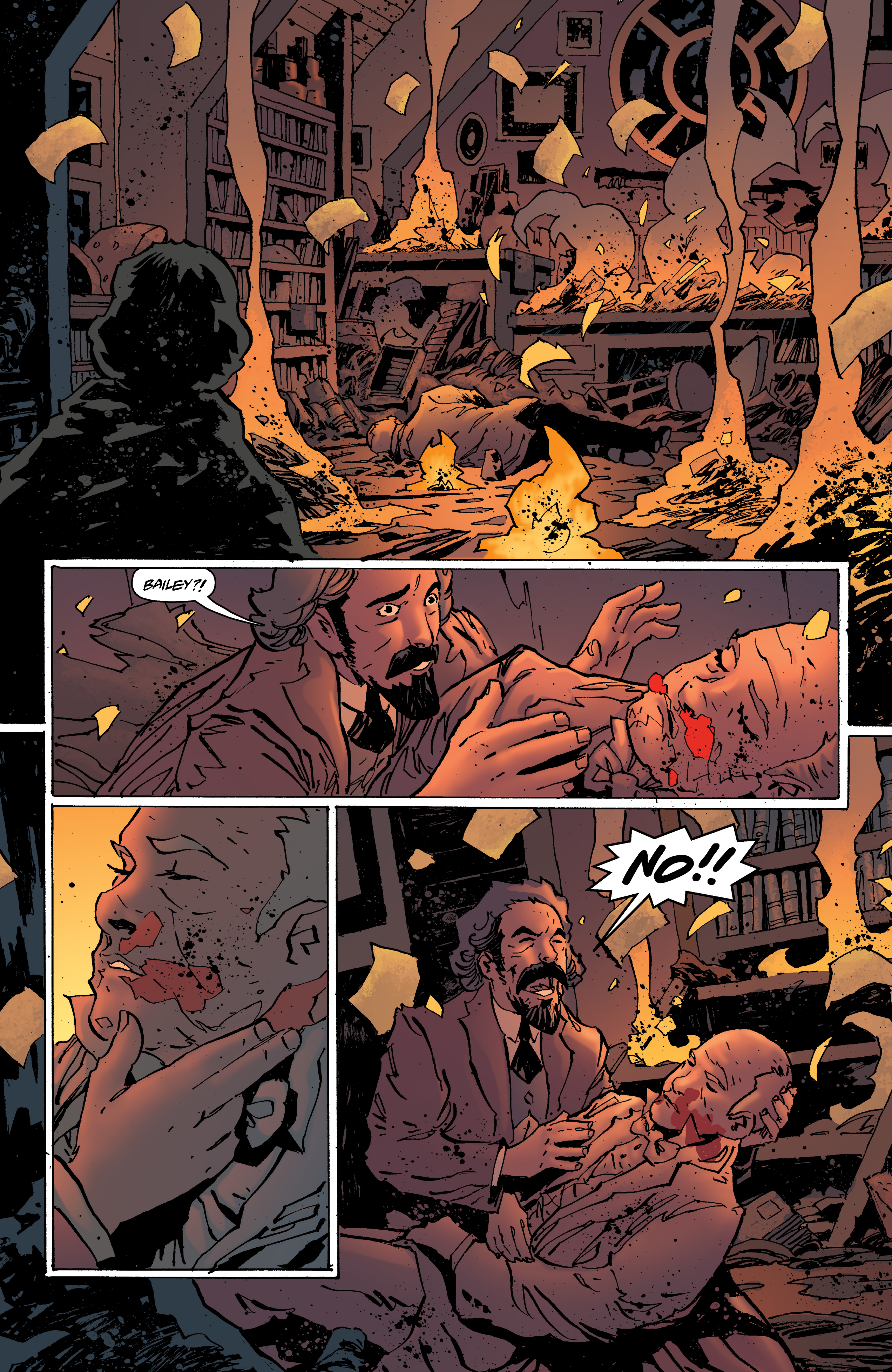

THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD HAS BEEN SQUEEZING THE SECRETS OF HECATE'S RITES OUT OF ONE OF GIURESCU'S VAMPIRES FOR YEARS, AND SHARING THEM WITH GORDON ASQUITH!
NEW SCOTLAND YARD.
AND I'M CONVINCED THAT THE HBR HAS BEEN ASSISTING ASQUITH IN PERFORMING THOSE RITES WITH THE KILLINGS! AND WE MUST PUT AN END TO IT, NOW!
I'LL NEED A TASK FORCE OF MEN, AS MANY AS YOU CAN MUSTER. WE SHOULD TAKE CONTROL OF THE UNIVERSAL TEMPLE IMMEDIATELY, AND THEN TAKE THE LEADERSHIP INTO CUSTODY--
NO.
WHAT? DO YOU MEAN THAT WE SHOULDN'T TAKE CONTROL OF THE TEMPLE, OR SHOULDN'T ARREST THE--?
NO. TO ALL OF IT.
TO THINK THAT I'M MISSING THE OPERA FOR THIS...

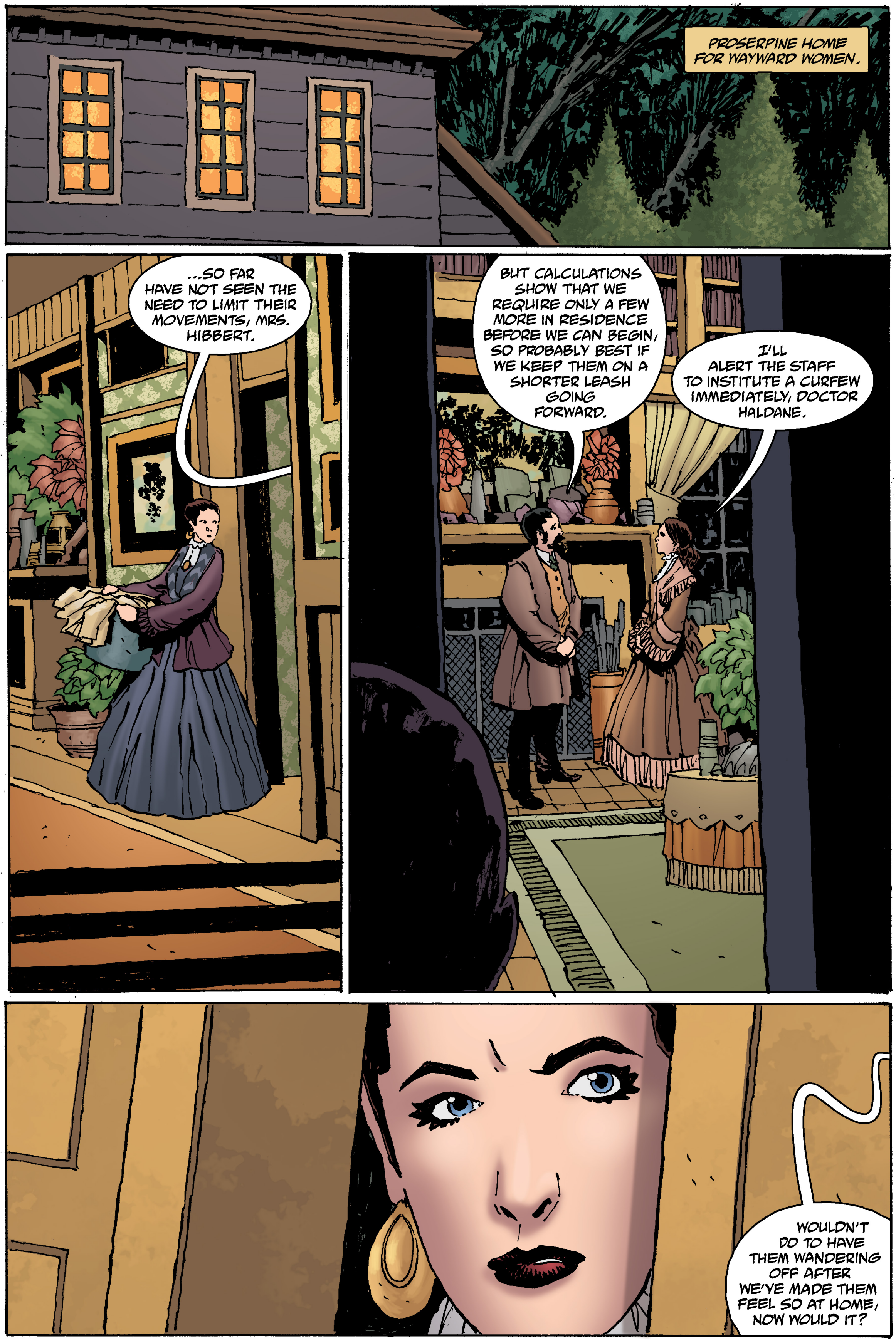

IT MAY AMUSE HER MAJESTY TO HAVE YOU LARKING ABOUT SEARCHING FOR FAIRIES AND WITCHES, BUT HERE AT THE **MET** WE HAVE MORE SERIOUS BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO.
NOW SEE HERE, CHIEF INSPECTOR, I DON'T MUCH LIKE YOUR TONE--
FRANKLY, GREY, I DON'T CARE A BRASS FARTHING WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT. NOW MOVE ALONG BEFORE I HAVE YOU ARRESTED.
I KNOW THAT MY SUSPICIONS HAVE PROVEN TO BE FALSE IN THE PAST, BUT THIS TIME I AM **CERTAIN** THAT--
GOODBYE, AND GOOD RIDDANCE.
SLAM

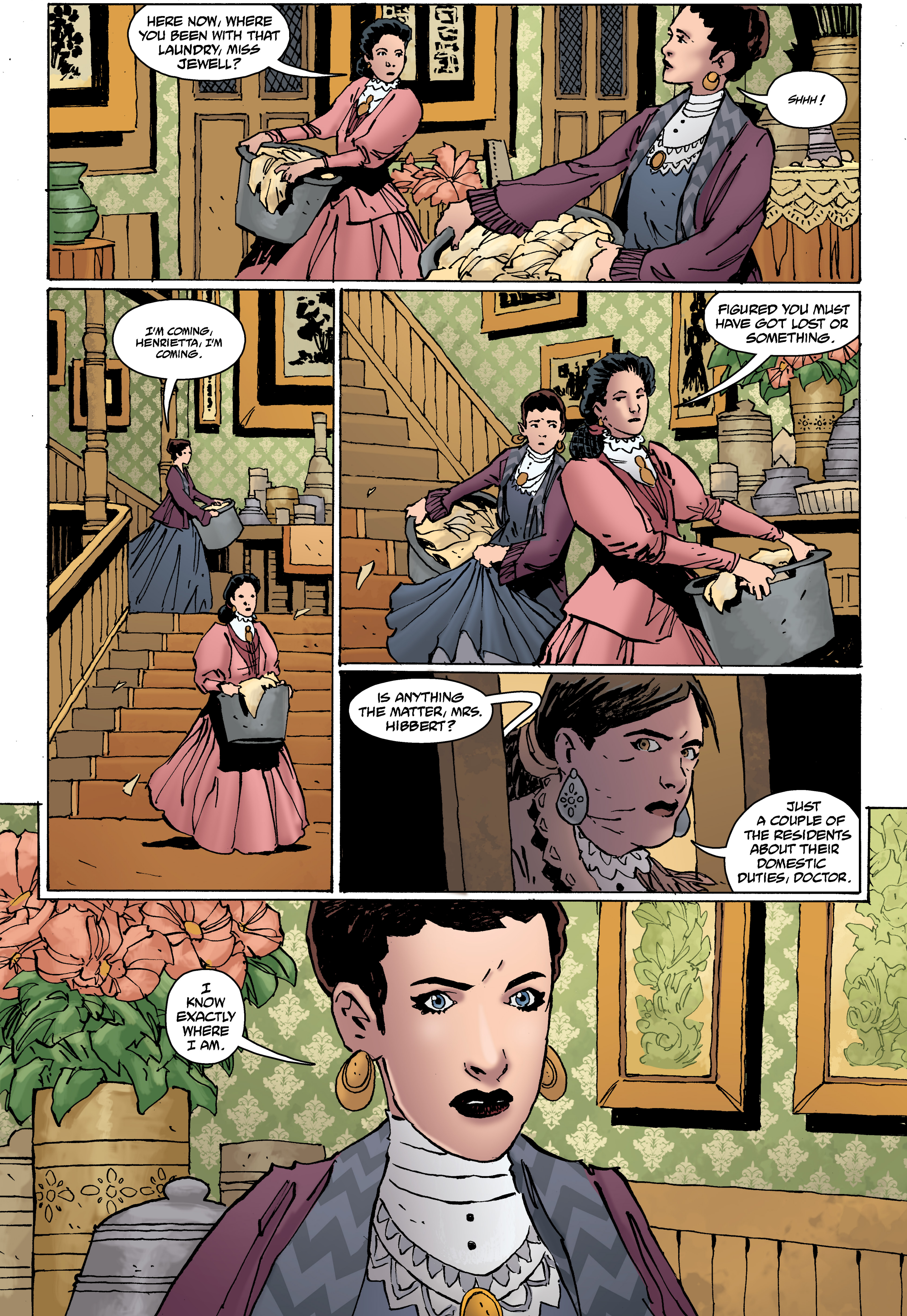

...BLOODY "WITCHFINDER."
MORE LIKE BLEEDING NUTTER, IF YOU ASK ME.
WHERE TO, GUV?
CHEYNE WALK, AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT.
RIGHT ENOUGH.


THE DEVIL...?
YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN HERE, MATE. I'M OFF!
GET BACK HERE, WHOEVER YOU ARE, OR I'LL--!
?
SMASH

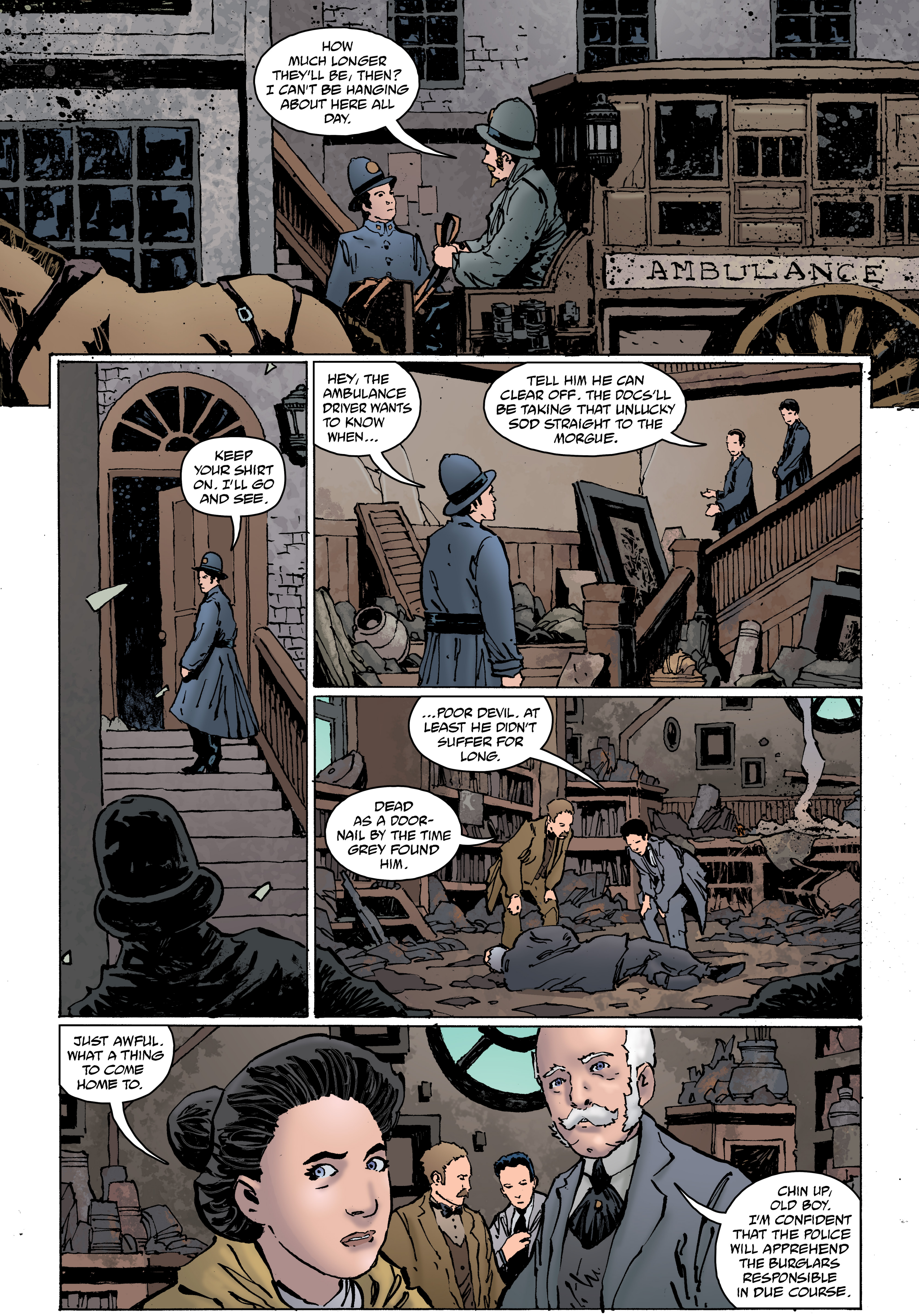

WHO'S THERE?
BAILEY?
I SAY, **BAILEY?**
IS THAT YOU?
WHAT THE DEVIL HAPPENED HERE--?

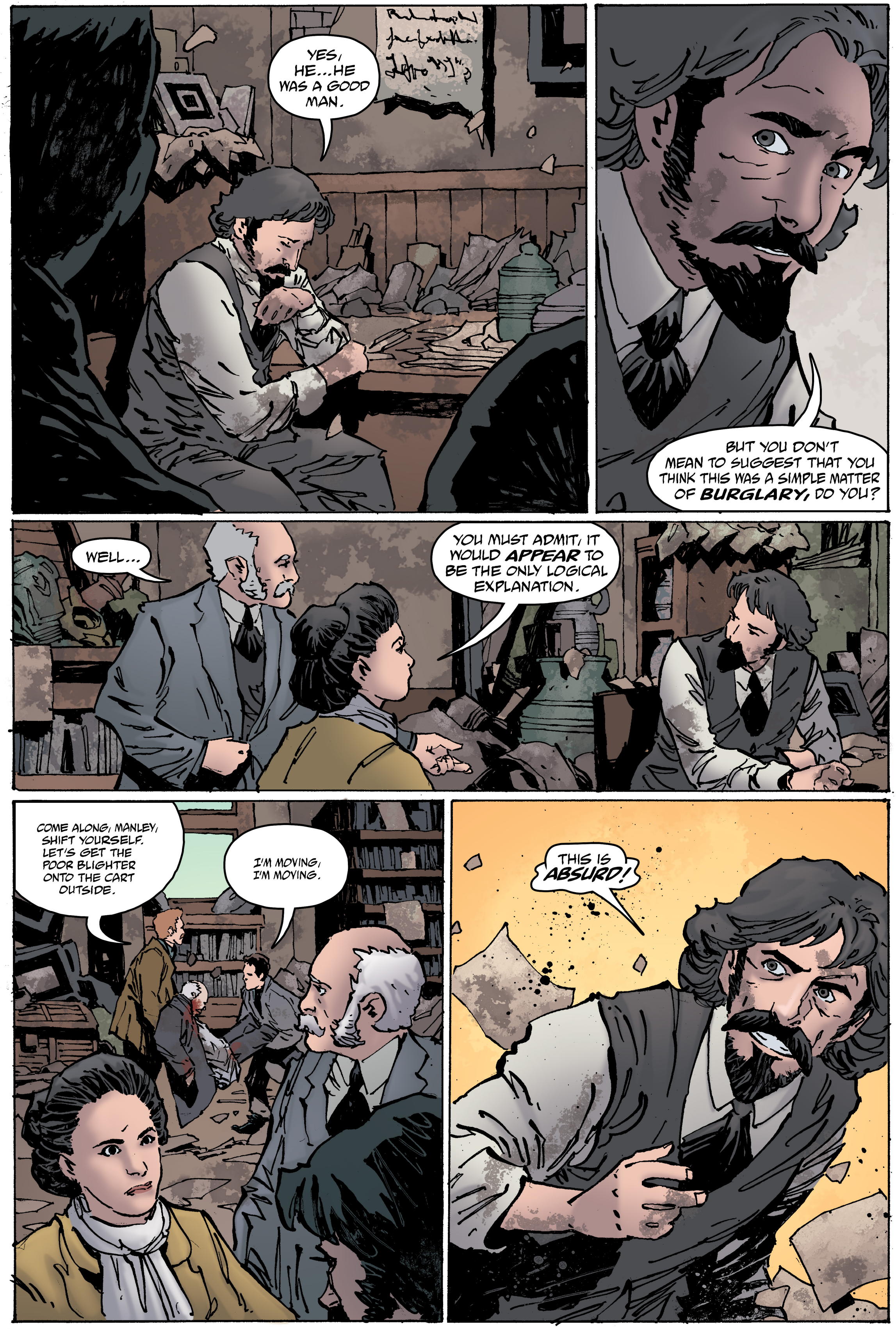

BAILEY?!
NO!!

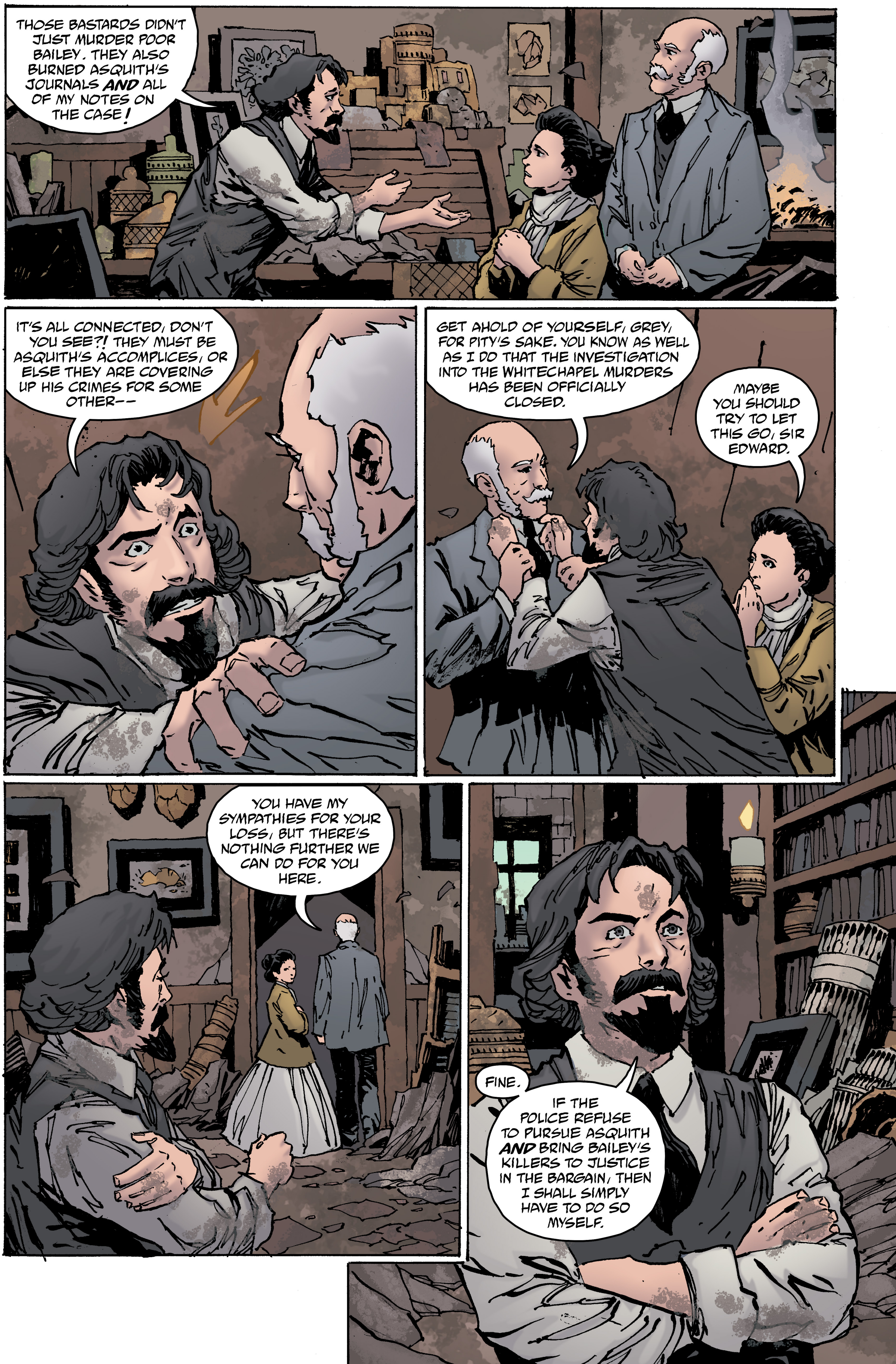

PROSERPINE HOME FOR WAYWARD WOMEN.
...SO FAR HAVE NOT SEEN THE NEED TO LIMIT THEIR MOVEMENTS, MRS. HIBBERT.
BUT CALCULATIONS SHOW THAT WE REQUIRE ONLY A FEW MORE IN RESIDENCE BEFORE WE CAN BEGIN, SO PROBABLY BEST IF WE KEEP THEM ON A SHORTER LEASH GOING FORWARD.
I'LL ALERT THE STAFF TO INSTITUTE A CURFEW IMMEDIATELY, DOCTOR HALDANE.
WOULDN'T DO TO HAVE THEM WANDERING OFF AFTER WE'VE MADE THEM FEEL SO AT HOME, NOW WOULD IT?

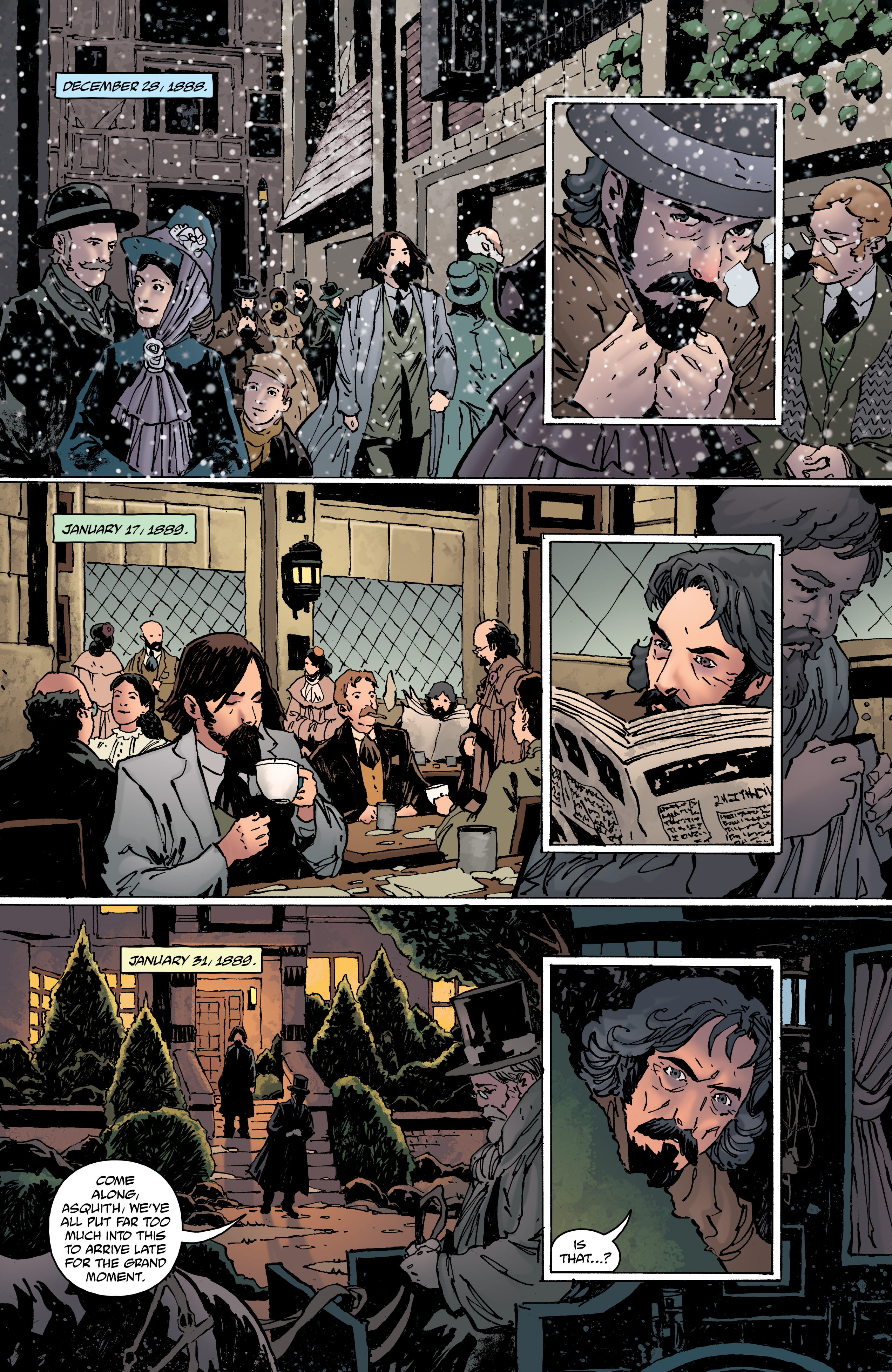

HERE NOW, WHERE YOU BEEN WITH THAT LAUNDRY, MISS JEWELL?
SHHH!
I'M COMING, HENRIETTA, I'M COMING.
FIGURED YOU MUST HAVE GOT LOST OR SOMETHING.
IS ANYTHING THE MATTER, MRS. HIBBERT?
JUST A COUPLE OF THE RESIDENTS ABOUT THEIR DOMESTIC DUTIES, DOCTOR.
I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE I AM.

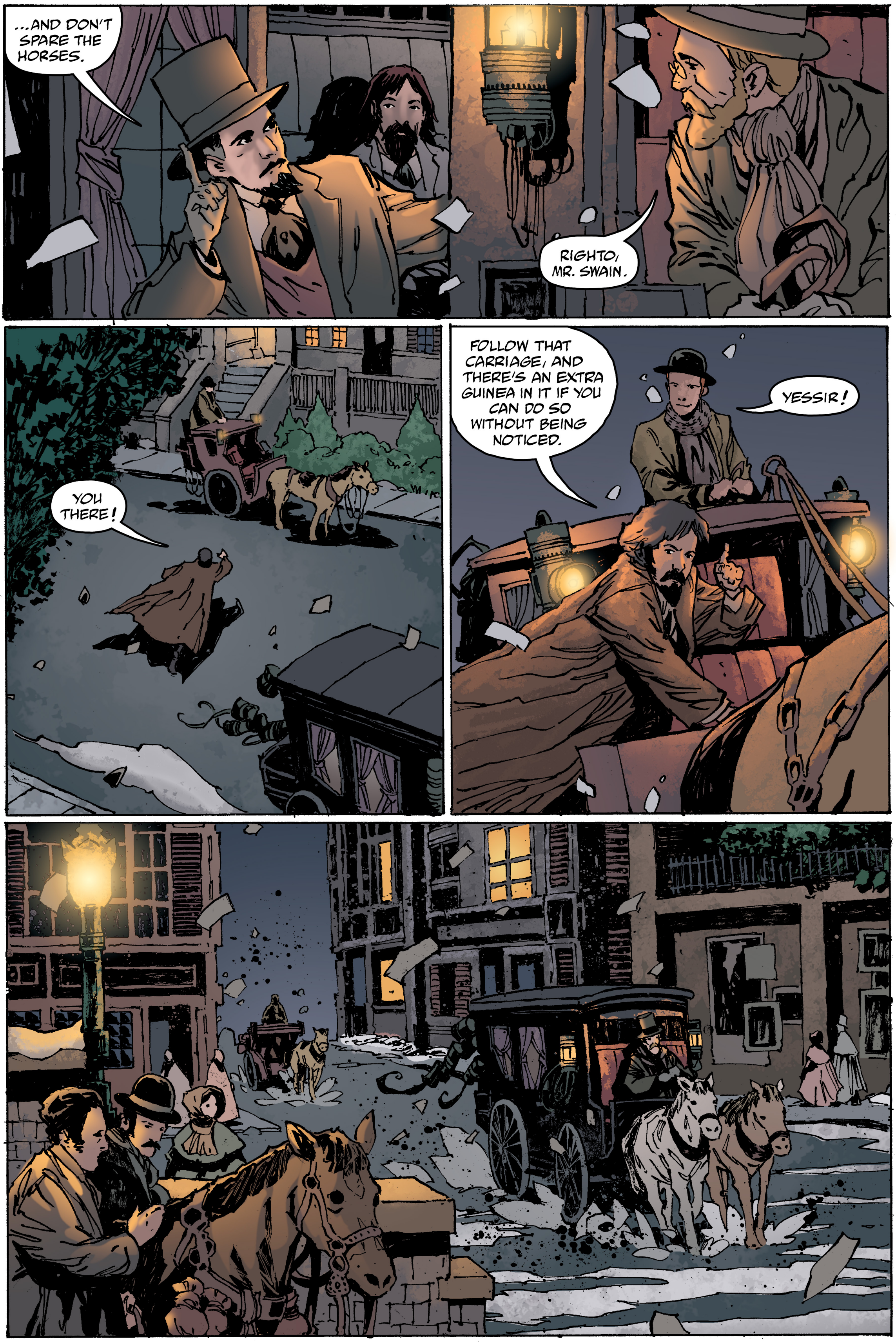
CHAPTER FOUR

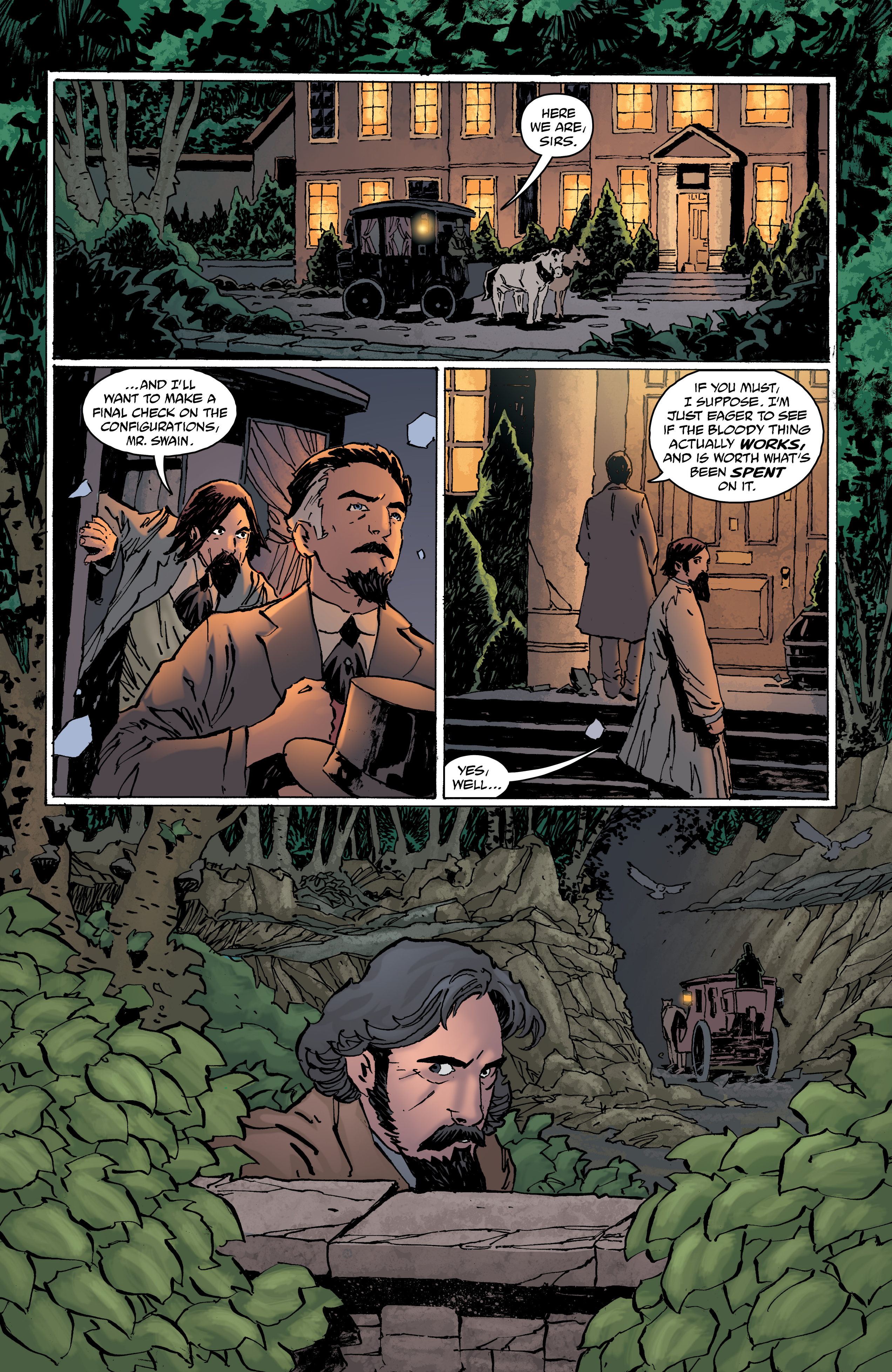

HOW MUCH LONGER THEY'LL BE, THEN? I CAN'T BE HANGING ABOUT HERE ALL DAY.
AMBULANCE
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON. I'LL GO AND SEE.
HEY, THE AMBULANCE DRIVER WANTS TO KNOW WHEN...
TELL HIM HE CAN CLEAR OFF. THE DOCS'LL BE TAKING THAT UNLUCKY SOD STRAIGHT TO THE MORGUE.
...POOR DEVIL. AT LEAST HE DIDN'T SUFFER FOR LONG.
DEAD AS A DOORNAIL BY THE TIME GREY FOUND HIM.
JUST AWFUL. WHAT A THING TO COME HOME TO.
CHIN UP, OLD BOY. I'M CONFIDENT THAT THE POLICE WILL APPREHEND THE BURGLARS RESPONSIBLE IN DUE COURSE.

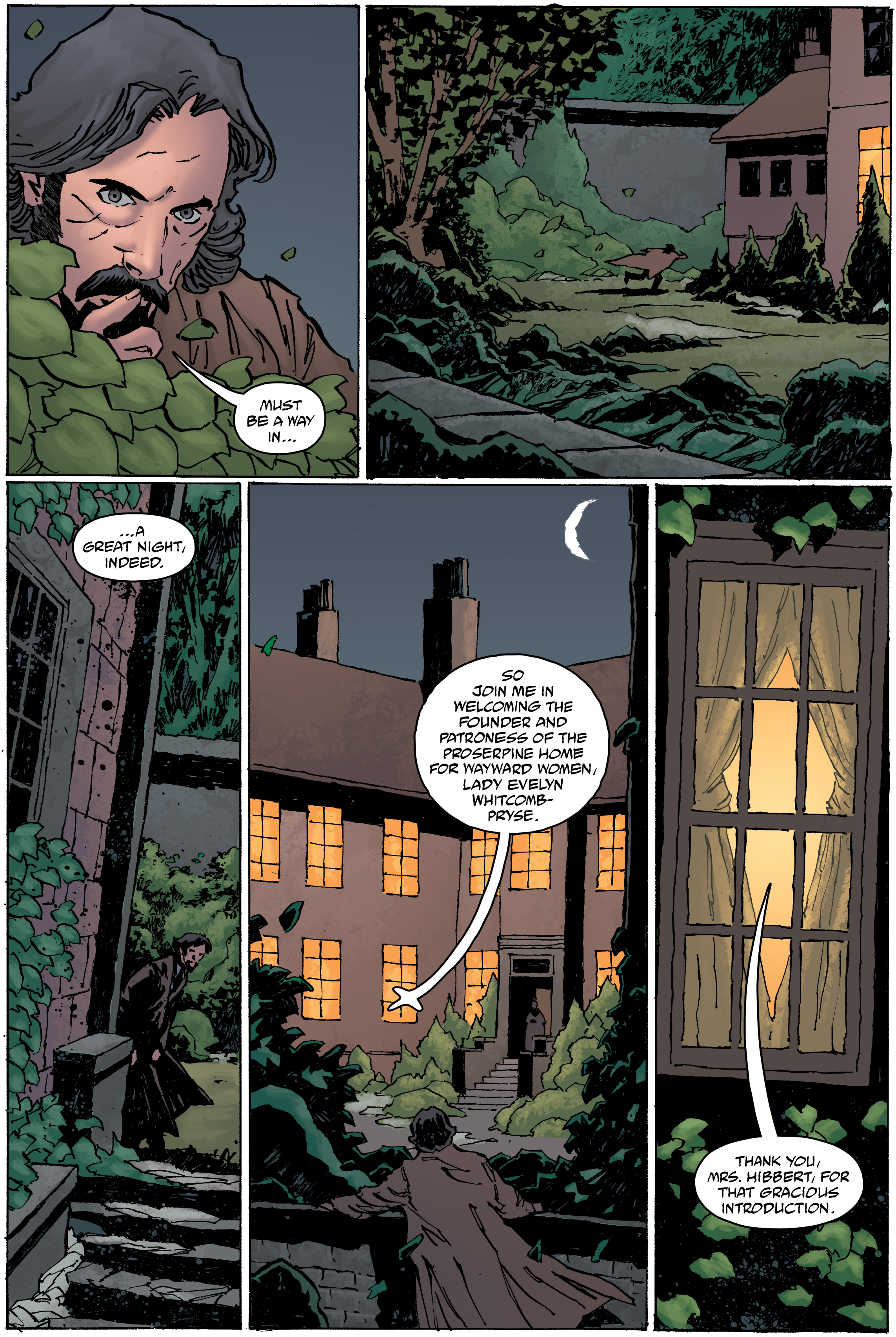

YES, HE...HE WAS A GOOD MAN.
BUT YOU DON'T MEAN TO SUGGEST THAT YOU THINK THIS WAS A SIMPLE MATTER OF **BURGLARY,** DO YOU?
WELL...
YOU MUST ADMIT, IT WOULD **APPEAR** TO BE THE ONLY LOGICAL EXPLANATION.
COME ALONG, MANLEY, SHIFT YOURSELF. LET'S GET THE POOR BLIGHTER ONTO THE CART OUTSIDE.
I'M MOVING, I'M MOVING.
THIS IS **ABSURD!**

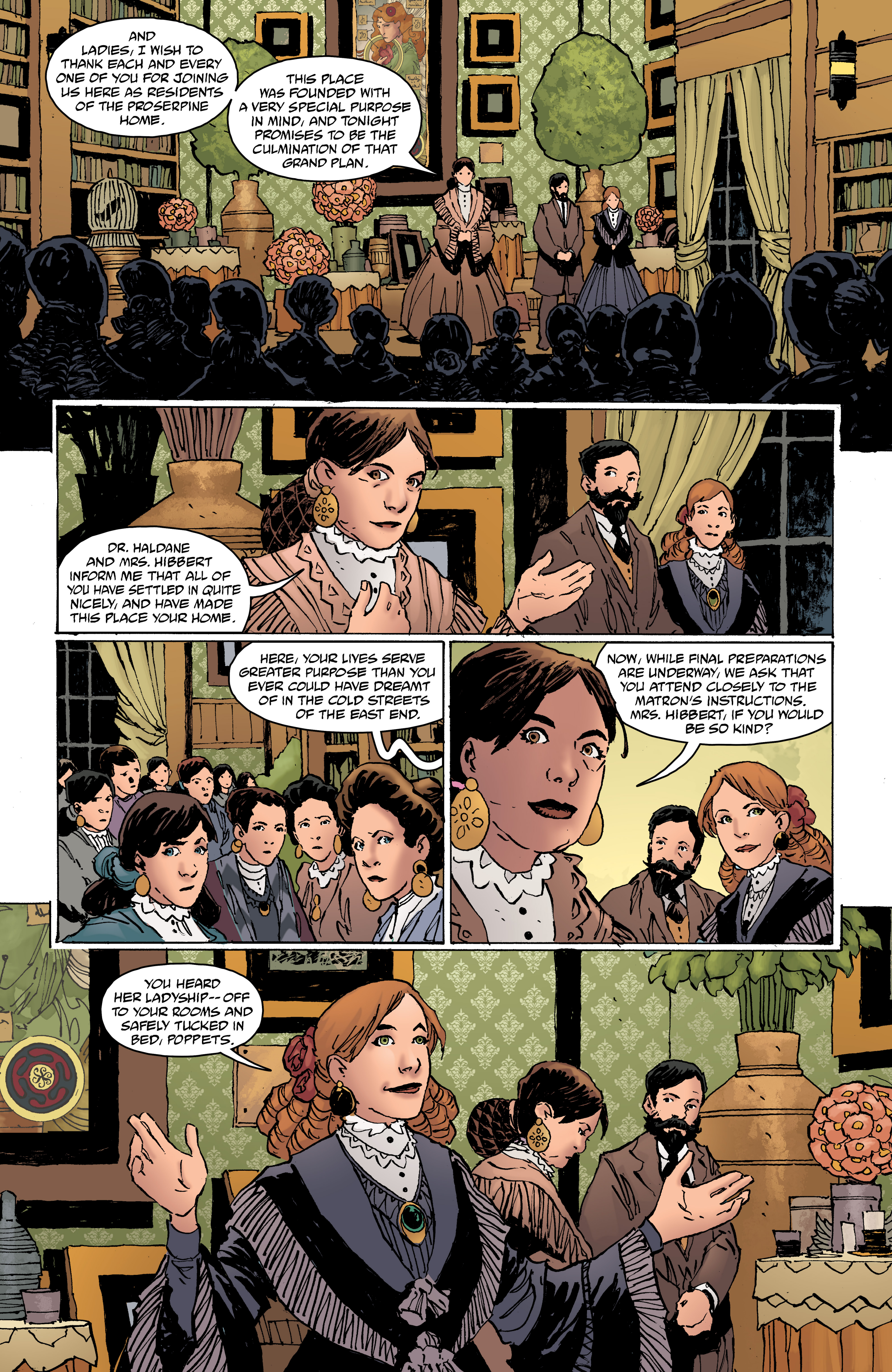

THOSE BASTARDS DIDN'T JUST MURDER POOR BAILEY. THEY ALSO BURNED ASQUITH'S JOURNALS **AND** ALL OF MY NOTES ON THE CASE!
IT'S ALL CONNECTED, DON'T YOU SEE?! THEY MUST BE ASQUITH'S ACCOMPLICES, OR ELSE THEY ARE COVERING UP HIS CRIMES FOR SOME OTHER--
GET AHOLD OF YOURSELF, GREY, FOR PITY'S SAKE. YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT THE INVESTIGATION INTO THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS HAS BEEN OFFICIALLY CLOSED.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD TRY TO LET THIS GO, SIR EDWARD.
YOU HAVE MY SYMPATHIES FOR YOUR LOSS, BUT THERE'S NOTHING FURTHER WE CAN DO FOR YOU HERE.
FINE.
IF THE POLICE REFUSE TO PURSUE ASQUITH **AND** BRING BAILEY'S KILLERS TO JUSTICE IN THE BARGAIN, THEN I SHALL SIMPLY HAVE TO DO SO MYSELF.

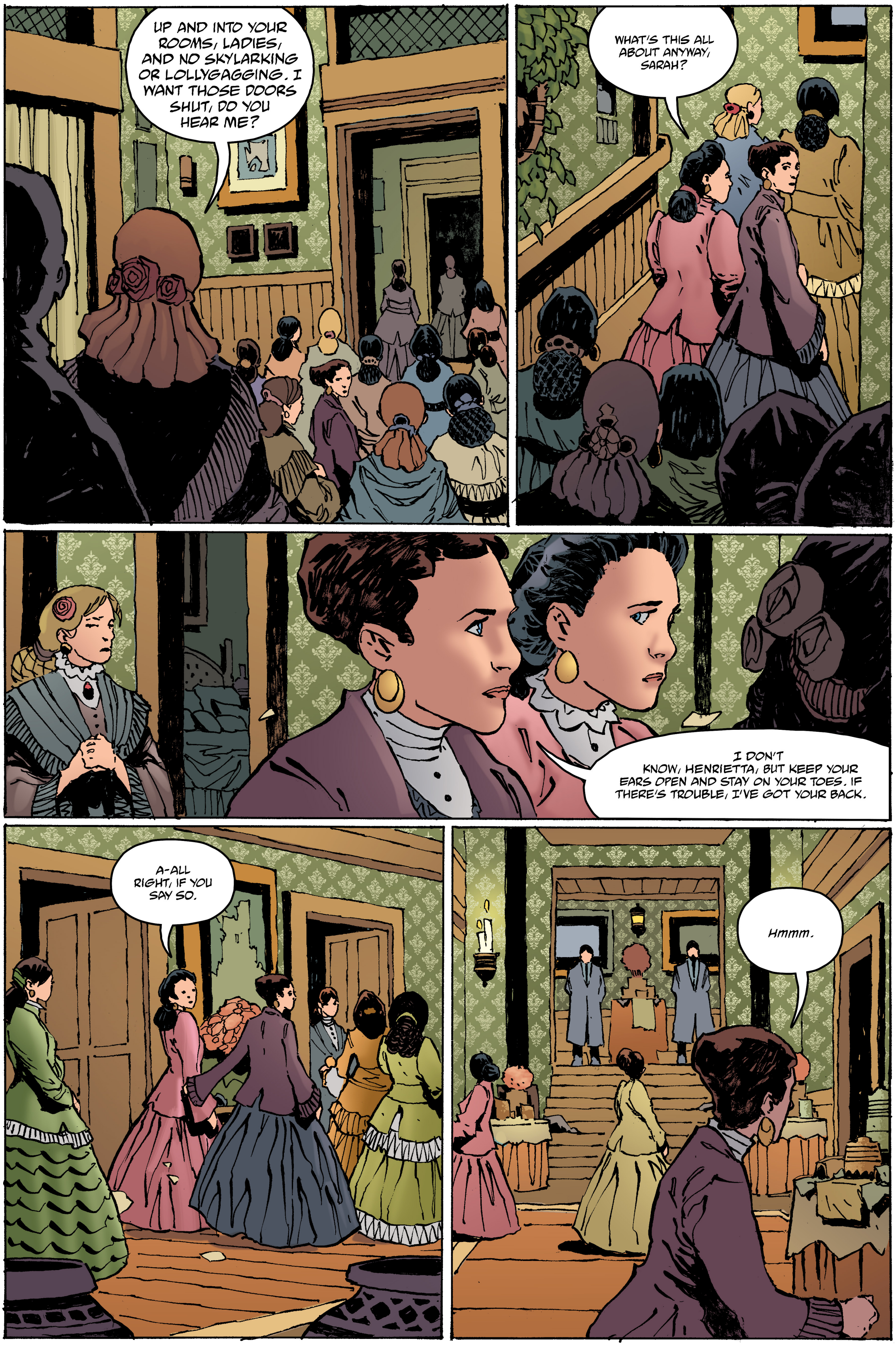

DECEMBER 28, 1888.
JANUARY 17, 1889.
JANUARY 31, 1889.
COME ALONG, ASQUITH, WE'VE ALL PUT FAR TOO MUCH INTO THIS TO ARRIVE LATE FOR THE GRAND MOMENT.
IS THAT...?

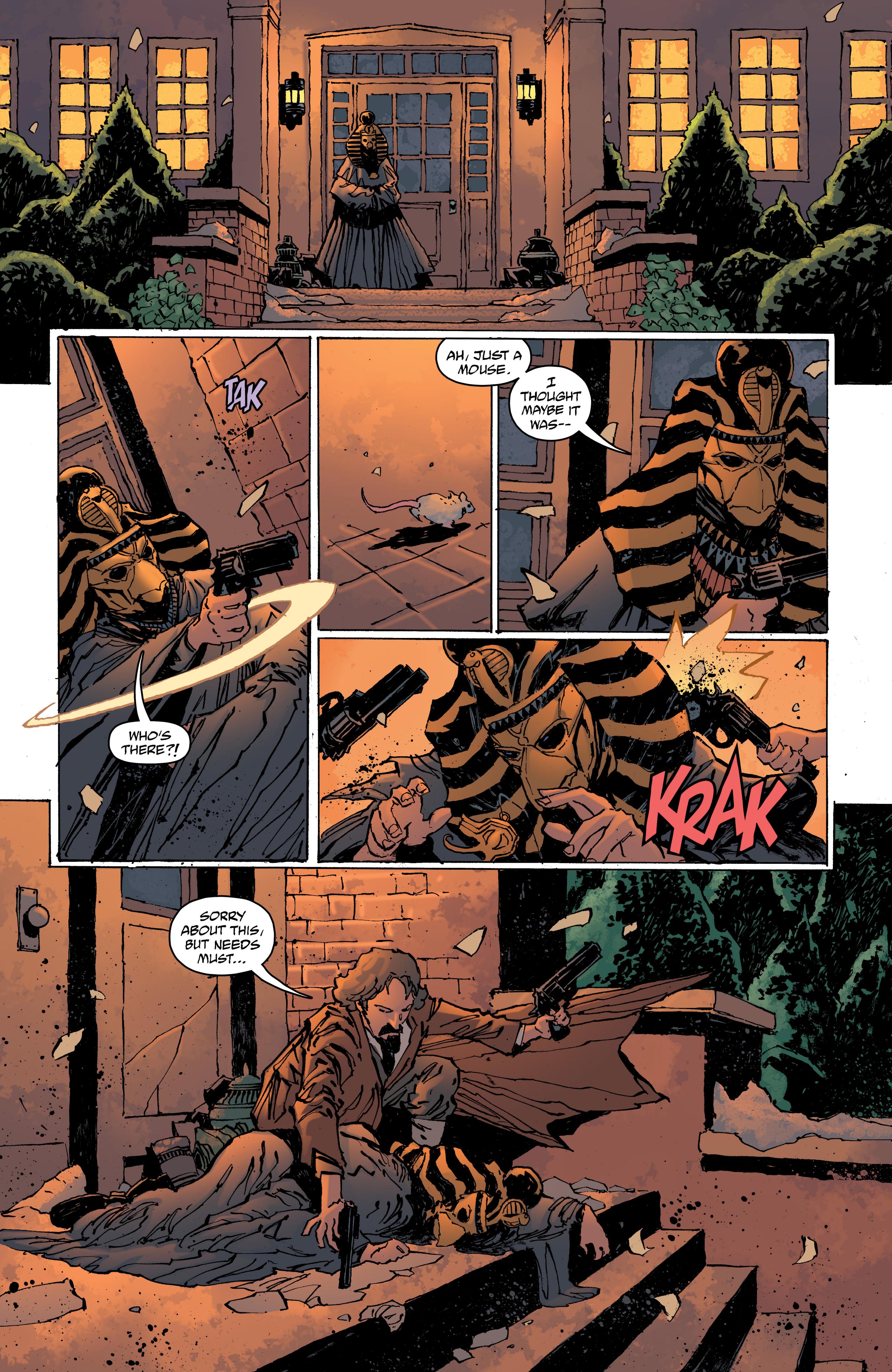

...AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES.
RIGHTO, MR. SWAIN.
YOU THERE!
FOLLOW THAT CARRIAGE, AND THERE'S AN EXTRA GUINEA IN IT IF YOU CAN DO SO WITHOUT BEING NOTICED.
YESSIR!

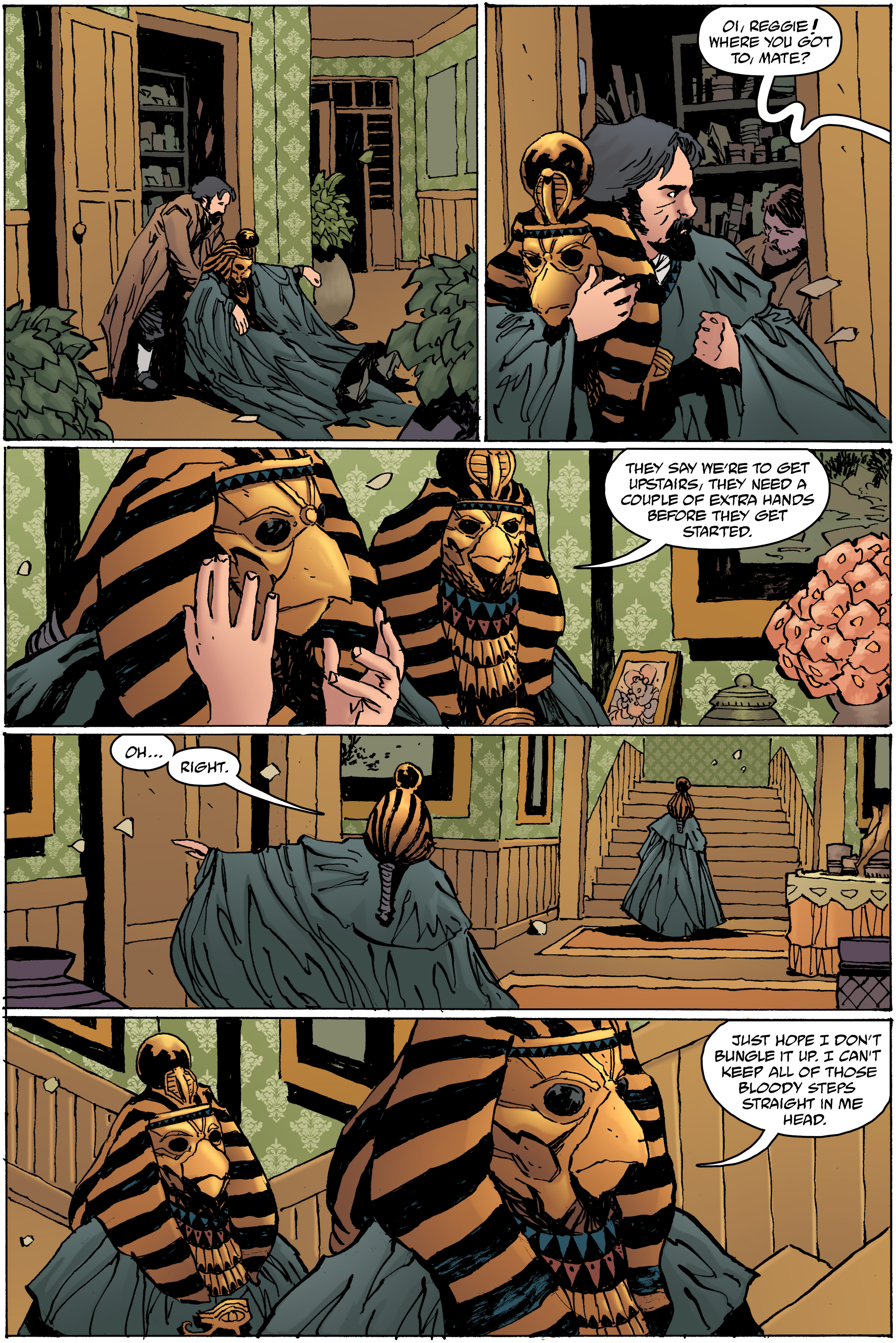

HERE WE ARE, SIRS.
...AND I'LL WANT TO MAKE A FINAL CHECK ON THE CONFIGURATIONS, MR. SWAIN.
IF YOU MUST, I SUPPOSE. I'M JUST EAGER TO SEE IF THE BLOODY THING ACTUALLY **WORKS,** AND IS WORTH WHAT'S BEEN **SPENT** ON IT.
YES, WELL...

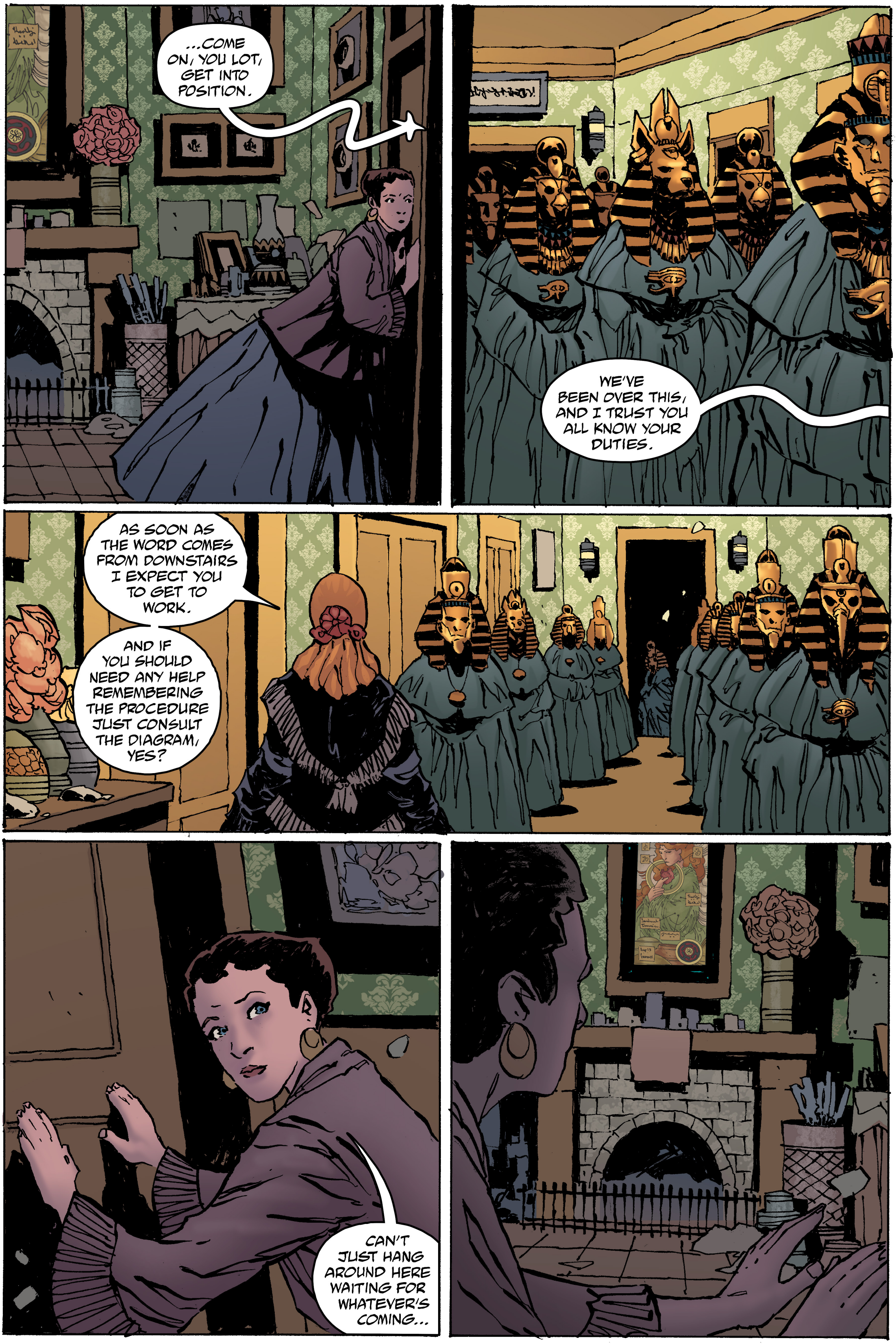

MUST BE A WAY IN...
...A GREAT NIGHT, INDEED.
SO JOIN ME IN WELCOMING THE FOUNDER AND PATRONESS OF THE PROSERPINE HOME FOR WAYWARD WOMEN, LADY EVELYN WHITCOMB-PRYSE.
THANK YOU, MRS. HIBBERT, FOR THAT GRACIOUS INTRODUCTION.

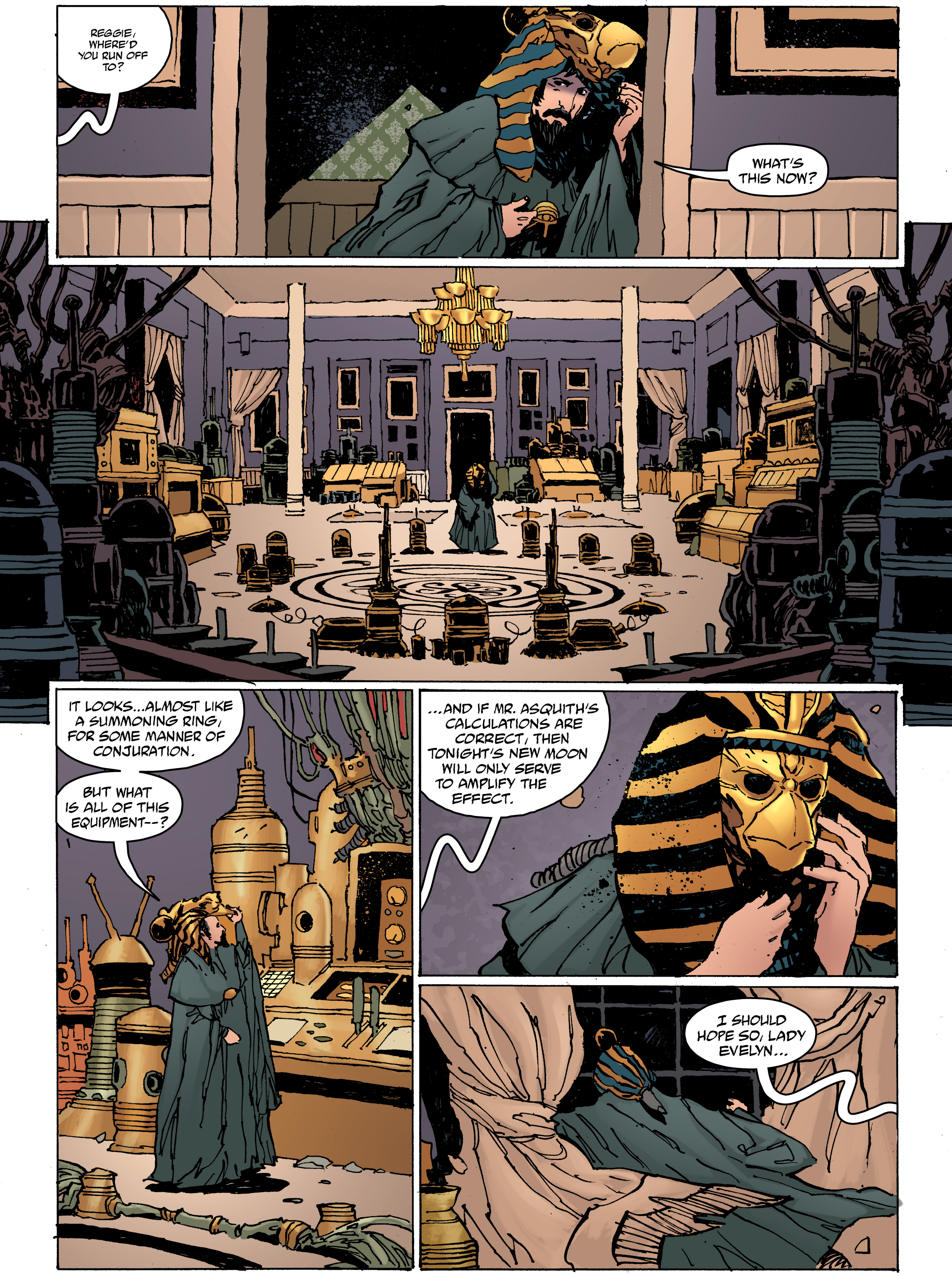

AND LADIES, I WISH TO THANK EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU FOR JOINING US HERE AS RESIDENTS OF THE PROSERPINE HOME.
THIS PLACE WAS FOUNDED WITH A VERY SPECIAL PURPOSE IN MIND, AND TONIGHT PROMISES TO BE THE CULMINATION OF THAT GRAND PLAN.
DR. HALDANE AND MRS. HIBBERT INFORM ME THAT ALL OF YOU HAVE SETTLED IN QUITE NICELY, AND HAVE MADE THIS PLACE YOUR HOME.
HERE, YOUR LIVES SERVE GREATER PURPOSE THAN YOU EVER COULD HAVE DREAMT OF IN THE COLD STREETS OF THE EAST END.
NOW, WHILE FINAL PREPARATIONS ARE UNDERWAY, WE ASK THAT YOU ATTEND CLOSELY TO THE MATRON'S INSTRUCTIONS. MRS. HIBBERT, IF YOU WOULD BE SO KIND?
YOU HEARD HER LADYSHIP--OFF TO YOUR ROOMS AND SAFELY TUCKED IN BED, POPPETS.

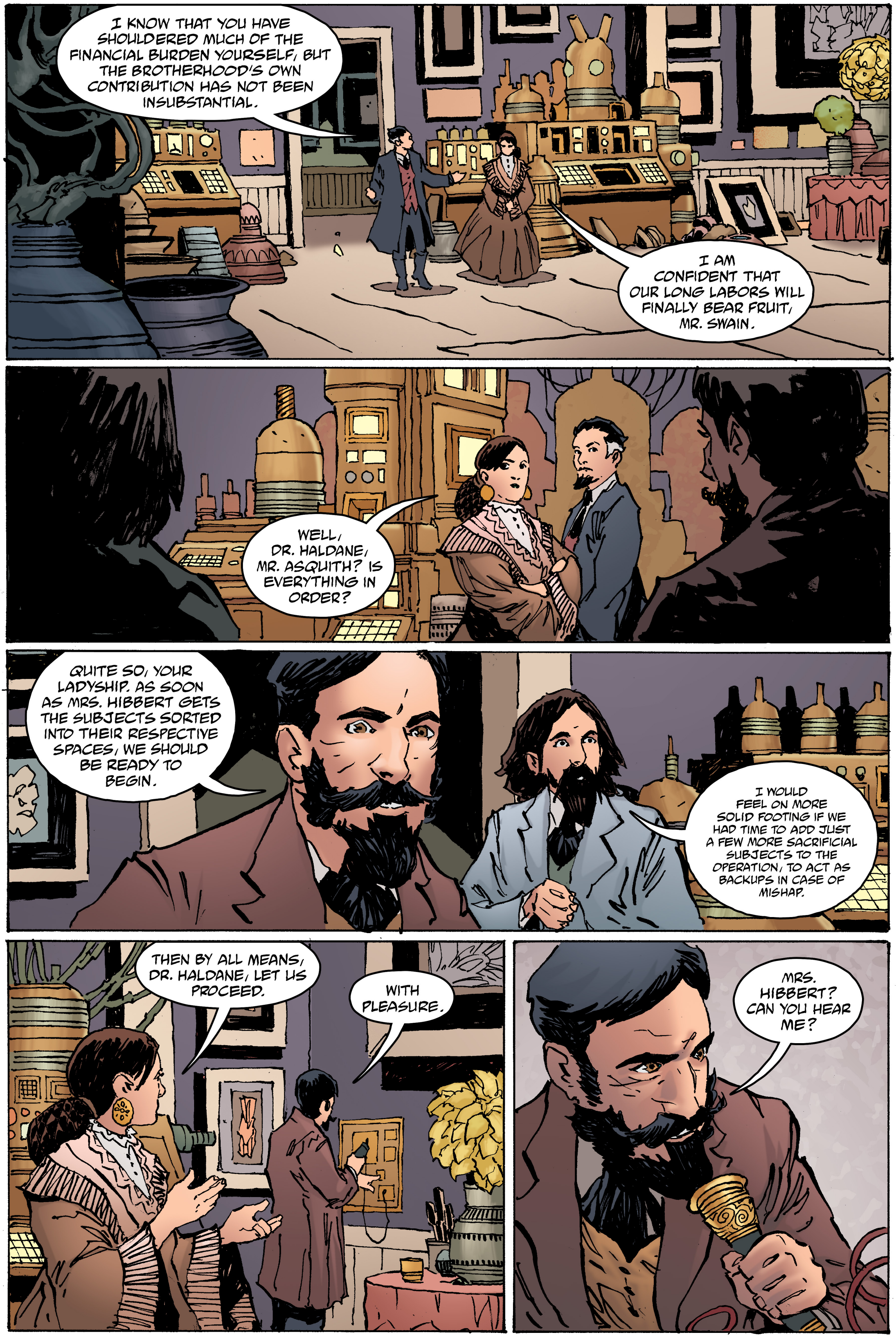

UP AND INTO YOUR ROOMS, LADIES, AND NO SKYLARKING OR LOLLYGAGGING. I WANT THOSE DOORS SHUT, DO YOU HEAR ME?
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT ANYWAY, SARAH?
I DON'T KNOW, HENRIETTA, BUT KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN AND STAY ON YOUR TOES. IF THERE'S TROUBLE, I'VE GOT YOUR BACK.
A-ALL RIGHT, IF YOU SAY SO.
Hmmm.

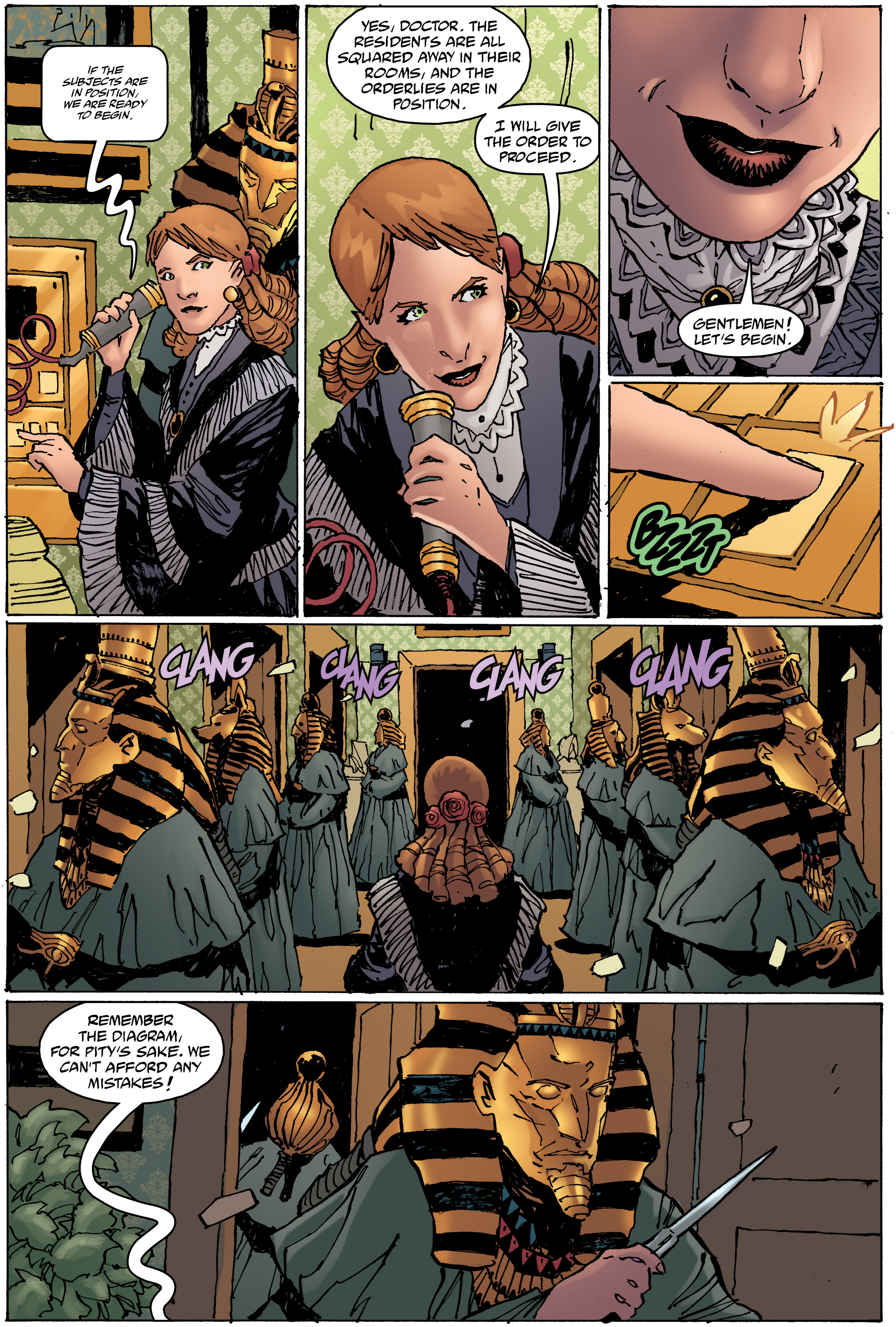

TAK
WHO'S THERE?!
AH, JUST A MOUSE.
I THOUGHT MAYBE IT WAS--
KRAK
SORRY ABOUT THIS, BUT NEEDS MUST...

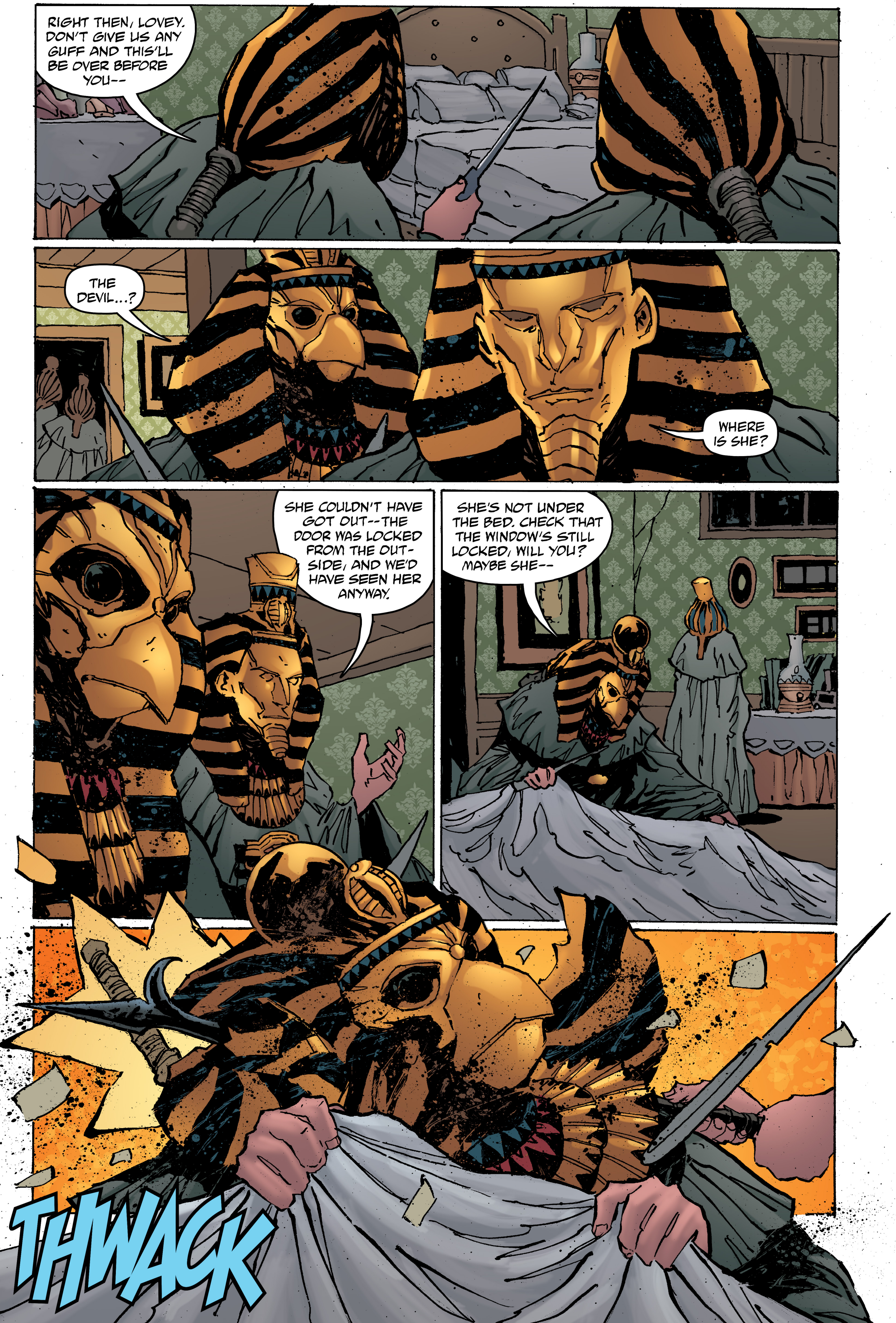

OI, REGGIE! WHERE YOU GOT TO, MATE?
THEY SAY WE'RE TO GET UPSTAIRS, THEY NEED A COUPLE OF EXTRA HANDS BEFORE THEY GET STARTED.
OH...
RIGHT.
JUST HOPE I DON'T BUNGLE IT UP. I CAN'T KEEP ALL OF THOSE BLOODY STEPS STRAIGHT IN ME HEAD.

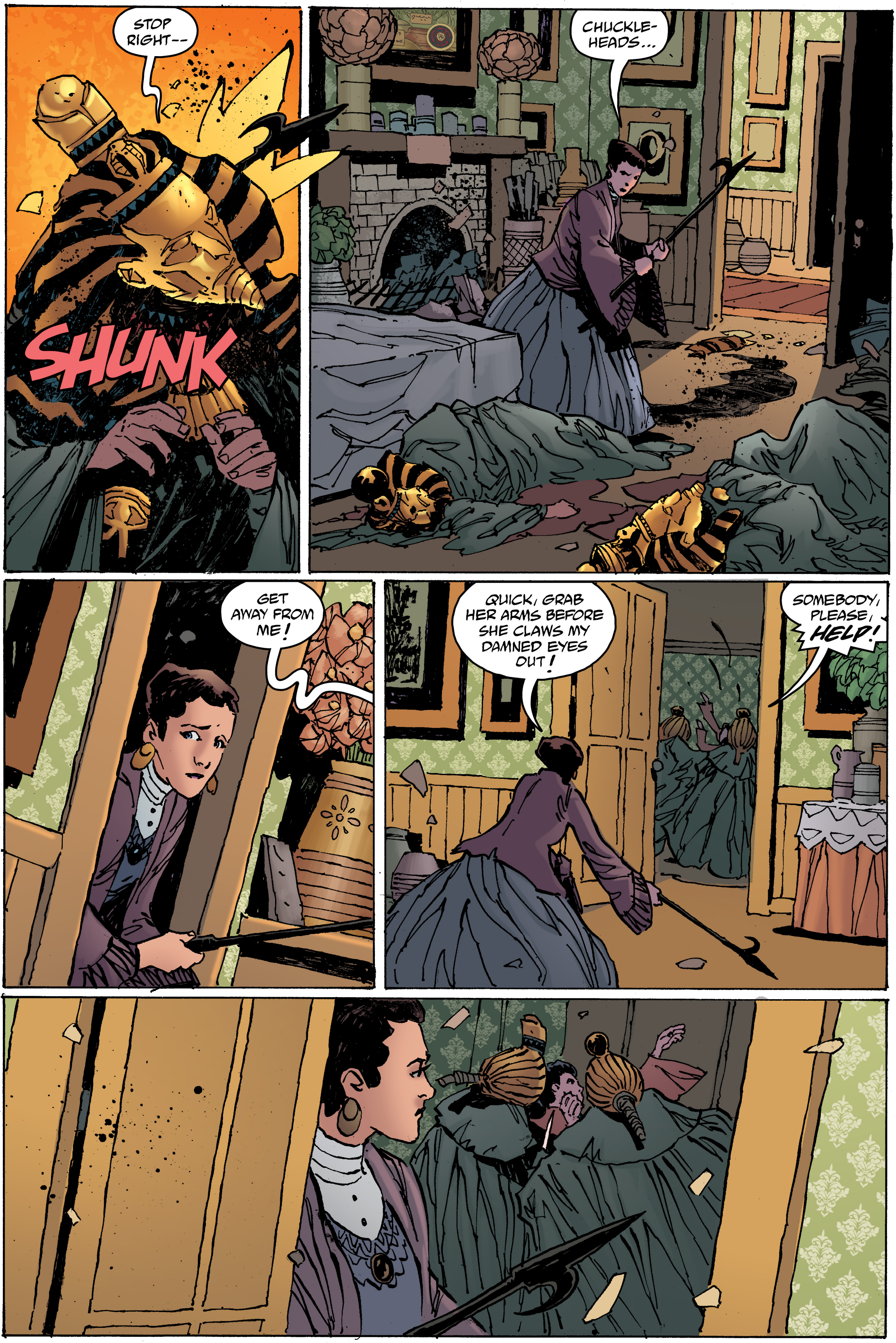

...COME ON, YOU LOT, GET INTO POSITION.
WE'VE BEEN OVER THIS, AND I TRUST YOU ALL KNOW YOUR DUTIES.
AS SOON AS THE WORD COMES FROM DOWNSTAIRS I EXPECT YOU TO GET TO WORK.
AND IF YOU SHOULD NEED ANY HELP REMEMBERING THE PROCEDURE JUST CONSULT THE DIAGRAM, YES?
CAN'T JUST HANG AROUND HERE WAITING FOR WHATEVER'S COMING...

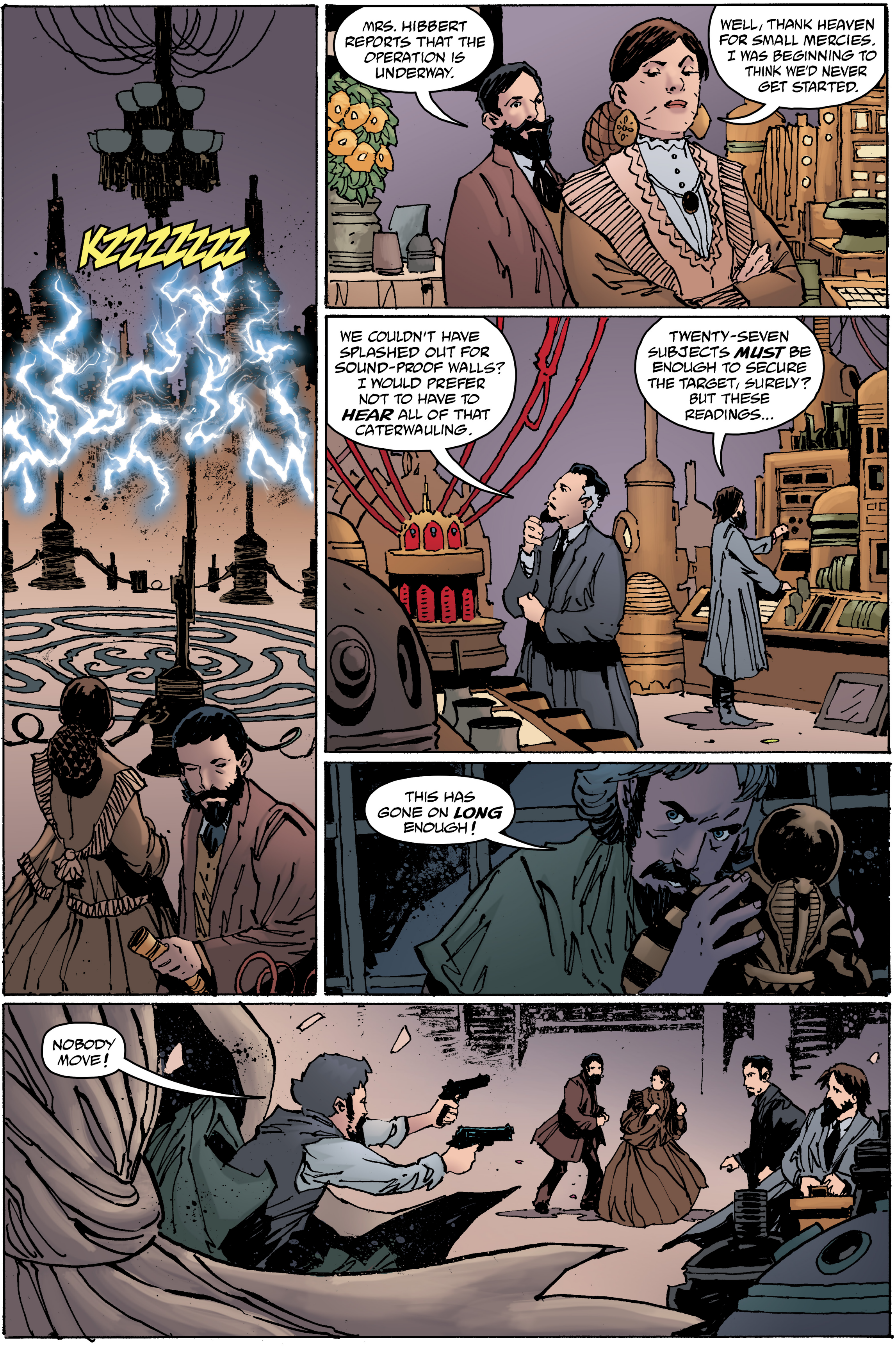

REGGIE, WHERE'D YOU RUN OFF TO?
WHAT'S THIS NOW?
IT LOOKS...ALMOST LIKE A SUMMONING RING, FOR SOME MANNER OF CONJURATION.
BUT WHAT IS ALL OF THIS EQUIPMENT--?
...AND IF MR. ASQUITH'S CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT, THEN TONIGHT'S NEW MOON WILL ONLY SERVE TO AMPLIFY THE EFFECT.
I SHOULD HOPE SO, LADY EVELYN...

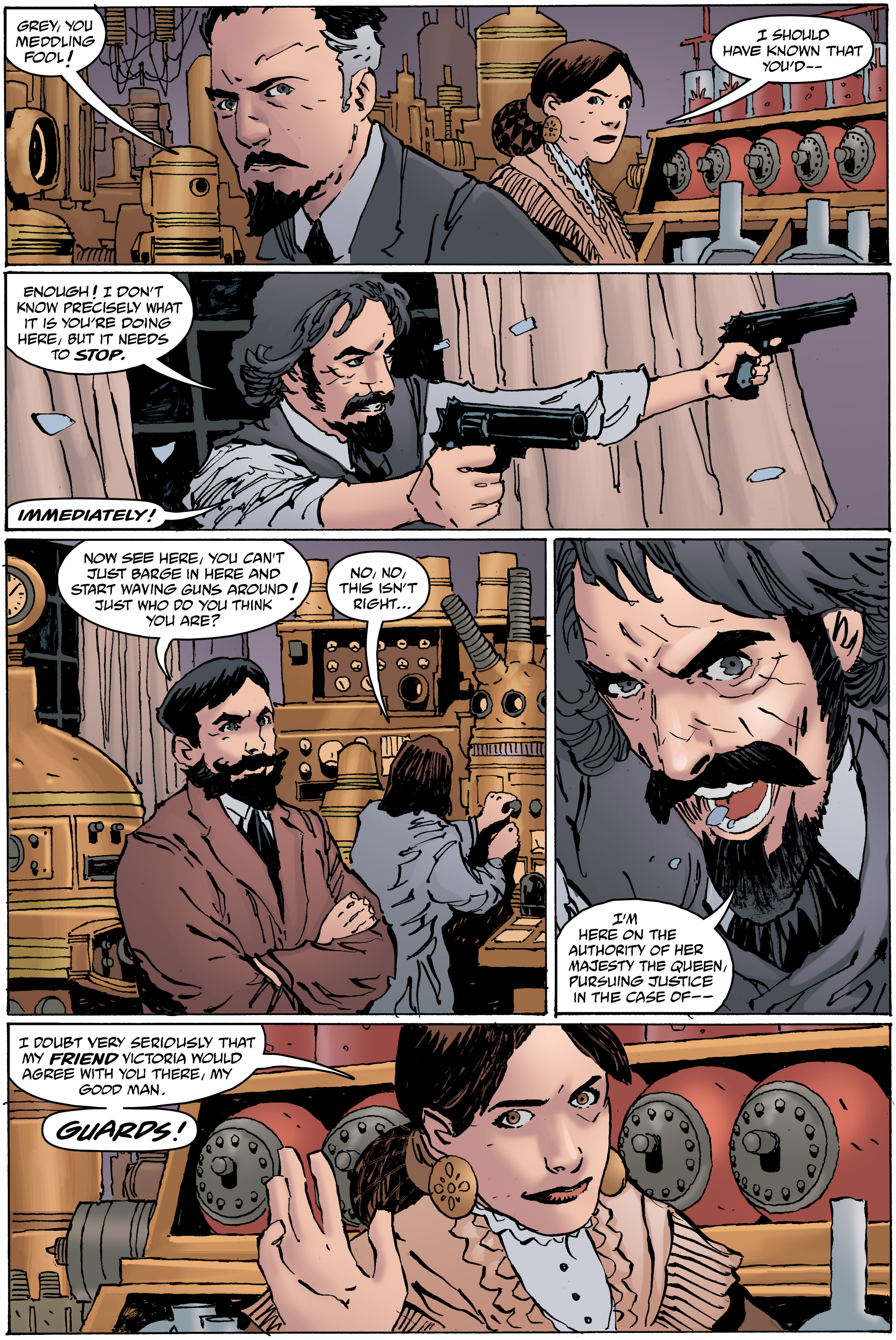

I KNOW THAT YOU HAVE SHOULDERED MUCH OF THE FINANCIAL BURDEN YOURSELF, BUT THE BROTHERHOOD'S OWN CONTRIBUTION HAS NOT BEEN INSUBSTANTIAL.
I AM CONFIDENT THAT OUR LONG LABORS WILL FINALLY BEAR FRUIT, MR. SWAIN.
WELL, DR. HALDANE, MR. ASQUITH? IS EVERYTHING IN ORDER?
QUITE SO, YOUR LADYSHIP. AS SOON AS MRS. HIBBERT GETS THE SUBJECTS SORTED INTO THEIR RESPECTIVE SPACES, WE SHOULD BE READY TO BEGIN.
I WOULD FEEL ON MORE SOLID FOOTING IF WE HAD TIME TO ADD JUST A FEW MORE SACRIFICIAL SUBJECTS TO THE OPERATION, TO ACT AS BACKUPS IN CASE OF MISHAP.
THEN BY ALL MEANS, DR. HALDANE, LET US PROCEED.
WITH PLEASURE.
MRS. HIBBERT? CAN YOU HEAR ME?

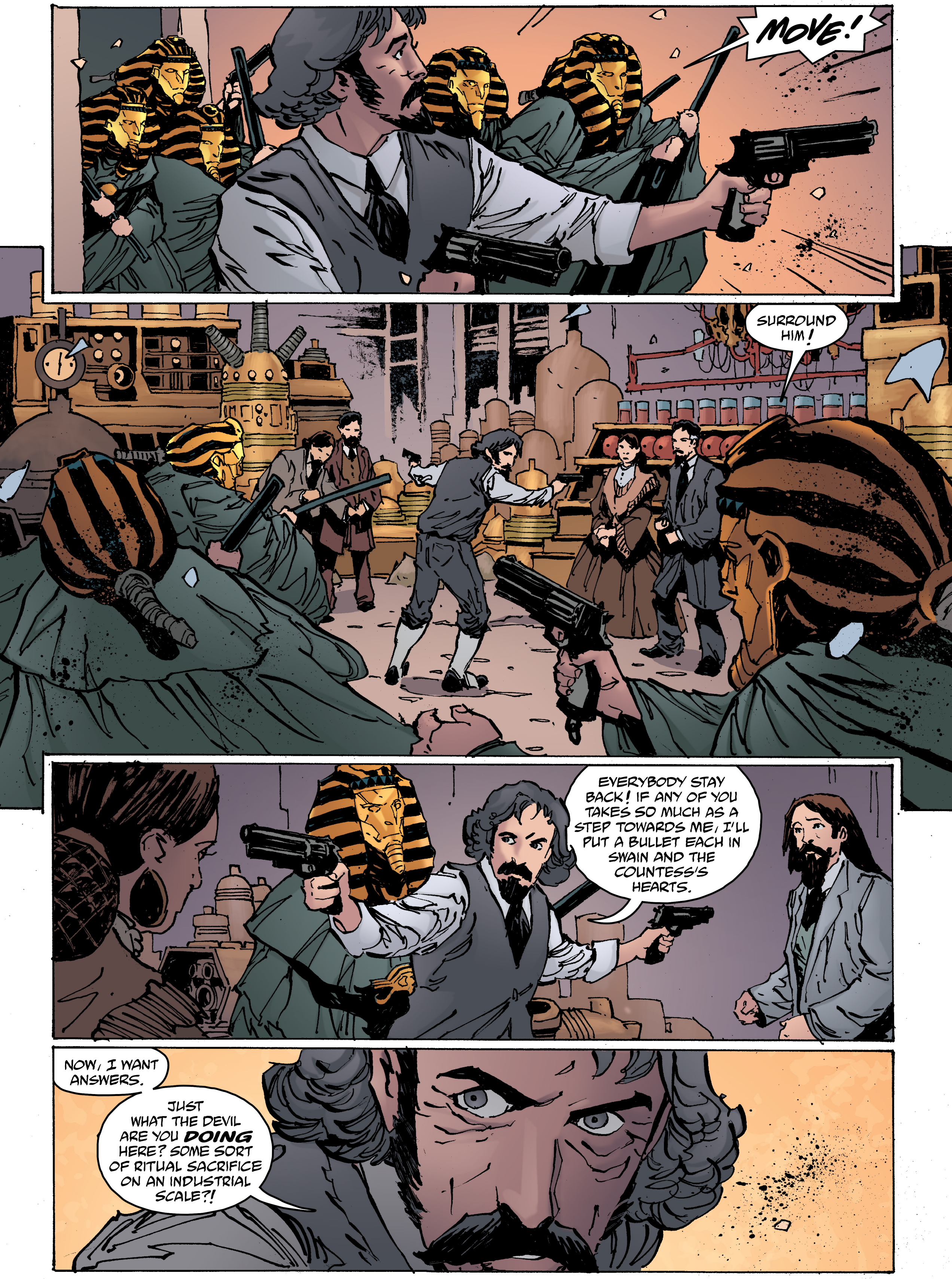

IF THE SUBJECTS ARE IN POSITION, WE ARE READY TO BEGIN.
YES, DOCTOR. THE RESIDENTS ARE ALL SQUARED AWAY IN THEIR ROOMS, AND THE ORDERLIES ARE IN POSITION.
I WILL GIVE THE ORDER TO PROCEED.
GENTLEMEN! LET'S BEGIN.
BZZZT
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG
REMEMBER THE DIAGRAM, FOR PITY'S SAKE. WE CAN'T AFFORD ANY MISTAKES!

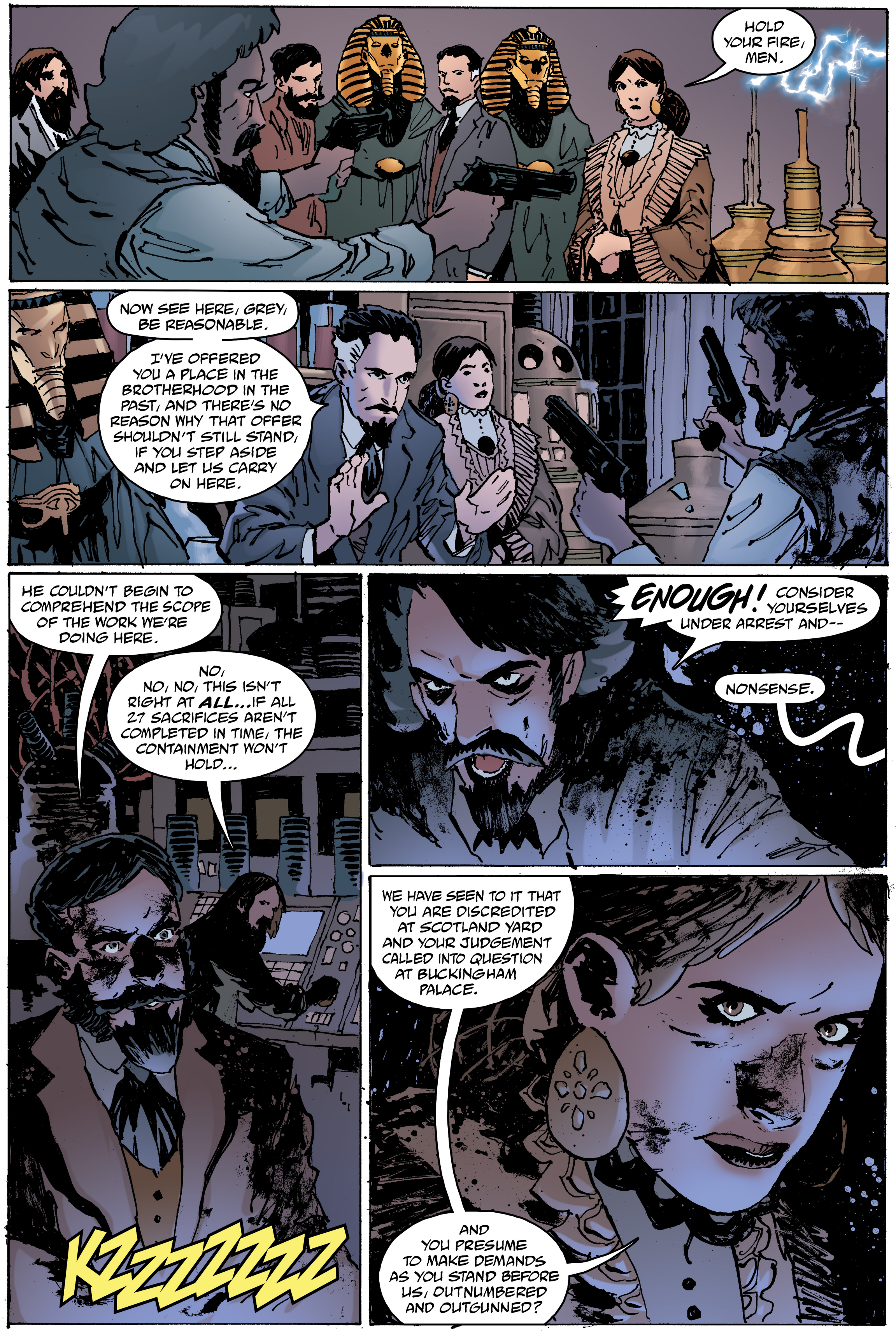

RIGHT THEN, LOVEY. DON'T GIVE US ANY GUFF AND THIS'LL BE OVER BEFORE YOU--
THE DEVIL...?
WHERE IS SHE?
SHE COULDN'T HAVE GOT OUT--THE DOOR WAS LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE, AND WE'D HAVE SEEN HER ANYWAY.
SHE'S NOT UNDER THE BED. CHECK THAT THE WINDOW'S STILL LOCKED, WILL YOU? MAYBE SHE--
THWACK

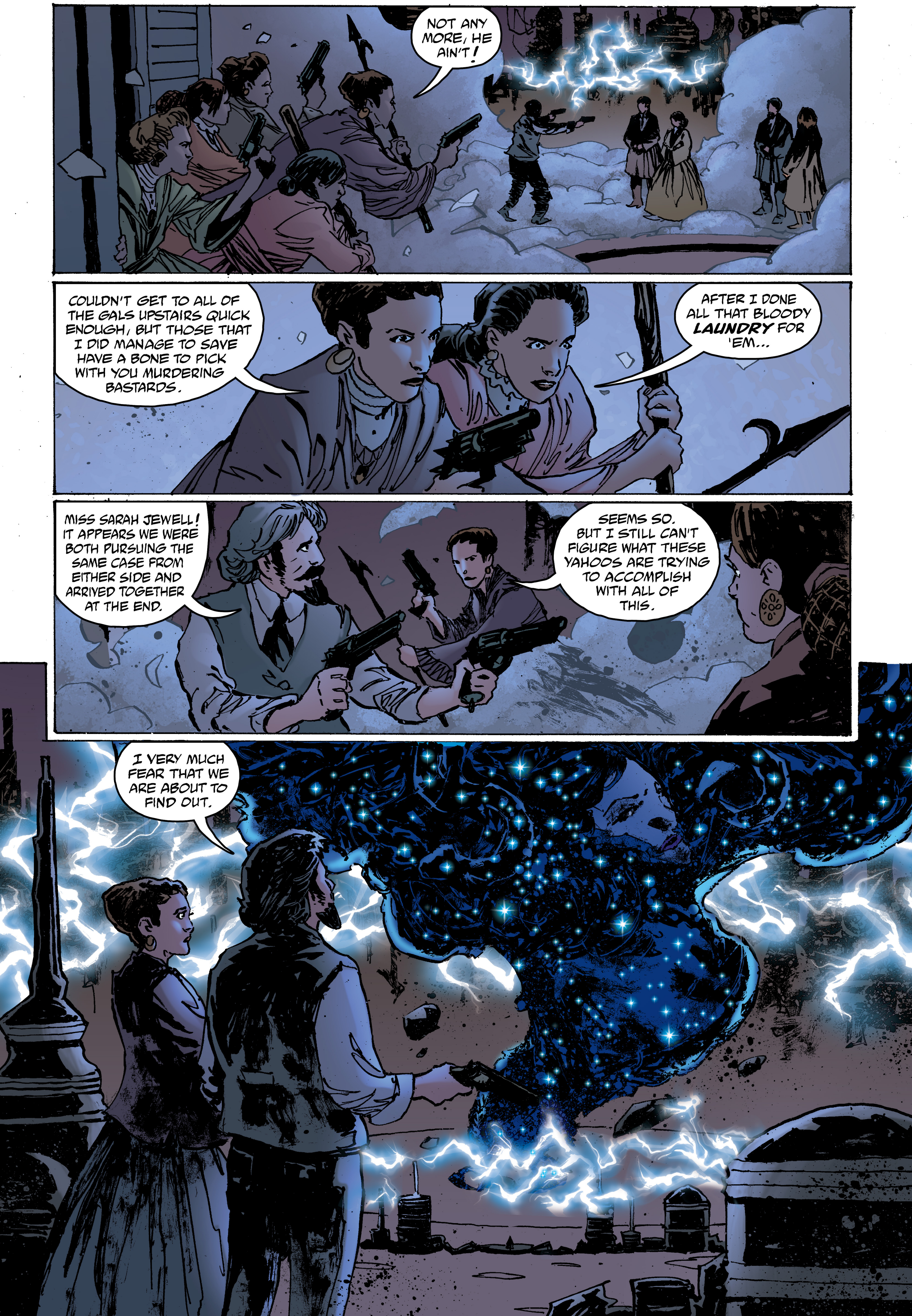

STOP RIGHT--
SHUNK
CHUCKLE-HEADS...
GET AWAY FROM ME!
QUICK, GRAB HER ARMS BEFORE SHE CLAWS MY DAMNED EYES OUT!
SOMEBODY, PLEASE, **HELP!**

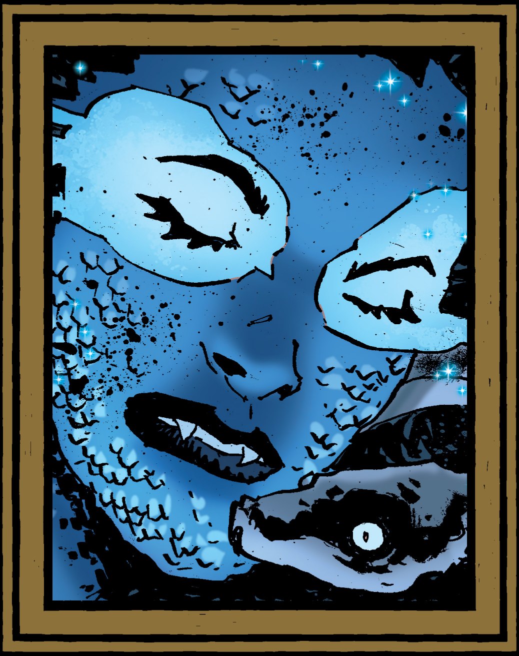

KZZZZZZZ
MRS. HIBBERT REPORTS THAT THE OPERATION IS UNDERWAY.
WELL, THANK HEAVEN FOR SMALL MERCIES. I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK WE'D NEVER GET STARTED.
WE COULDN'T HAVE SPLASHED OUT FOR SOUND-PROOF WALLS? I WOULD PREFER NOT TO HAVE TO HEAR ALL OF THAT CATERWAULING.
TWENTY-SEVEN SUBJECTS MUST BE ENOUGH TO SECURE THE TARGET, SURELY? BUT THESE READINGS...
THIS HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH!
NOBODY MOVE!


GREY, YOU MEDDLING FOOL!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT YOU'D--
ENOUGH! I DON'T KNOW PRECISELY WHAT IT IS YOU'RE DOING HERE, BUT IT NEEDS TO **STOP.**
IMMEDIATELY!
NOW SEE HERE, YOU CAN'T JUST BARGE IN HERE AND START WAVING GUNS AROUND! JUST WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
NO, NO, THIS ISN'T RIGHT...
I'M HERE ON THE AUTHORITY OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, PURSUING JUSTICE IN THE CASE OF--
I DOUBT VERY SERIOUSLY THAT MY ***FRIEND*** VICTORIA WOULD AGREE WITH YOU THERE, MY GOOD MAN.
GUARDS!

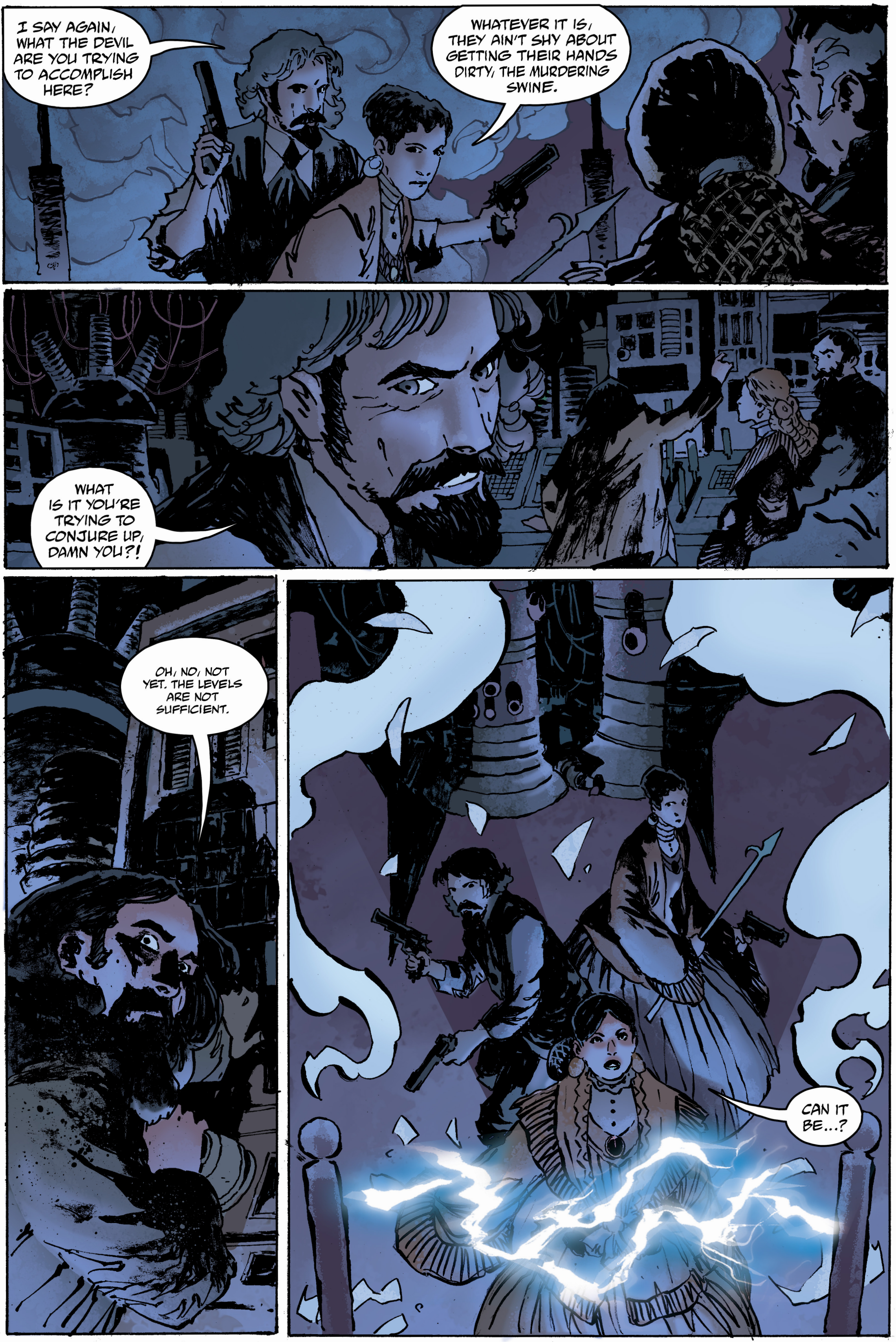

MOVE!
SURROUND HIM!
EVERYBODY STAY BACK! IF ANY OF YOU TAKES SO MUCH AS A STEP TOWARDS ME, I'LL PUT A BULLET EACH IN SWAIN AND THE COUNTESS'S HEARTS.
NOW, I WANT ANSWERS.
JUST WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU **DOING** HERE? SOME SORT OF RITUAL SACRIFICE ON AN INDUSTRIAL SCALE?!

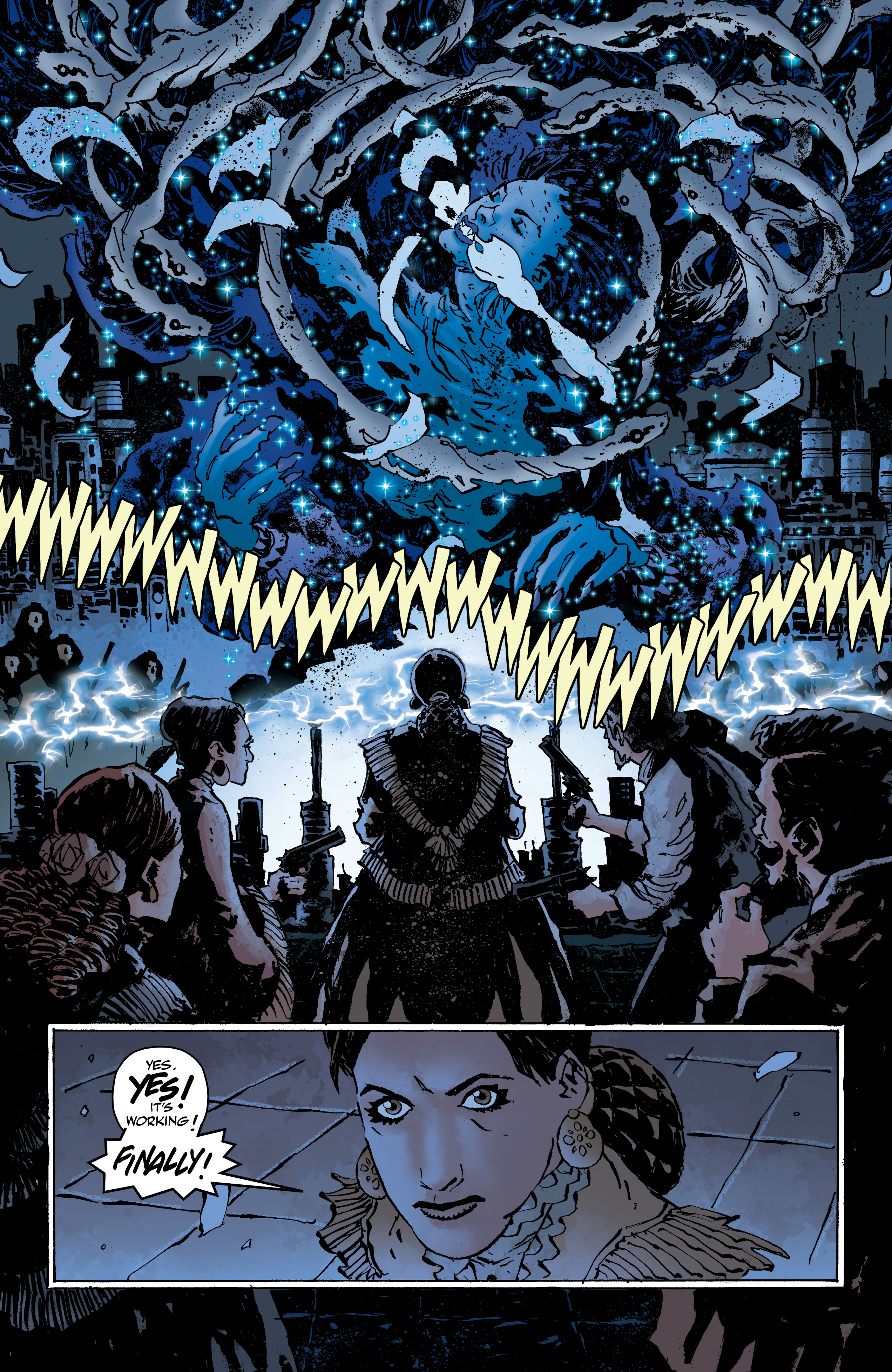

HOLD YOUR FIRE, MEN.
NOW SEE HERE, GREY, BE REASONABLE.
I'VE OFFERED YOU A PLACE IN THE BROTHERHOOD IN THE PAST, AND THERE'S NO REASON WHY THAT OFFER SHOULDN'T STILL STAND, IF YOU STEP ASIDE AND LET US CARRY ON HERE.
HE COULDN'T BEGIN TO COMPREHEND THE SCOPE OF THE WORK WE'RE DOING HERE.
NO, NO, NO, THIS ISN'T RIGHT AT **ALL...** IF ALL 27 SACRIFICES AREN'T COMPLETED IN TIME, THE CONTAINMENT WON'T HOLD...
KZZZZZZZ
ENOUGH! CONSIDER YOURSELVES UNDER ARREST AND--
NONSENSE.
WE HAVE SEEN TO IT THAT YOU ARE DISCREDITED AT SCOTLAND YARD AND YOUR JUDGEMENT CALLED INTO QUESTION AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.
AND YOU PRESUME TO MAKE DEMANDS AS YOU STAND BEFORE US, OUTNUMBERED AND OUTGUNNED?

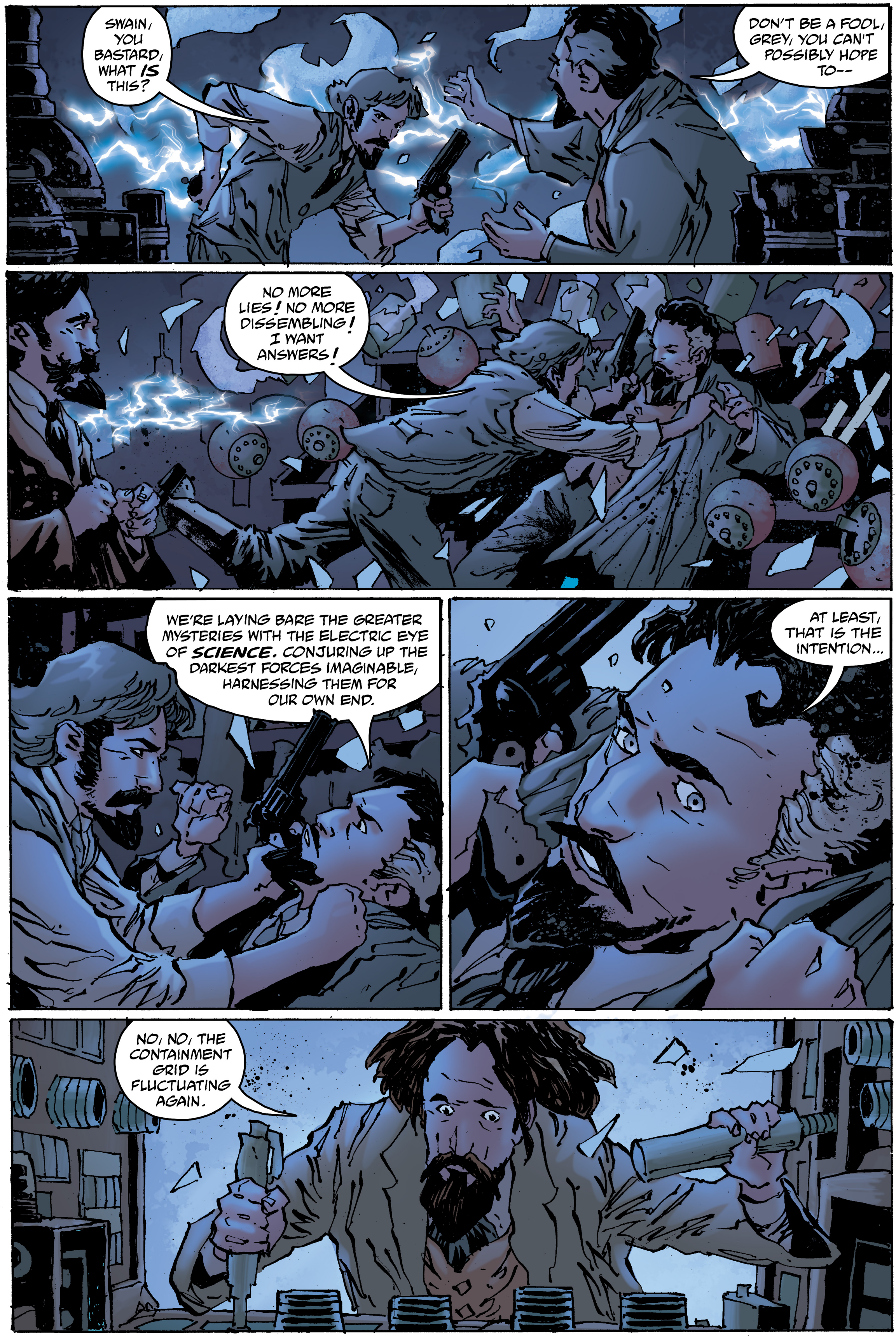

NOT ANY MORE, HE AIN'T!
COULDN'T GET TO ALL OF THE GALS UPSTAIRS QUICK ENOUGH, BUT THOSE THAT I DID MANAGE TO SAVE HAVE A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU MURDERING BASTARDS.
AFTER I DONE ALL THAT BLOODY **LAUNDRY** FOR 'EM...
MISS SARAH JEWELL! IT APPEARS WE WERE BOTH PURSUING THE SAME CASE FROM EITHER SIDE AND ARRIVED TOGETHER AT THE END.
SEEMS SO. BUT I STILL CAN'T FIGURE WHAT THESE YAHOOS ARE TRYING TO ACCOMPLISH WITH ALL OF THIS.
I VERY MUCH FEAR THAT WE ARE ABOUT TO FIND OUT.

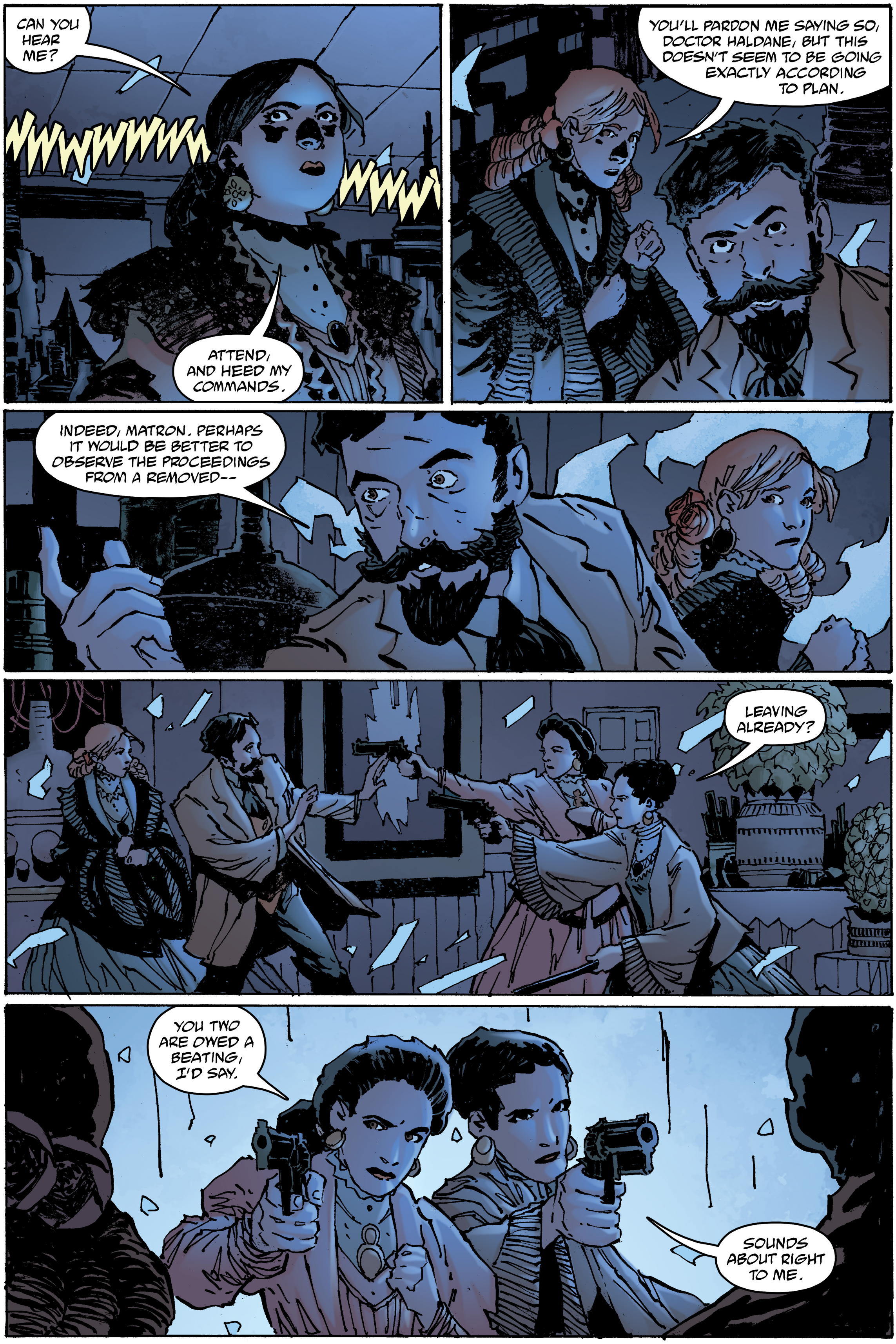


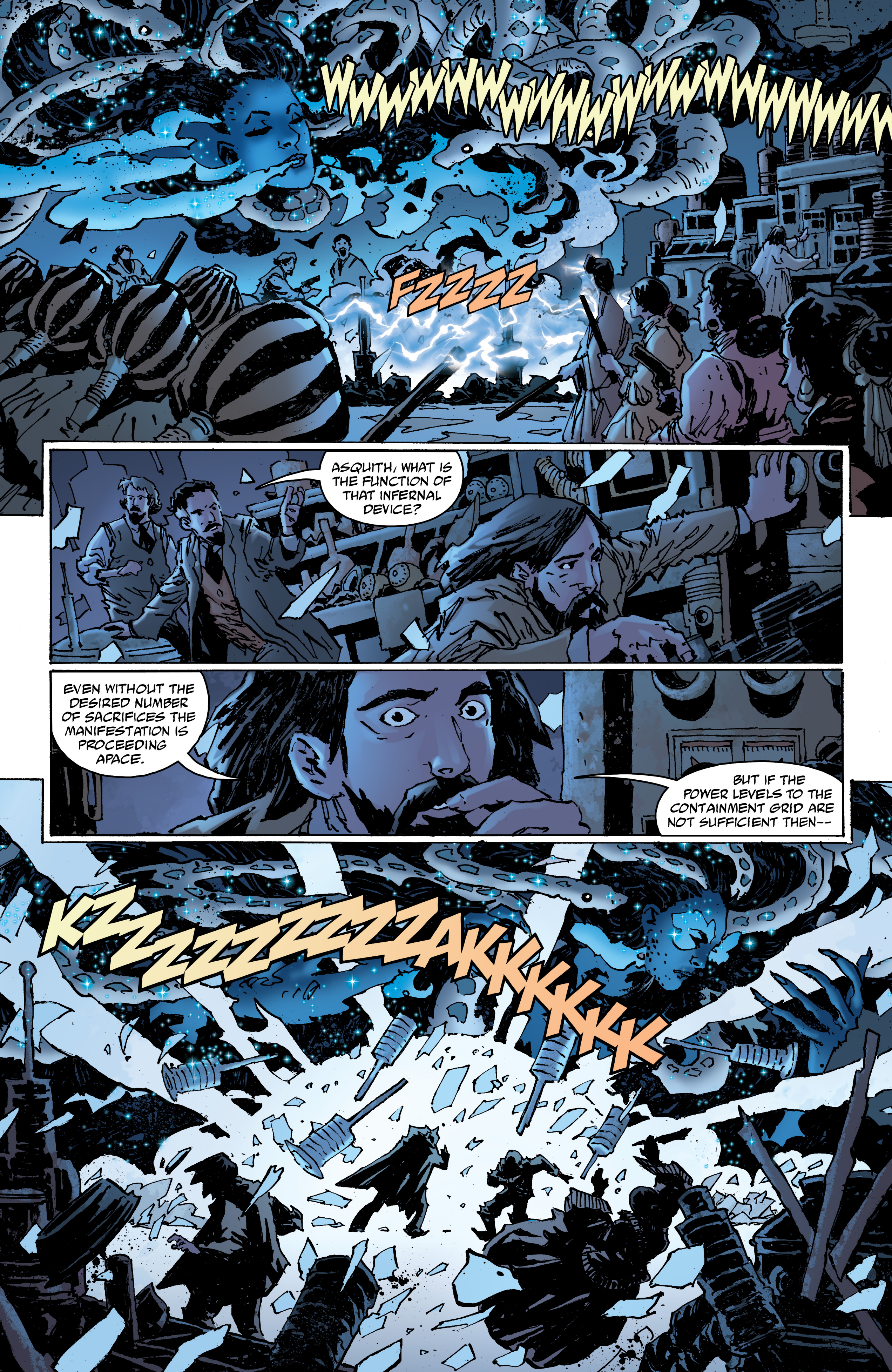
CHAPTER FIVE

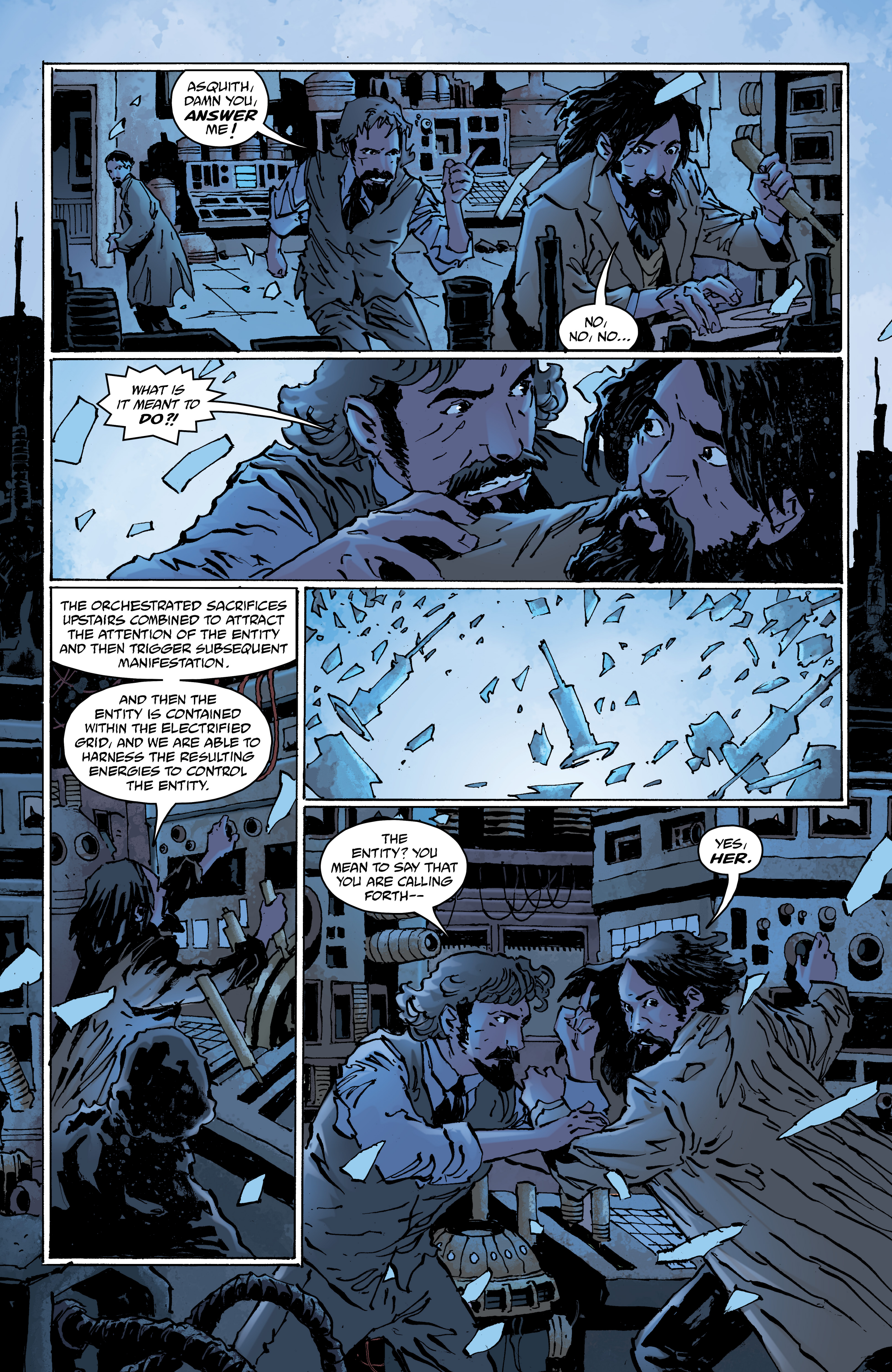

I SAY AGAIN, WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU TRYING TO ACCOMPLISH HERE?
WHATEVER IT IS, THEY AIN'T SHY ABOUT GETTING THEIR HANDS DIRTY, THE MURDERING SWINE.
WHAT IS IT YOU'RE TRYING TO CONJURE UP, DAMN YOU?!
OH, NO, NOT YET. THE LEVELS ARE NOT SUFFICIENT.
CAN IT BE...?

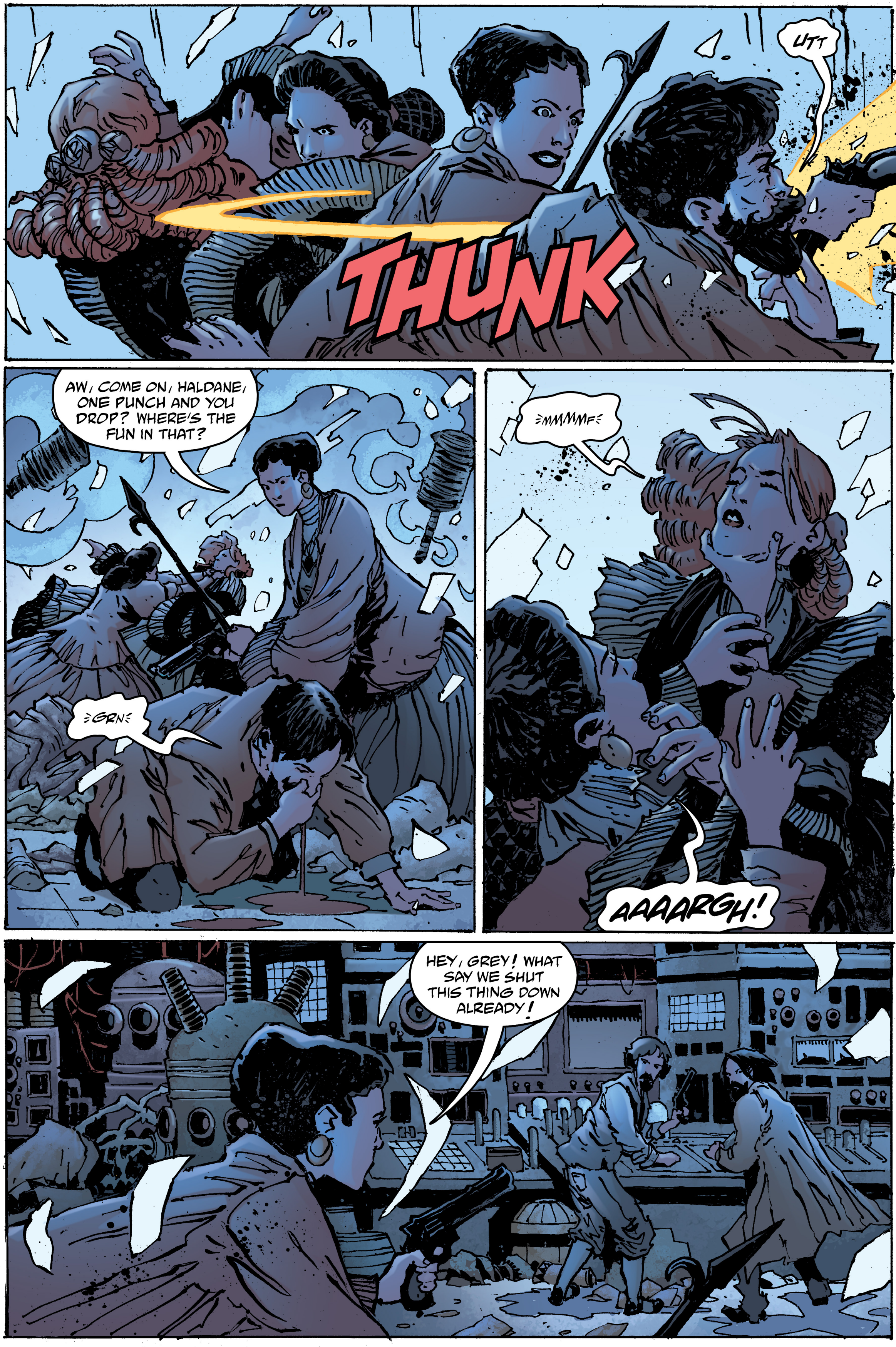

WWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW
YES. YES! IT'S WORKING!
FINALLY!

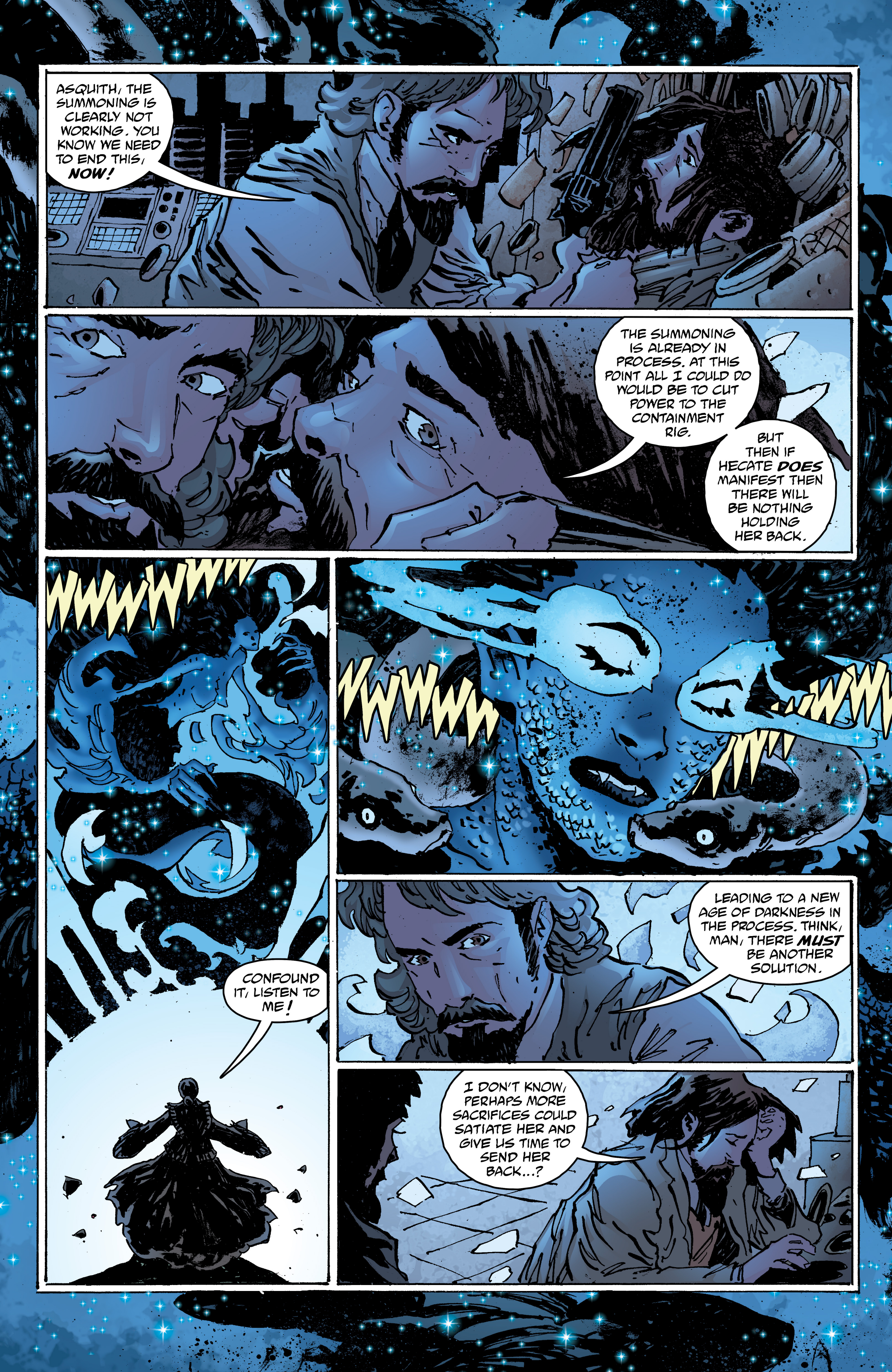

SWAIN, YOU BASTARD, WHAT IS THIS?
DON'T BE A FOOL, GREY, YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY HOPE TO--
NO MORE LIES! NO MORE DISSEMBLING! I WANT ANSWERS!
WE'RE LAYING BARE THE GREATER MYSTERIES WITH THE ELECTRIC EYE OF SCIENCE. CONJURING UP THE DARKEST FORCES IMAGINABLE, HARNESSING THEM FOR OUR OWN END.
AT LEAST, THAT IS THE INTENTION...
NO, NO, THE CONTAINMENT GRID IS FLUCTUATING AGAIN.

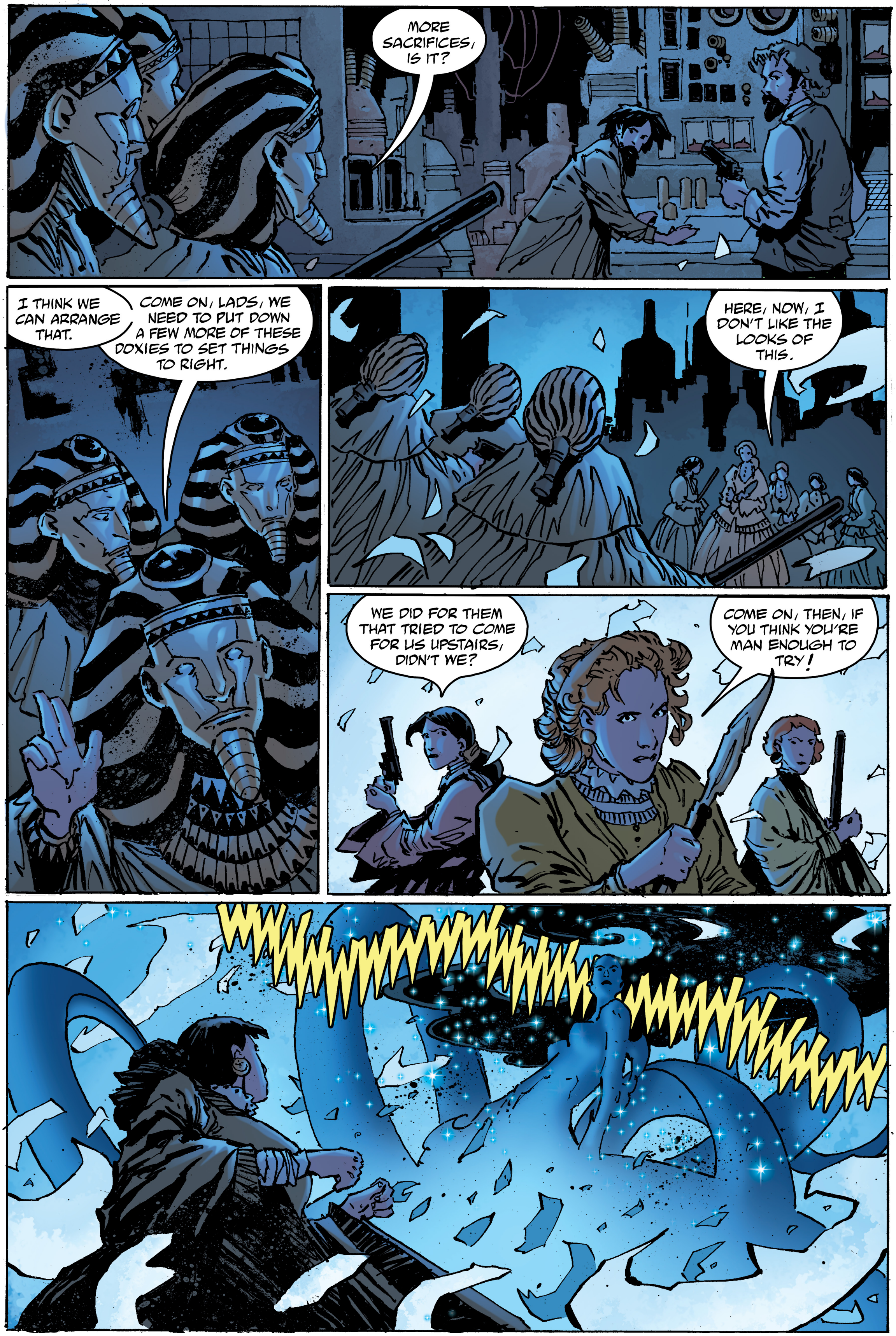

CAN YOU HEAR ME?
NWWWWWWN
NWWW
ATTEND, AND HEED MY COMMANDS.
YOU'LL PARDON ME SAYING SO, DOCTOR HALDANE, BUT THIS DOESN'T SEEM TO BE GOING EXACTLY ACCORDING TO PLAN.
INDEED, MATRON. PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BETTER TO OBSERVE THE PROCEEDINGS FROM A REMOVED--
LEAVING ALREADY?
YOU TWO ARE OWED A BEATING, I'D SAY.
SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT TO ME.

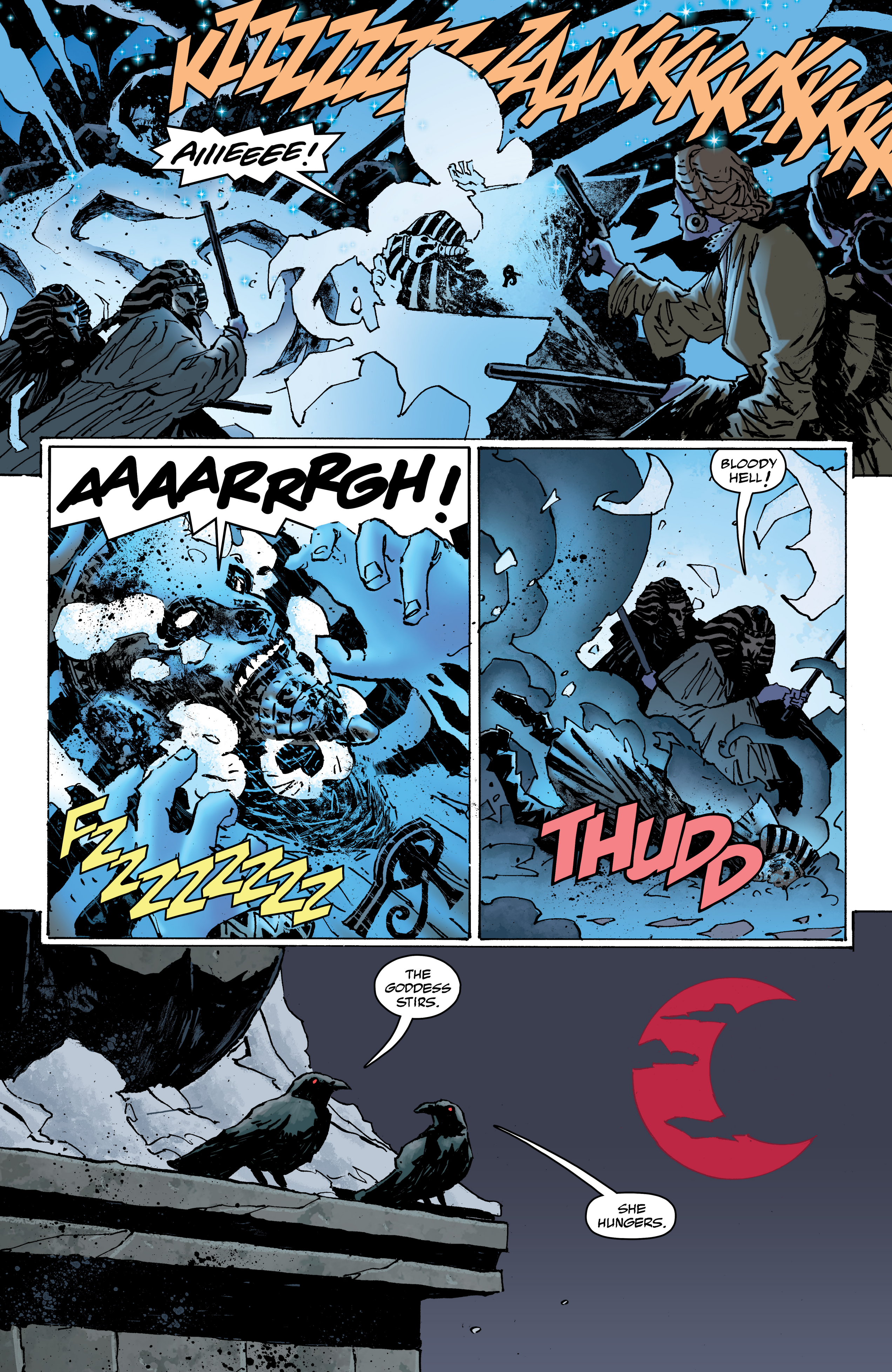

WWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW
FZZZZ
ASQUITH, WHAT IS THE FUNCTION OF THAT INFERNAL DEVICE?
EVEN WITHOUT THE DESIRED NUMBER OF SACRIFICES THE MANIFESTATION IS PROCEEDING APACE.
BUT IF THE POWER LEVELS TO THE CONTAINMENT GRID ARE NOT SUFFICIENT THEN--
KZZZZZZZZZAKKKKKK

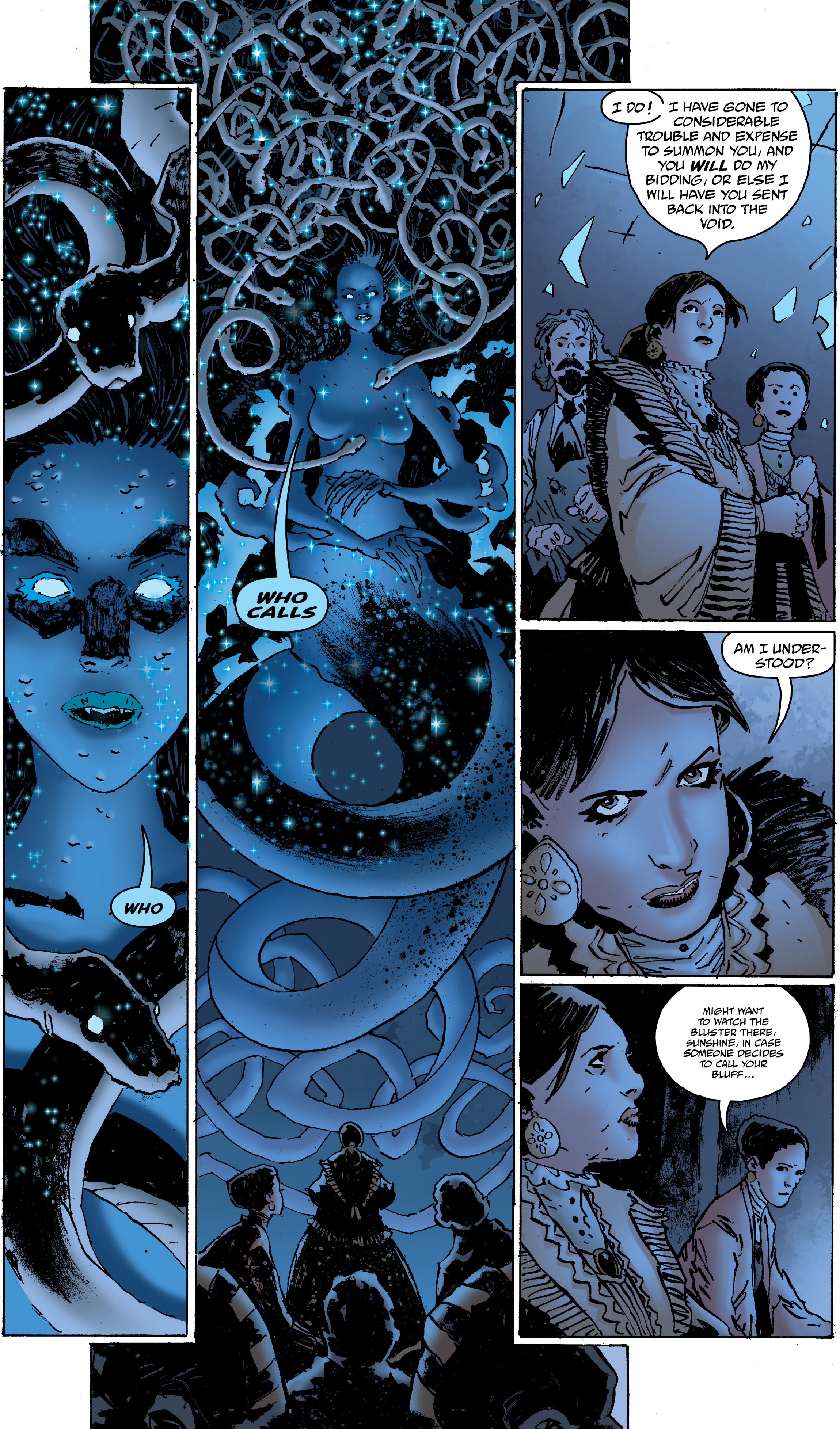

ASQUITH, DAMN YOU, **ANSWER** ME!
NO, NO, NO...
WHAT IS IT MEANT TO ***DO?!***
THE ORCHESTRATED SACRIFICES UPSTAIRS COMBINED TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THE ENTITY AND THEN TRIGGER SUBSEQUENT MANIFESTATION.
AND THEN THE ENTITY IS CONTAINED WITHIN THE ELECTRIFIED GRID, AND WE ARE ABLE TO HARNESS THE RESULTING ENERGIES TO CONTROL THE ENTITY.
THE ENTITY? YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU ARE CALLING FORTH--
YES, **HER.**

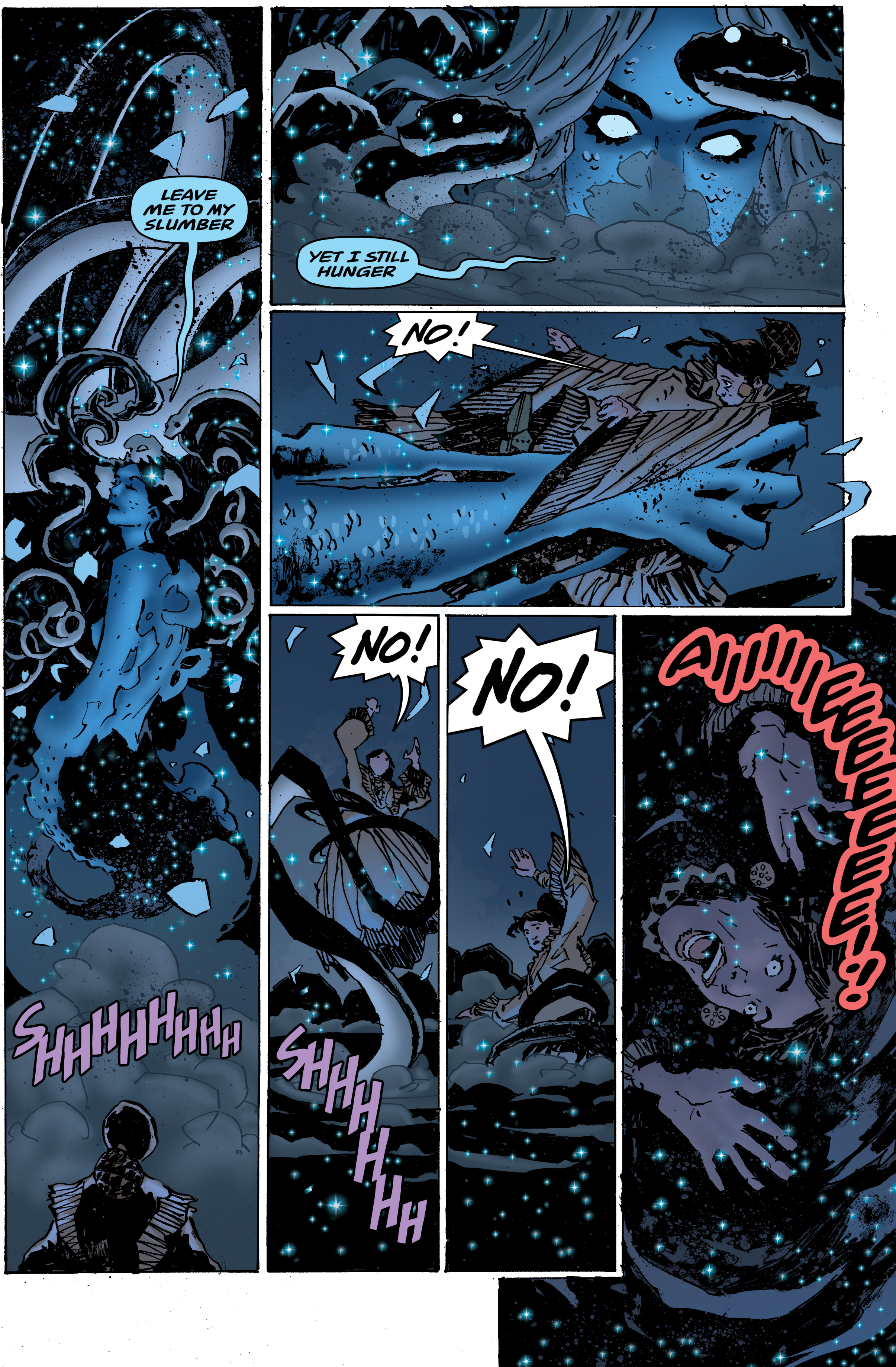

UTT
THUNK
AW, COME ON, HALDANE, ONE PUNCH AND YOU DROP? WHERE'S THE FUN IN THAT?
GRN
MMMMF
AAAARGH!
HEY, GREY! WHAT SAY WE SHUT THIS THING DOWN ALREADY!

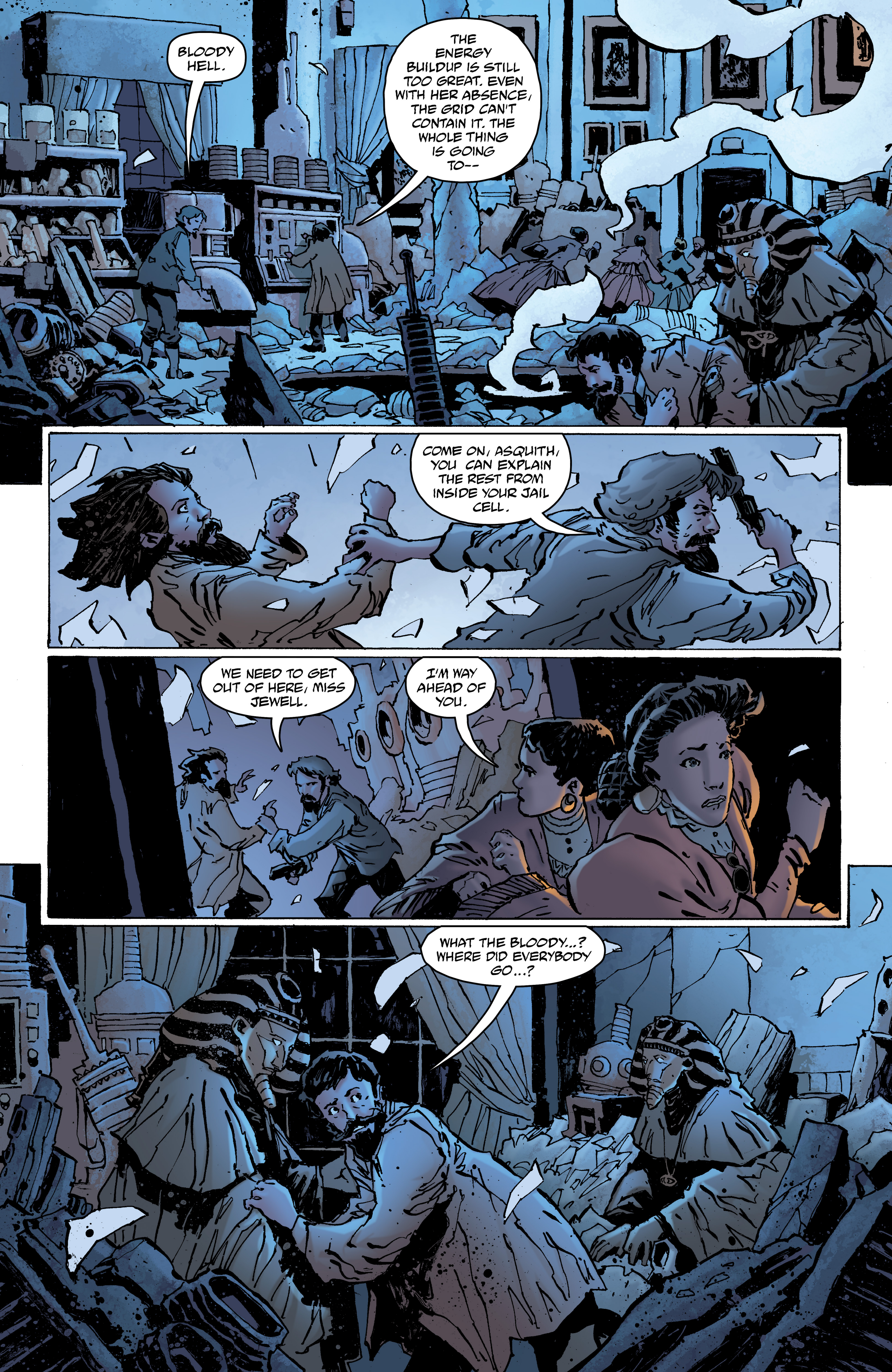

ASQUITH, THE SUMMONING IS CLEARLY NOT WORKING. YOU KNOW WE NEED TO END THIS, **NOW!**
THE SUMMONING IS ALREADY IN PROCESS. AT THIS POINT ALL I COULD DO WOULD BE TO CUT POWER TO THE CONTAINMENT RIG.
BUT THEN IF HECATE **DOES** MANIFEST THEN THERE WILL BE NOTHING HOLDING HER BACK.
WWWWWW
WWWWWWW
WWWW
LEADING TO A NEW AGE OF DARKNESS IN THE PROCESS. THINK, MAN, THERE **MUST** BE ANOTHER SOLUTION.
CONFOUND IT, LISTEN TO ME!
I DON'T KNOW, PERHAPS MORE SACRIFICES COULD SATIATE HER AND GIVE US TIME TO SEND HER BACK...?

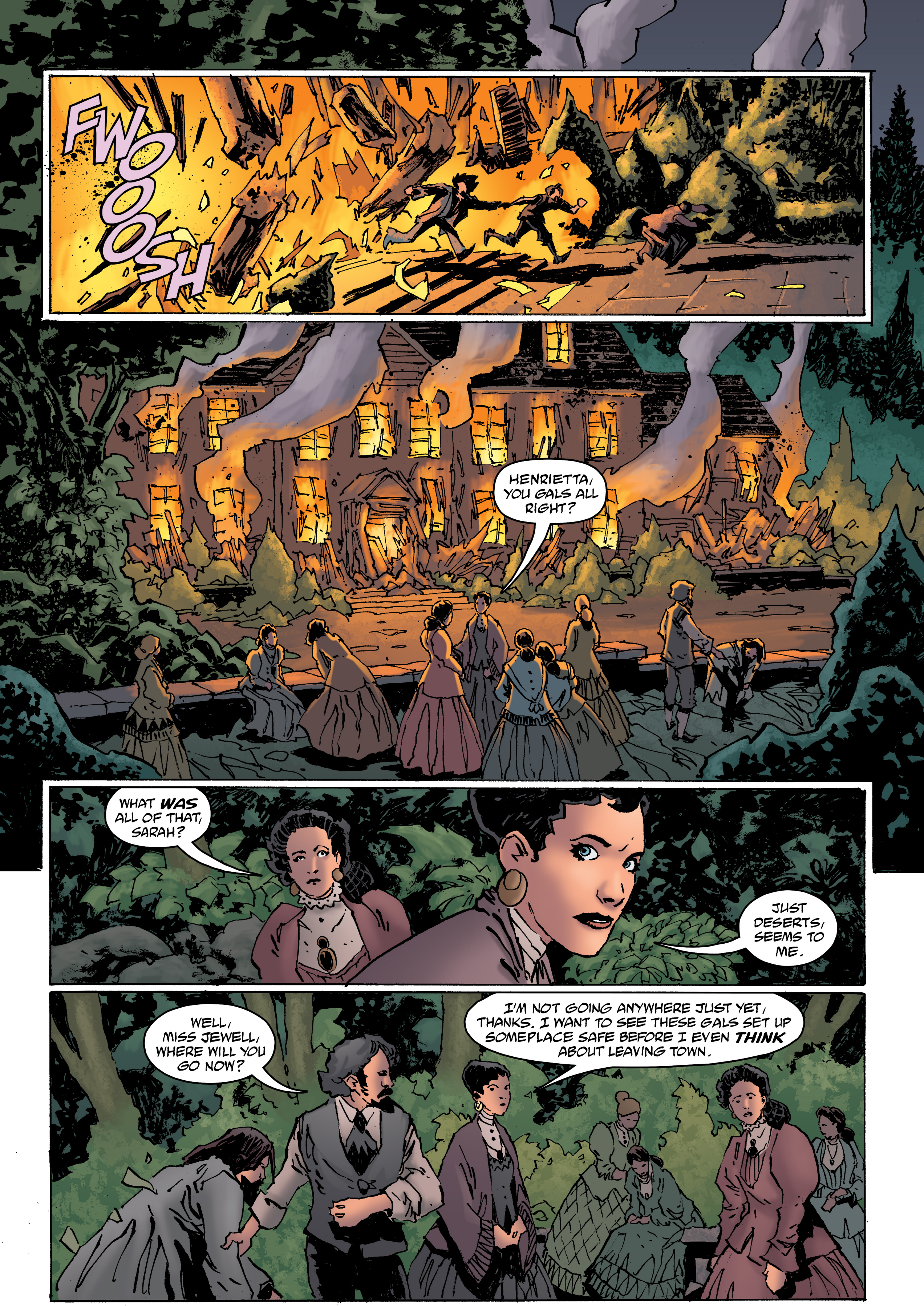

MORE SACRIFICES, IS IT?
I THINK WE CAN ARRANGE THAT.
COME ON, LADS, WE NEED TO PUT DOWN A FEW MORE OF THESE DOXIES TO SET THINGS TO RIGHT.
HERE, NOW, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS.
WE DID FOR THEM THAT TRIED TO COME FOR US UPSTAIRS, DIDN'T WE?
COME ON, THEN, IF YOU THINK YOU'RE MAN ENOUGH TO TRY!

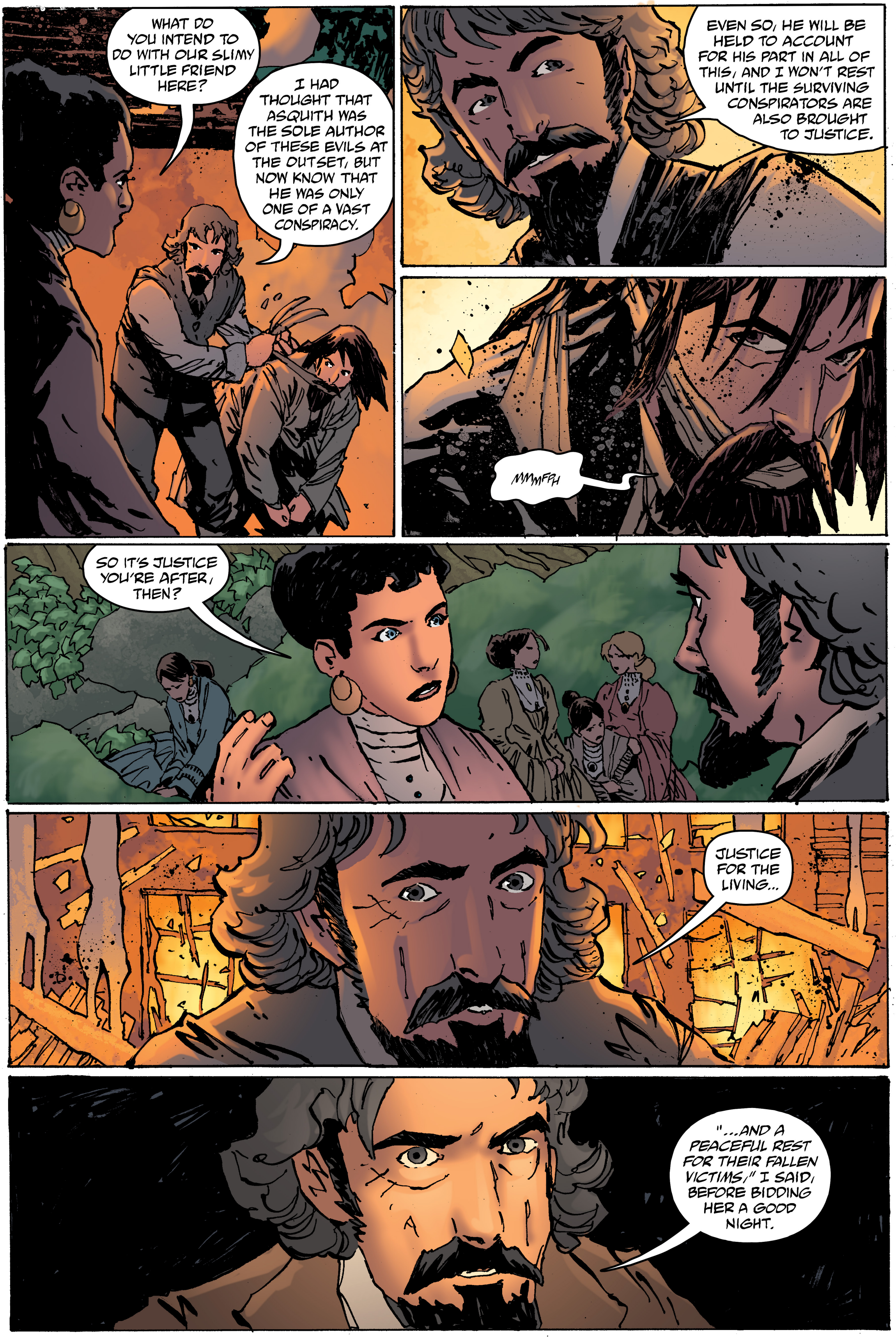

KZZZZZZZ-ZAAKKKKKKKKK
AIIIEEEE!
AAAARRRGH!
FZZZZZZZZZ
BLOODY HELL!
THUDD
THE GODDESS STIRS.
SHE HUNGERS.

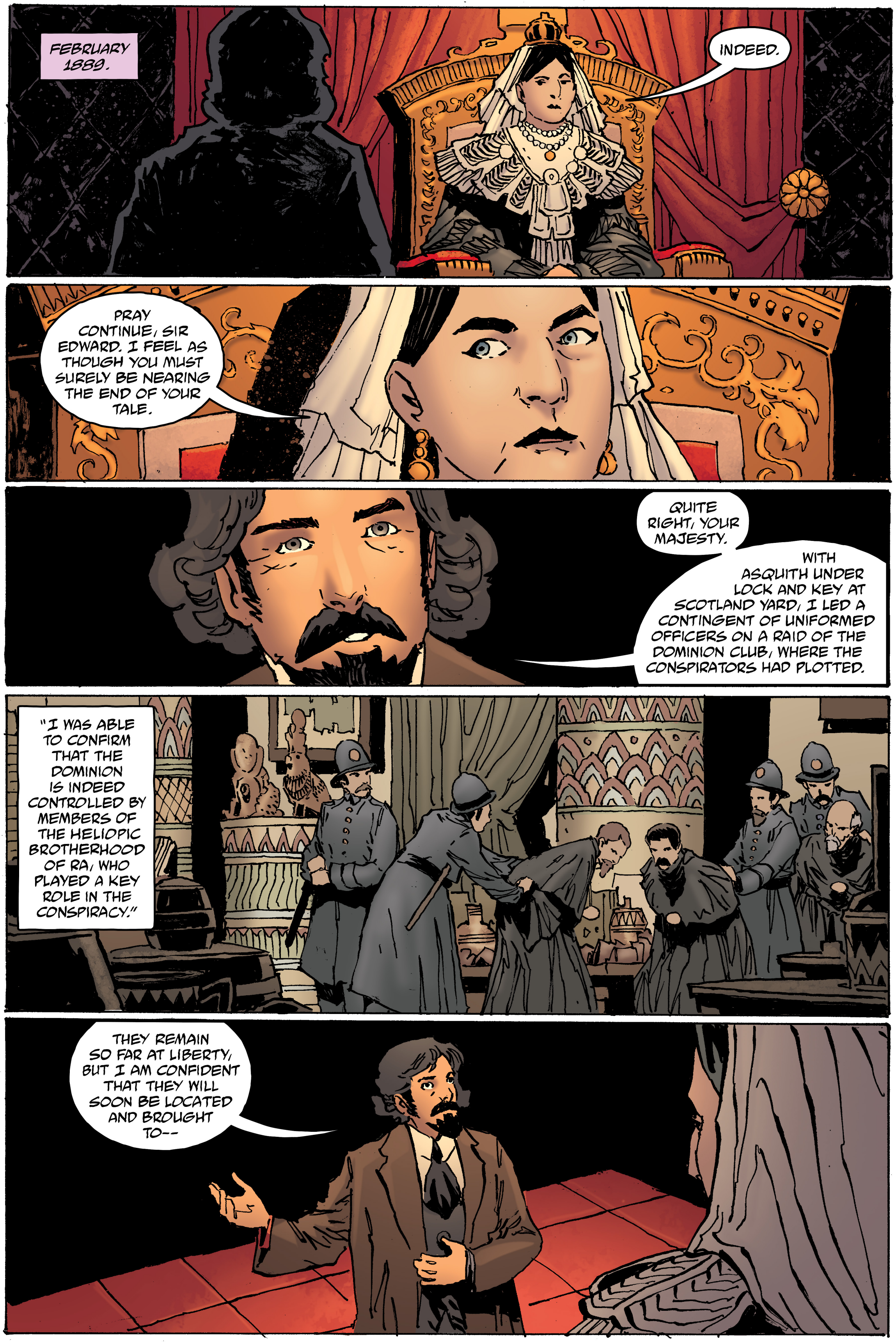

WHO
WHO CALLS
I DO!
I HAVE GONE TO CONSIDERABLE TROUBLE AND EXPENSE TO SUMMON YOU, AND YOU **WILL** DO MY BIDDING, OR ELSE I WILL HAVE YOU SENT BACK INTO THE VOID.
AM I UNDERSTOOD?
MIGHT WANT TO WATCH THE BLUSTER THERE, SUNSHINE, IN CASE SOMEONE DECIDES TO CALL YOUR BLUFF...

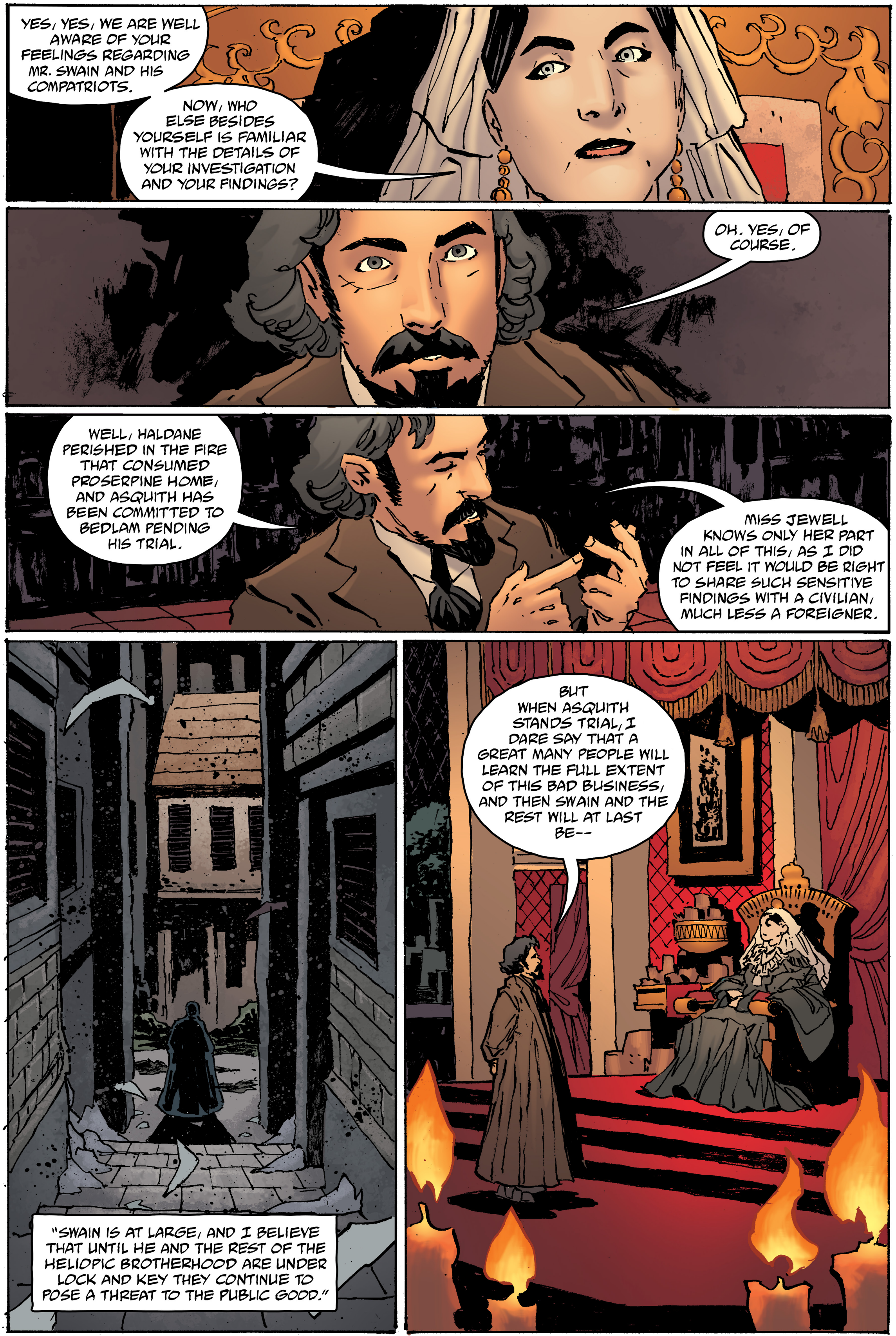

LEAVE ME TO MY SLUMBER
SHHHHHHHHH
YET I STILL HUNGER
NO!
NO!
SHHHHHHHH
NO!
AIIIIEEEEEEE!!

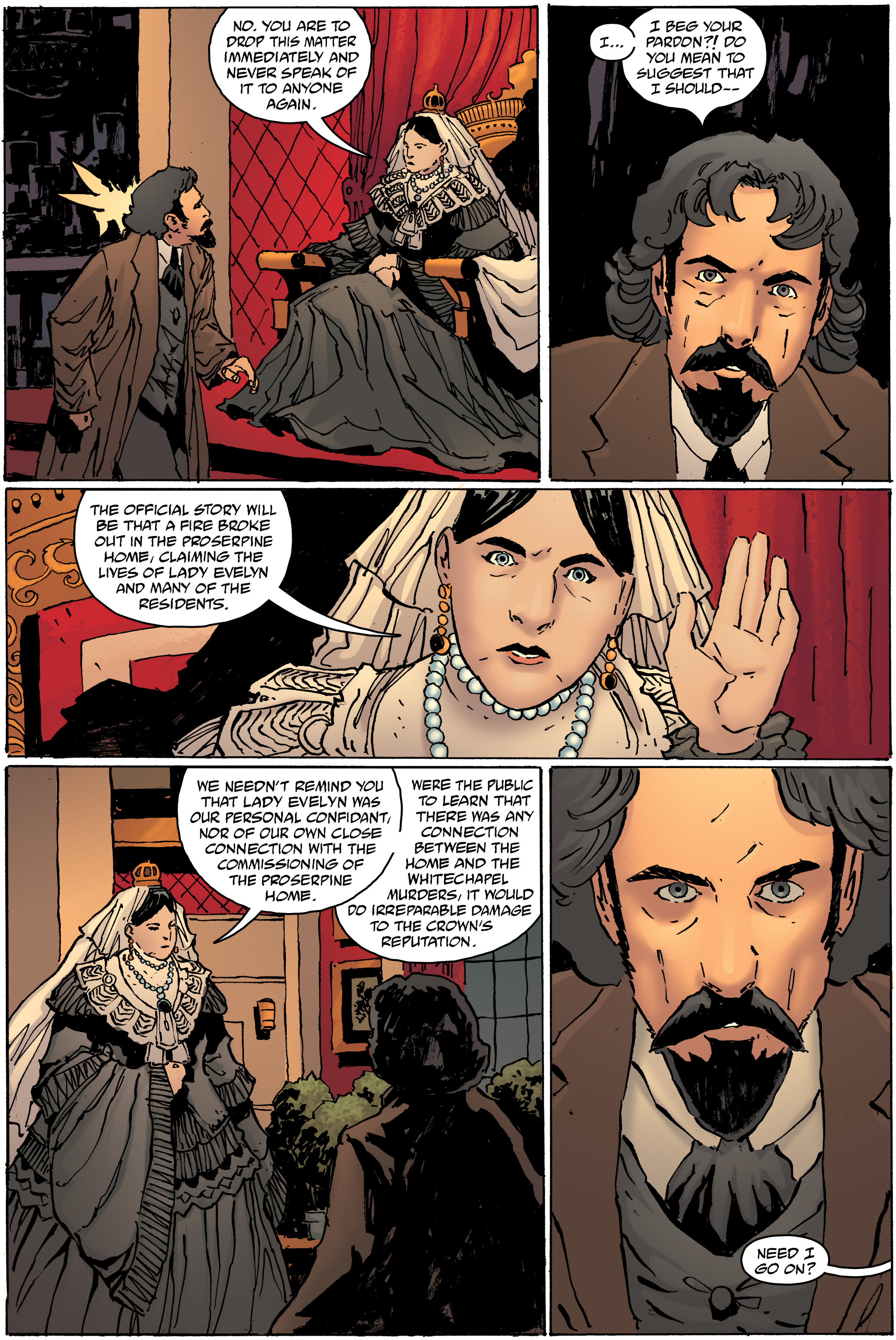

BLOODY HELL.
THE ENERGY BUILDUP IS STILL TOO GREAT. EVEN WITH HER ABSENCE, THE GRID CAN'T CONTAIN IT. THE WHOLE THING IS GOING TO--
COME ON, ASQUITH, YOU CAN EXPLAIN THE REST FROM INSIDE YOUR JAIL CELL.
WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE, MISS JEWELL.
I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU.
WHAT THE BLOODY...? WHERE DID EVERYBODY GO...?

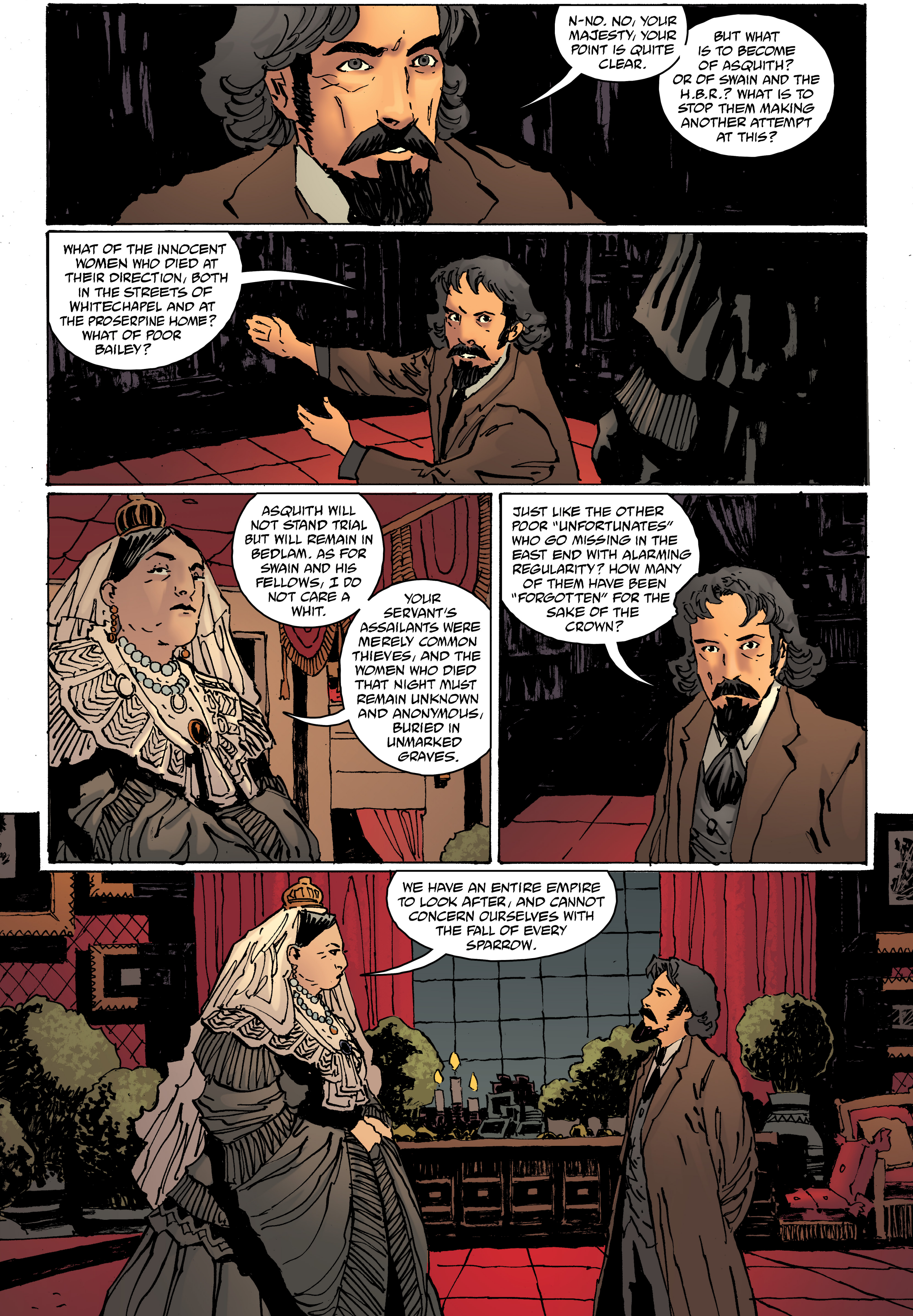

FWOOOSH
HENRIETTA, YOU GALS ALL RIGHT?
WHAT **WAS** ALL OF THAT, SARAH?
JUST DESERTS, SEEMS TO ME.
WELL, MISS JEWELL, WHERE WILL YOU GO NOW?
I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE JUST YET, THANKS. I WANT TO SEE THESE GALS SET UP SOMEPLACE SAFE BEFORE I EVEN **THINK** ABOUT LEAVING TOWN.

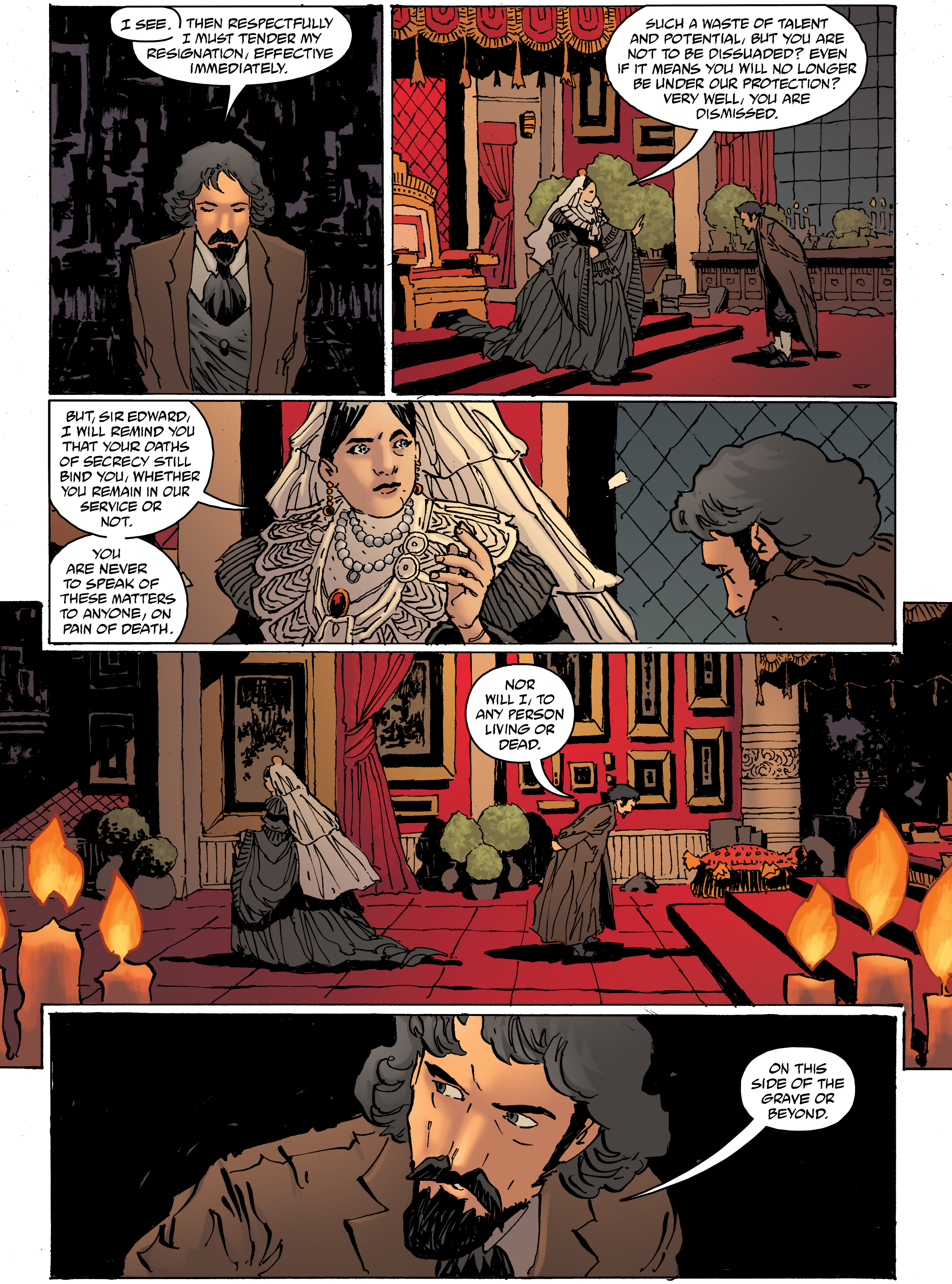

WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH OUR SLIMY LITTLE FRIEND HERE?
I HAD THOUGHT THAT ASQUITH WAS THE SOLE AUTHOR OF THESE EVILS AT THE OUTSET, BUT NOW KNOW THAT HE WAS ONLY ONE OF A VAST CONSPIRACY.
EVEN SO, HE WILL BE HELD TO ACCOUNT FOR HIS PART IN ALL OF THIS, AND I WON'T REST UNTIL THE SURVIVING CONSPIRATORS ARE ALSO BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.
MMMFPH
SO IT'S JUSTICE YOU'RE AFTER, THEN?
JUSTICE FOR THE LIVING...
"...AND A PEACEFUL REST FOR THEIR FALLEN VICTIMS," I SAID, BEFORE BIDDING HER A GOOD NIGHT.

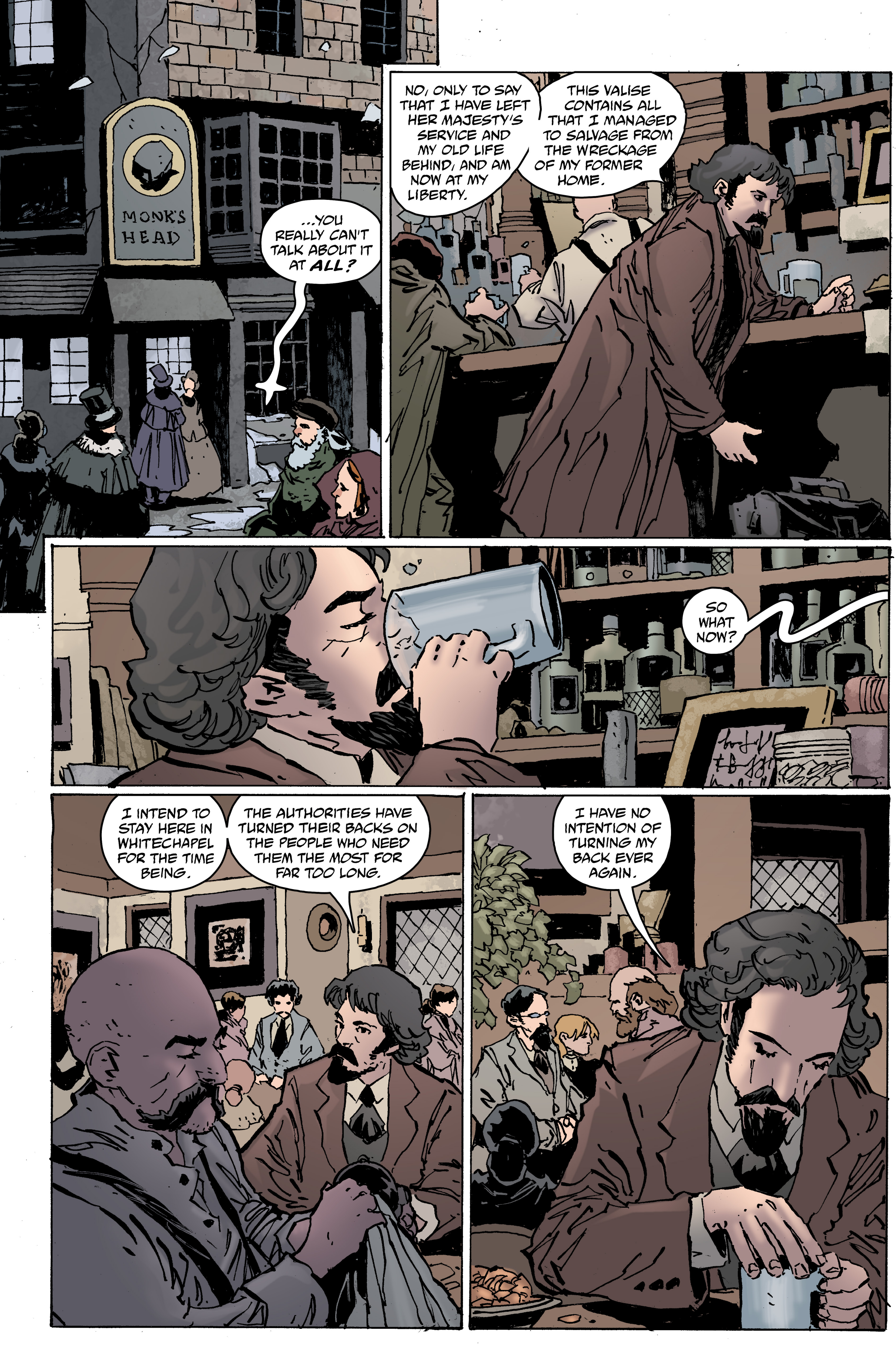

FEBRUARY 1889.
INDEED.
PRAY CONTINUE, SIR EDWARD. I FEEL AS THOUGH YOU MUST SURELY BE NEARING THE END OF YOUR TALE.
QUITE RIGHT, YOUR MAJESTY.
WITH ASQUITH UNDER LOCK AND KEY AT SCOTLAND YARD, I LED A CONTINGENT OF UNIFORMED OFFICERS ON A RAID OF THE DOMINION CLUB, WHERE THE CONSPIRATORS HAD PLOTTED.
"I WAS ABLE TO CONFIRM THAT THE DOMINION IS INDEED CONTROLLED BY MEMBERS OF THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD OF RA, WHO PLAYED A KEY ROLE IN THE CONSPIRACY."
THEY REMAIN SO FAR AT LIBERTY, BUT I AM CONFIDENT THAT THEY WILL SOON BE LOCATED AND BROUGHT TO--

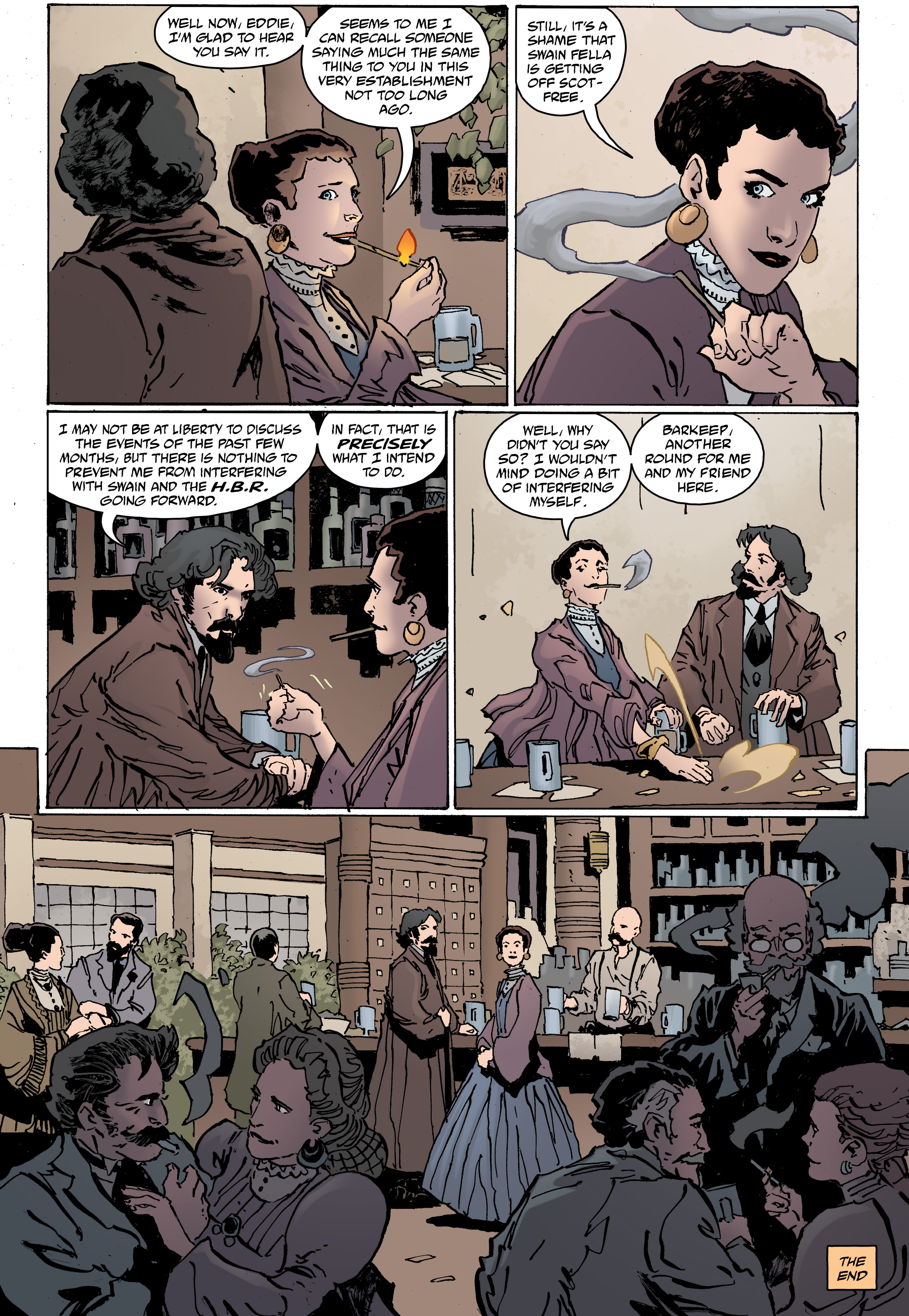

YES, YES, WE ARE WELL AWARE OF YOUR FEELINGS REGARDING MR. SWAIN AND HIS COMPATRIOTS.
NOW, WHO ELSE BESIDES YOURSELF IS FAMILIAR WITH THE DETAILS OF YOUR INVESTIGATION AND YOUR FINDINGS?
OH. YES, OF COURSE.
WELL, HALDANE PERISHED IN THE FIRE THAT CONSUMED PROSERPINE HOME, AND ASQUITH HAS BEEN COMMITTED TO BEDLAM PENDING HIS TRIAL.
MISS JEWELL KNOWS ONLY HER PART IN ALL OF THIS, AS I DID NOT FEEL IT WOULD BE RIGHT TO SHARE SUCH SENSITIVE FINDINGS WITH A CIVILIAN, MUCH LESS A FOREIGNER.
"SWAIN IS AT LARGE, AND I BELIEVE THAT UNTIL HE AND THE REST OF THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD ARE UNDER LOCK AND KEY THEY CONTINUE TO POSE A THREAT TO THE PUBLIC GOOD."
BUT WHEN ASQUITH STANDS TRIAL, I DARE SAY THAT A GREAT MANY PEOPLE WILL LEARN THE FULL EXTENT OF THIS BAD BUSINESS, AND THEN SWAIN AND THE REST WILL AT LAST BE--


NO. YOU ARE TO DROP THIS MATTER IMMEDIATELY AND NEVER SPEAK OF IT TO ANYONE AGAIN.
I...
I BEG YOUR PARDON?! DO YOU MEAN TO SUGGEST THAT I SHOULD--
THE OFFICIAL STORY WILL BE THAT A FIRE BROKE OUT IN THE PROSERPINE HOME, CLAIMING THE LIVES OF LADY EVELYN AND MANY OF THE RESIDENTS.
WE NEEDN'T REMIND YOU THAT LADY EVELYN WAS OUR PERSONAL CONFIDANT, NOR OF OUR OWN CLOSE CONNECTION WITH THE COMMISSIONING OF THE PROSERPINE HOME.
WERE THE PUBLIC TO LEARN THAT THERE WAS ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN THE HOME AND THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS, IT WOULD DO IRREPARABLE DAMAGE TO THE CROWN'S REPUTATION.
NEED I GO ON?


N-NO. NO, YOUR MAJESTY, YOUR POINT IS QUITE CLEAR.
BUT WHAT IS TO BECOME OF ASQUITH? OR OF SWAIN AND THE H.B.R.? WHAT IS TO STOP THEM MAKING ANOTHER ATTEMPT AT THIS?
WHAT OF THE INNOCENT WOMEN WHO DIED AT THEIR DIRECTION, BOTH IN THE STREETS OF WHITECHAPEL AND AT THE PROSERPINE HOME? WHAT OF POOR BAILEY?
ASQUITH WILL NOT STAND TRIAL BUT WILL REMAIN IN BEDLAM. AS FOR SWAIN AND HIS FELLOWS, I DO NOT CARE A WHIT.
YOUR SERVANT'S ASSAILANTS WERE MERELY COMMON THIEVES, AND THE WOMEN WHO DIED THAT NIGHT MUST REMAIN UNKNOWN AND ANONYMOUS, BURIED IN UNMARKED GRAVES.
JUST LIKE THE OTHER POOR "UNFORTUNATES" WHO GO MISSING IN THE EAST END WITH ALARMING REGULARITY? HOW MANY OF THEM HAVE BEEN "FORGOTTEN" FOR THE SAKE OF THE CROWN?
WE HAVE AN ENTIRE EMPIRE TO LOOK AFTER, AND CANNOT CONCERN OURSELVES WITH THE FALL OF EVERY SPARROW.


I SEE.
THEN RESPECTFULLY I MUST TENDER MY RESIGNATION, EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.
SUCH A WASTE OF TALENT AND POTENTIAL, BUT YOU ARE NOT TO BE DISSUADED? EVEN IF IT MEANS YOU WILL NO LONGER BE UNDER OUR PROTECTION? VERY WELL, YOU ARE DISMISSED.
BUT, SIR EDWARD, I WILL REMIND YOU THAT YOUR OATHS OF SECRECY STILL BIND YOU, WHETHER YOU REMAIN IN OUR SERVICE OR NOT.
YOU ARE NEVER TO SPEAK OF THESE MATTERS TO ANYONE, ON PAIN OF DEATH.
NOR WILL I, TO ANY PERSON LIVING OR DEAD.
ON THIS SIDE OF THE GRAVE OR BEYOND.

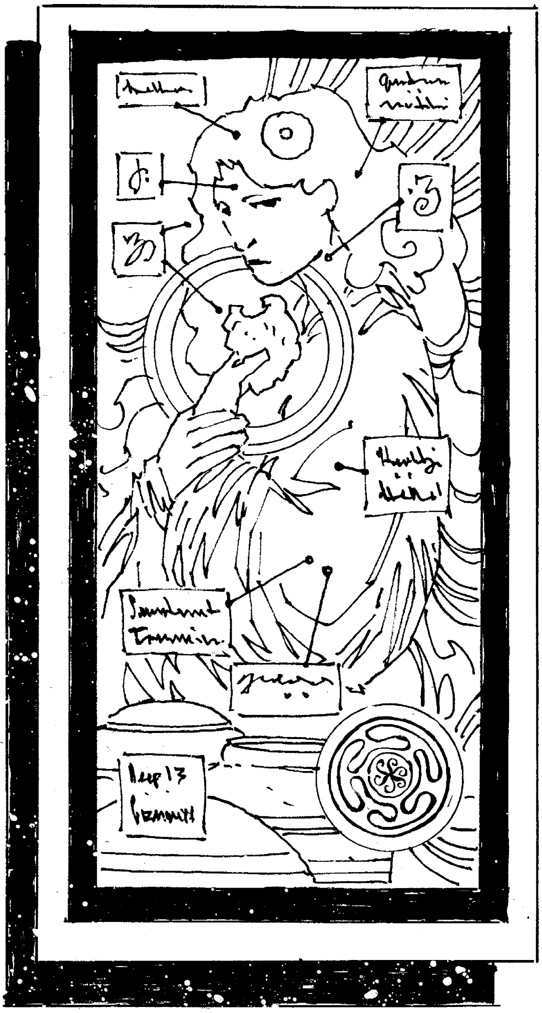

MONK'S HEAD
...YOU REALLY CAN'T TALK ABOUT IT AT **ALL?**
NO, ONLY TO SAY THAT I HAVE LEFT HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE AND MY OLD LIFE BEHIND, AND AM NOW AT MY LIBERTY.
THIS VALISE CONTAINS ALL THAT I MANAGED TO SALVAGE FROM THE WRECKAGE OF MY FORMER HOME.
SO WHAT NOW?
I INTEND TO STAY HERE IN WHITECHAPEL FOR THE TIME BEING.
THE AUTHORITIES HAVE TURNED THEIR BACKS ON THE PEOPLE WHO NEED THEM THE MOST FOR FAR TOO LONG.
I HAVE NO INTENTION OF TURNING MY BACK EVER AGAIN.


WELL NOW, EDDIE, I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOU SAY IT.
SEEMS TO ME I CAN RECALL SOMEONE SAYING MUCH THE SAME THING TO YOU IN THIS VERY ESTABLISHMENT NOT TOO LONG AGO.
STILL, IT'S A SHAME THAT SWAIN FELLA IS GETTING OFF SCOT-FREE.
I MAY NOT BE AT LIBERTY TO DISCUSS THE EVENTS OF THE PAST FEW MONTHS, BUT THERE IS NOTHING TO PREVENT ME FROM INTERFERING WITH SWAIN AND THE ***H.B.R.*** GOING FORWARD.
IN FACT, THAT IS ***PRECISELY*** WHAT I INTEND TO DO.
WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? I WOULDN'T MIND DOING A BIT OF INTERFERING MYSELF.
BARKEEP, ANOTHER ROUND FOR ME AND MY FRIEND HERE.
THE END

WITCHFINDER™

SKETCHBOOK

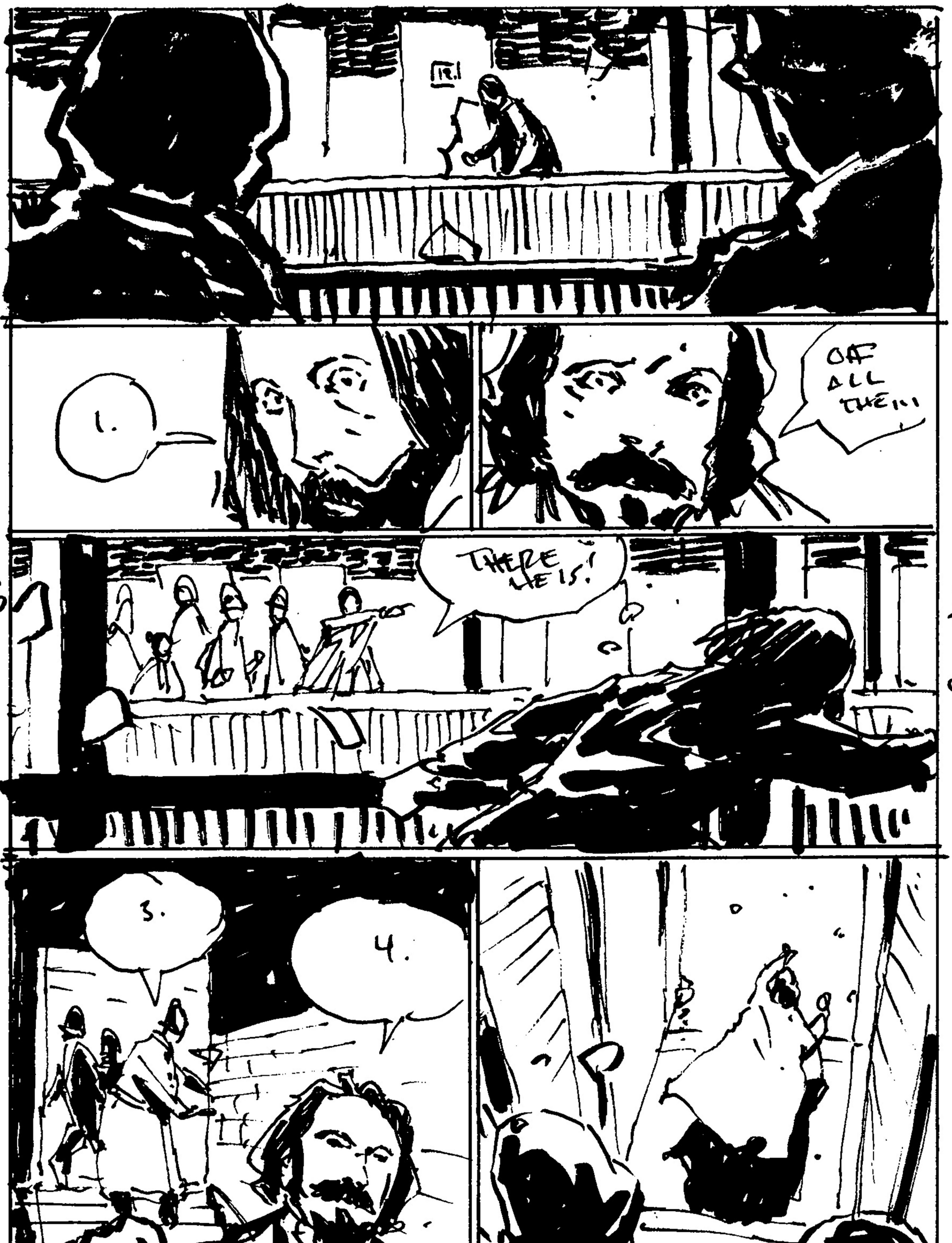
Notes by Katii O'Brien



Writer Chris Roberson came up with the idea for a painting that would include clues or steps to the sacrificial process that the Heliopic Brotherhood members would use in their ritual in the story's climax. The painting first appears at the end of #2.

***Following pages*: Chris Mitten's complete line art process for #1 story pages 10-11 and #4 story pages 16-17.**

ASQ EXITING, OPPOSITE BUILDING.


1.
OFF ALL THE...
THERE HE IS!
3.
4.

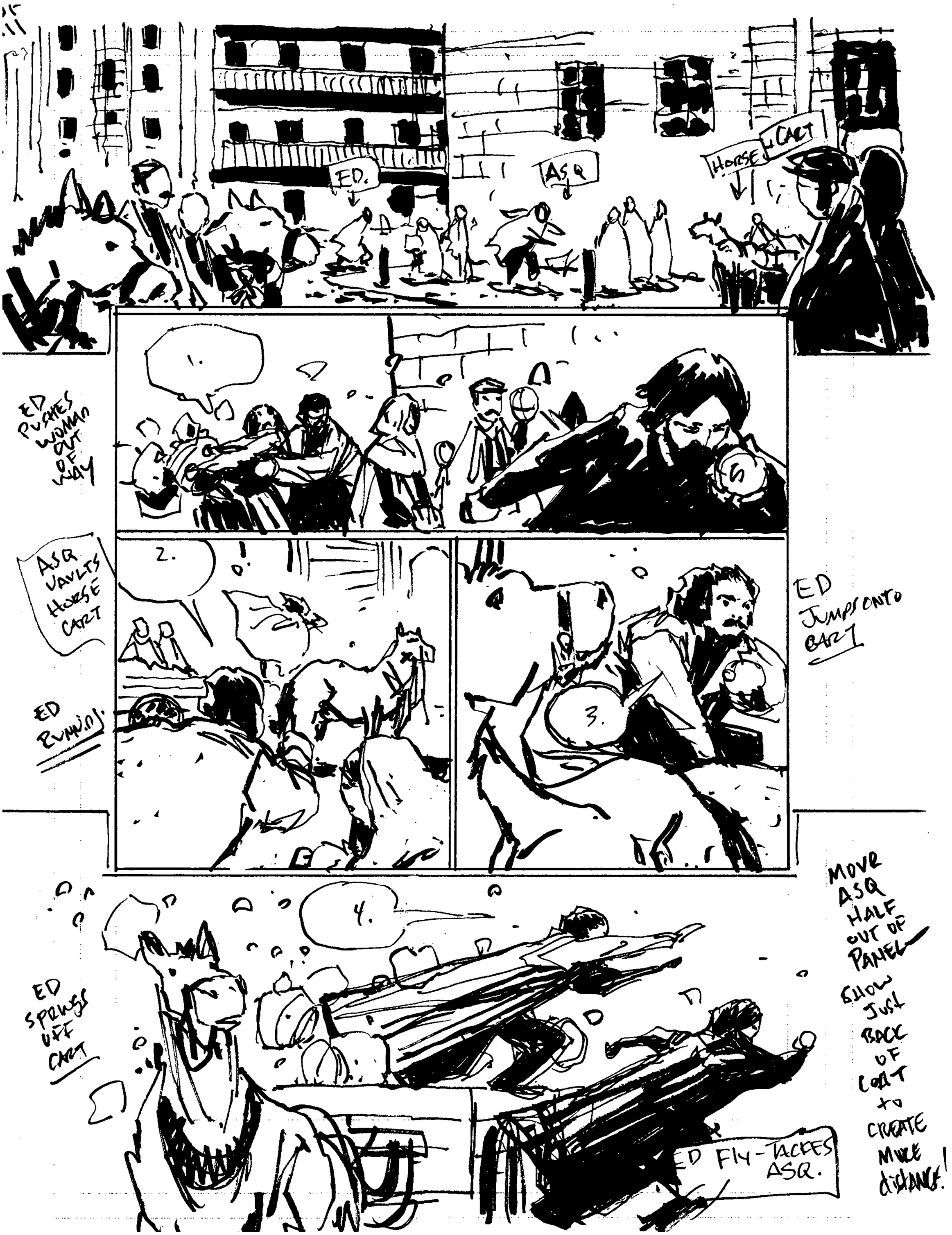
ED POINTING

ASQ BOLTS

ED RUSHES DOWN THE STAIRS

(OFFICERS FOLLOW)

SHOT DOWN STAIRS—
ED IS OFF AND RUNNING!


ED.
ASQ
HORSE CART
1.
2.
3.
4.
ED FLY-TACKLES ASQ.

ED PUSHES WOMAN OUT OF WAY

ASQ VAULTS HORSE CART

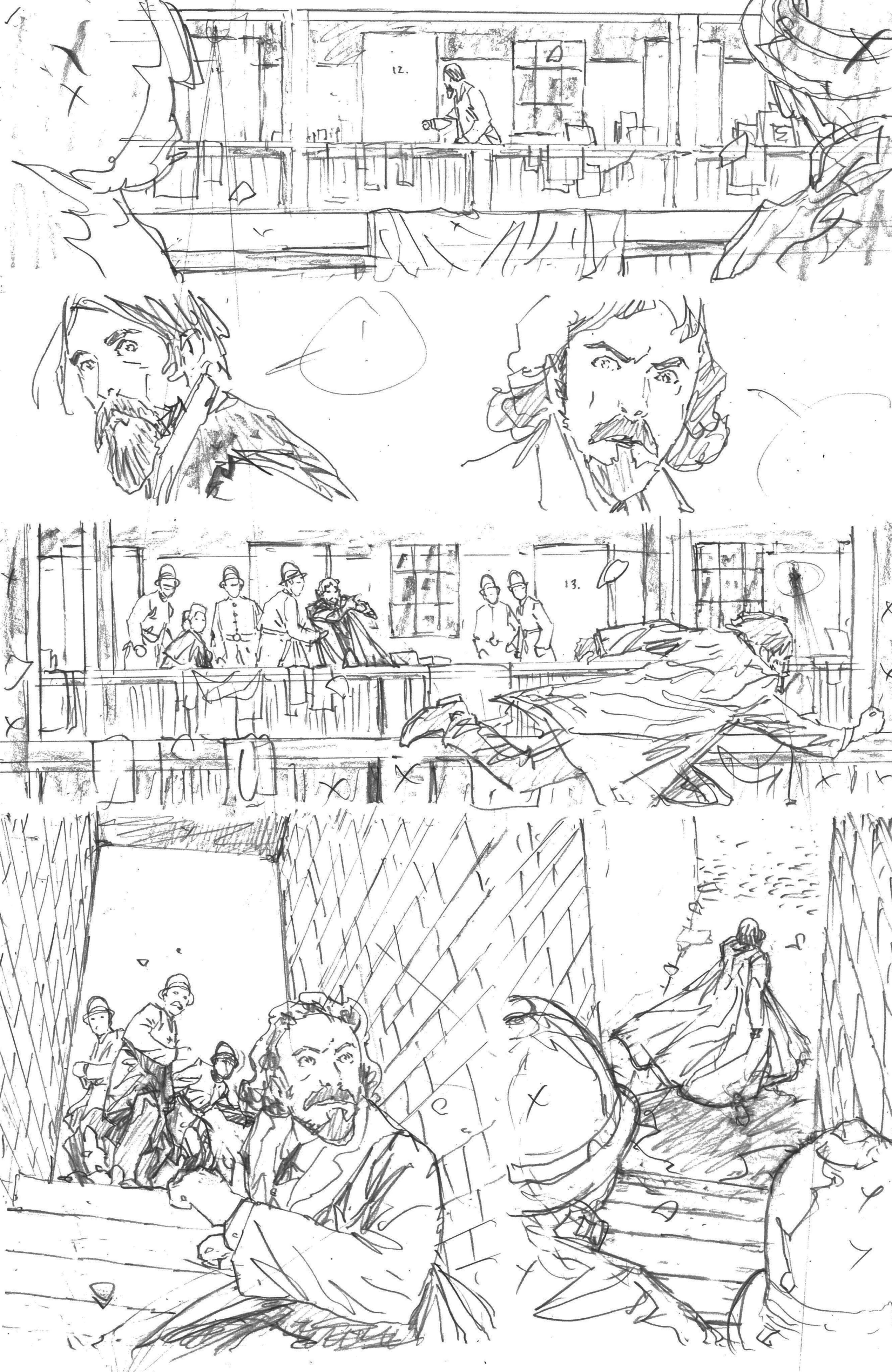
ED RUNNING

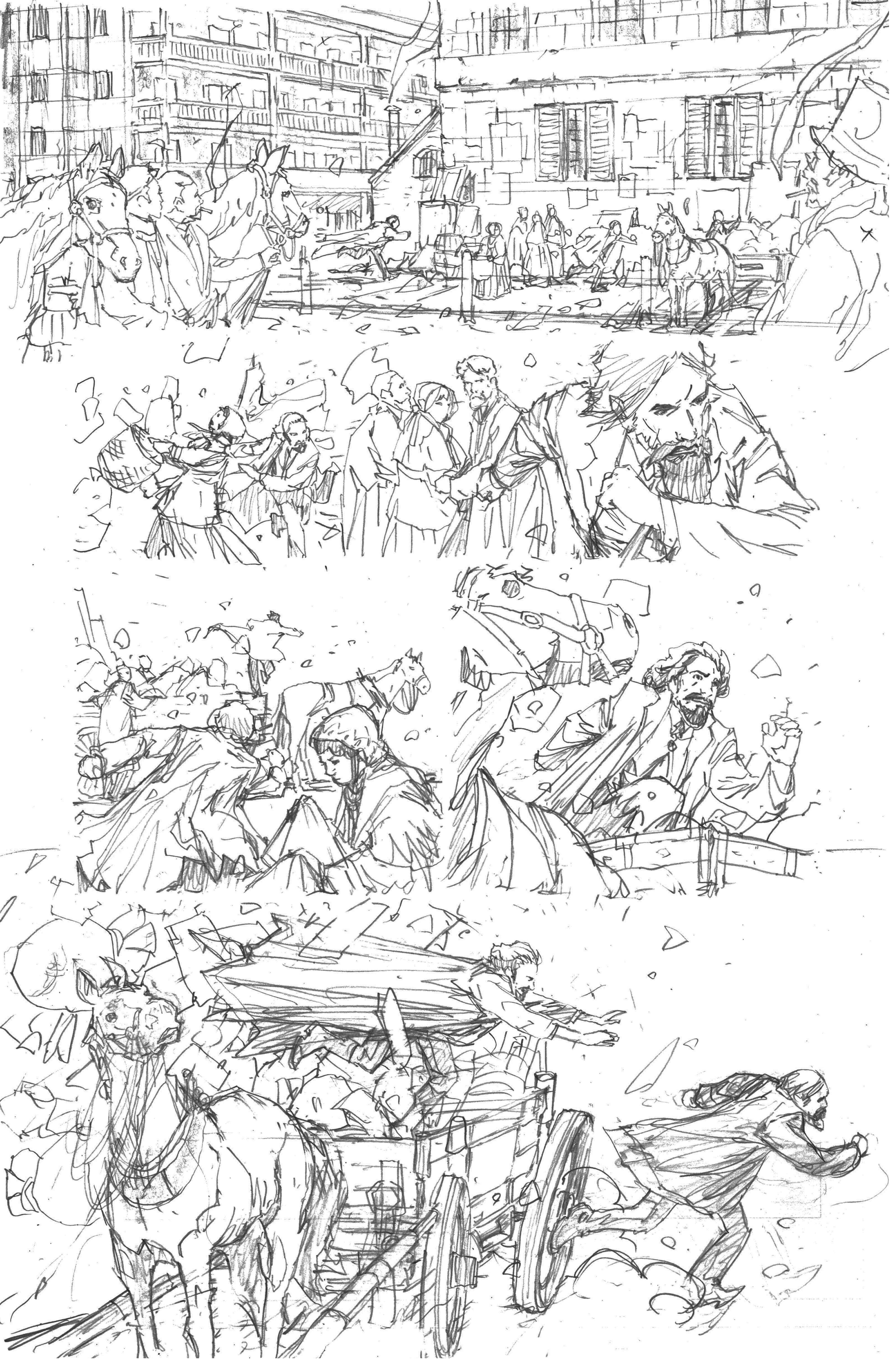
ED JUMPS ONTO CART

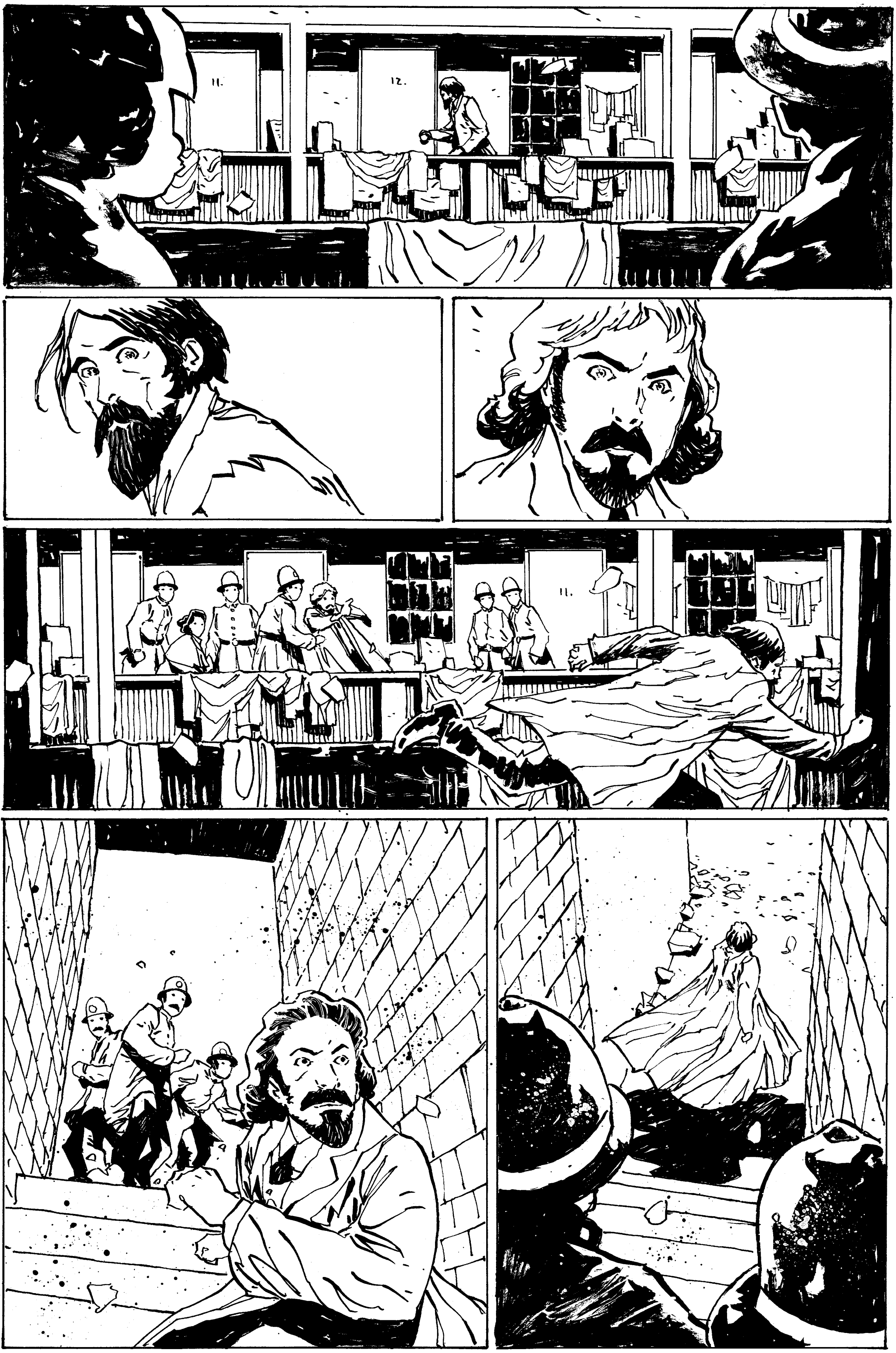
ED SPRINGS OFF CART

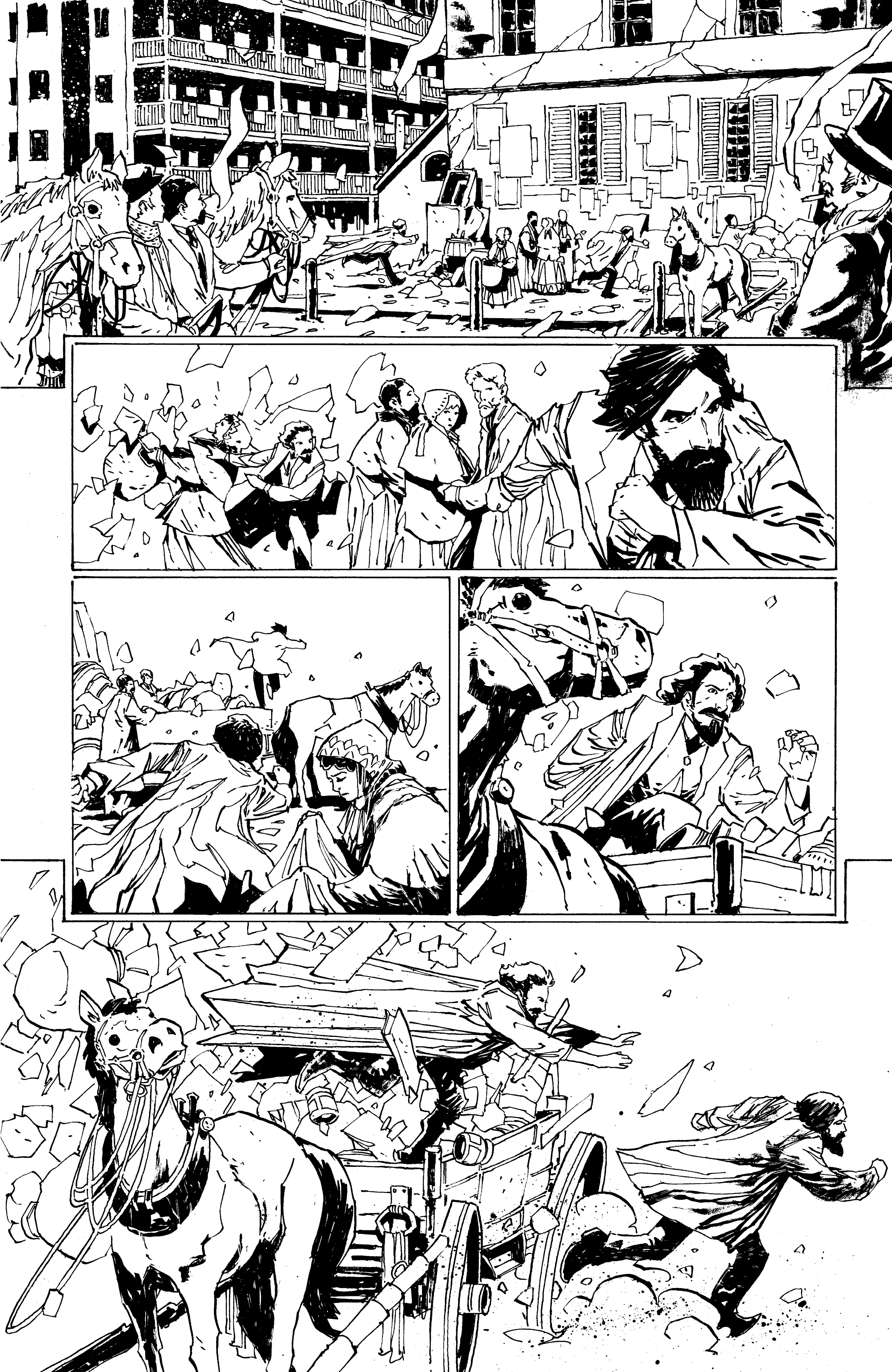
MOVE ASQ HALF OUT OF PANEL

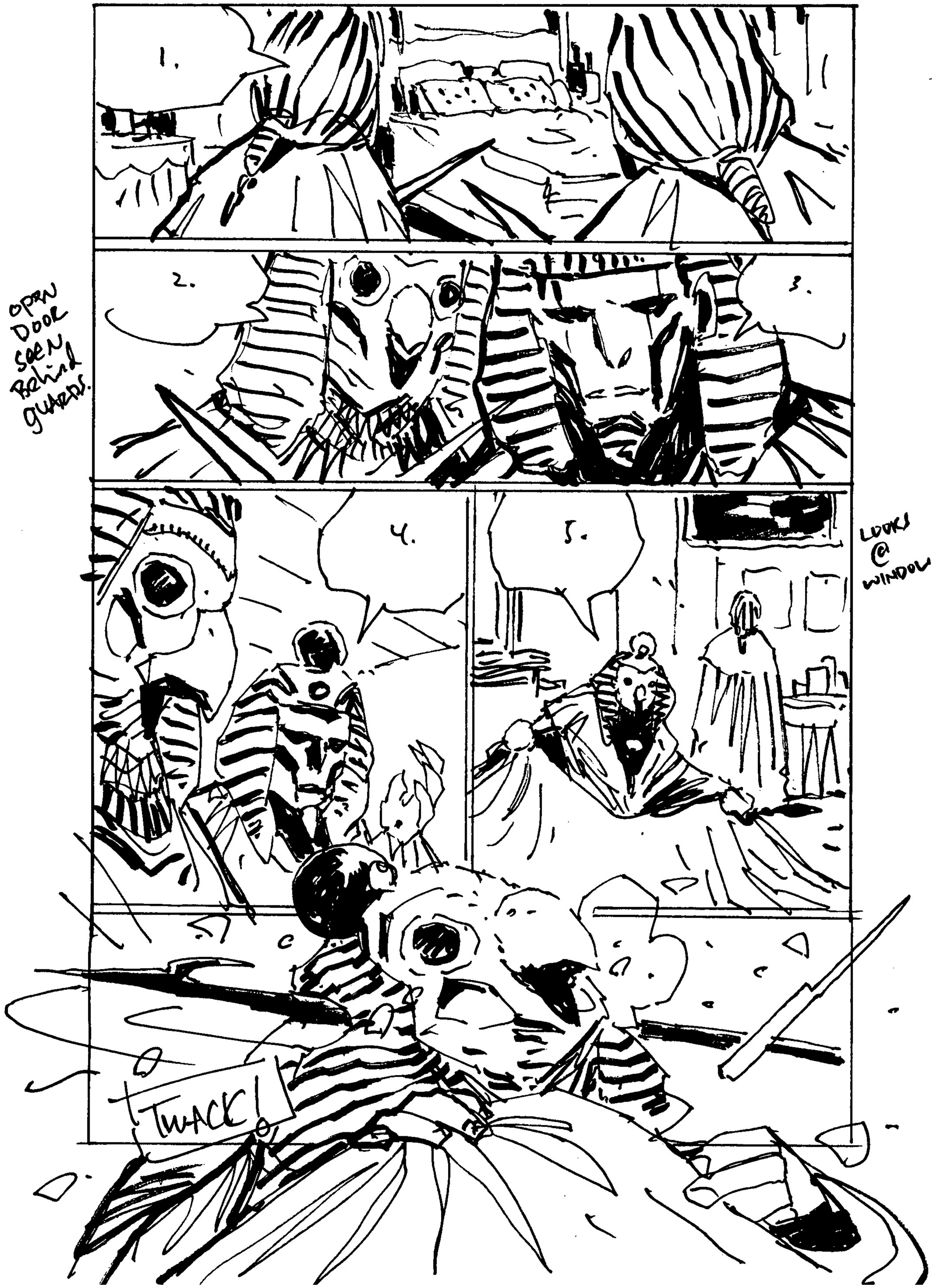
SHOW JUST BACK OF COAT to CREATE MORE distance!


12.
13.




11.
12.
11.




1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
TWACK!

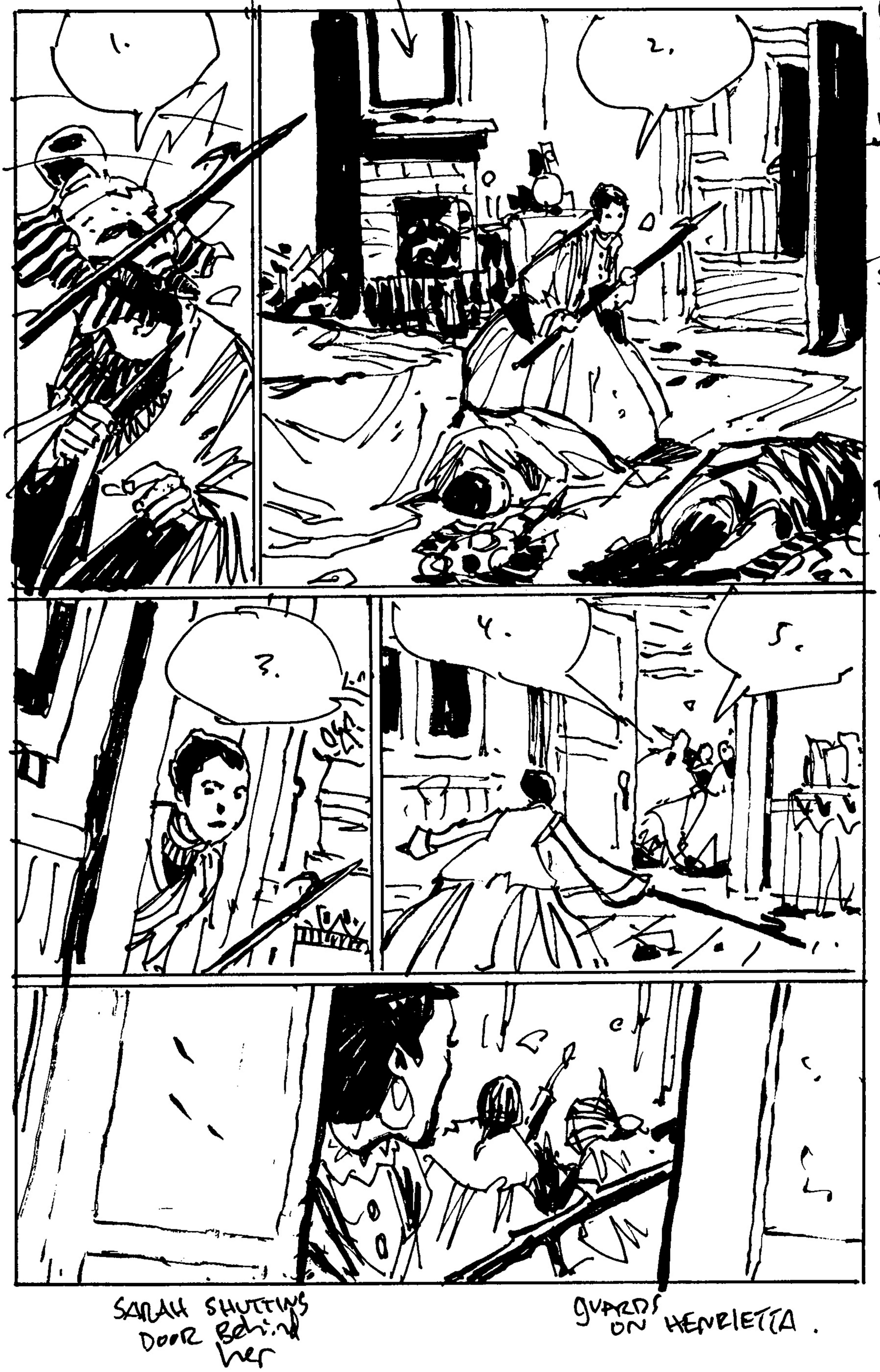
OPEN DOOR SEEN BEHIND GUARDS.

LOOKS @ WINDOW

CRACKS/SHATTERS MASK?

FIREPLACE

MOTIVATIONAL POSTER OVER IT.



FIREPLACE GRATE KNOCKED OVER!

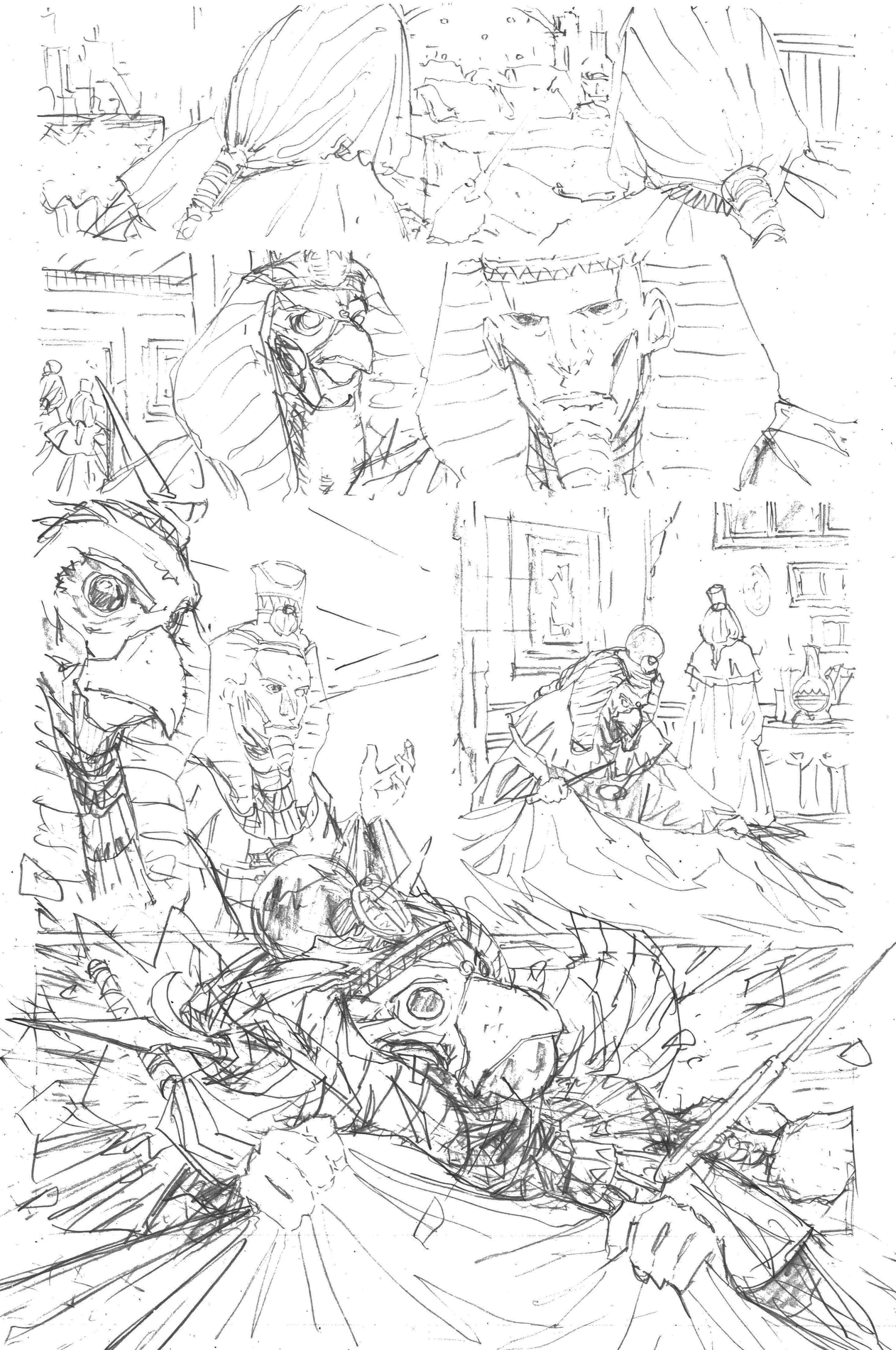
HALLWAY DOOR

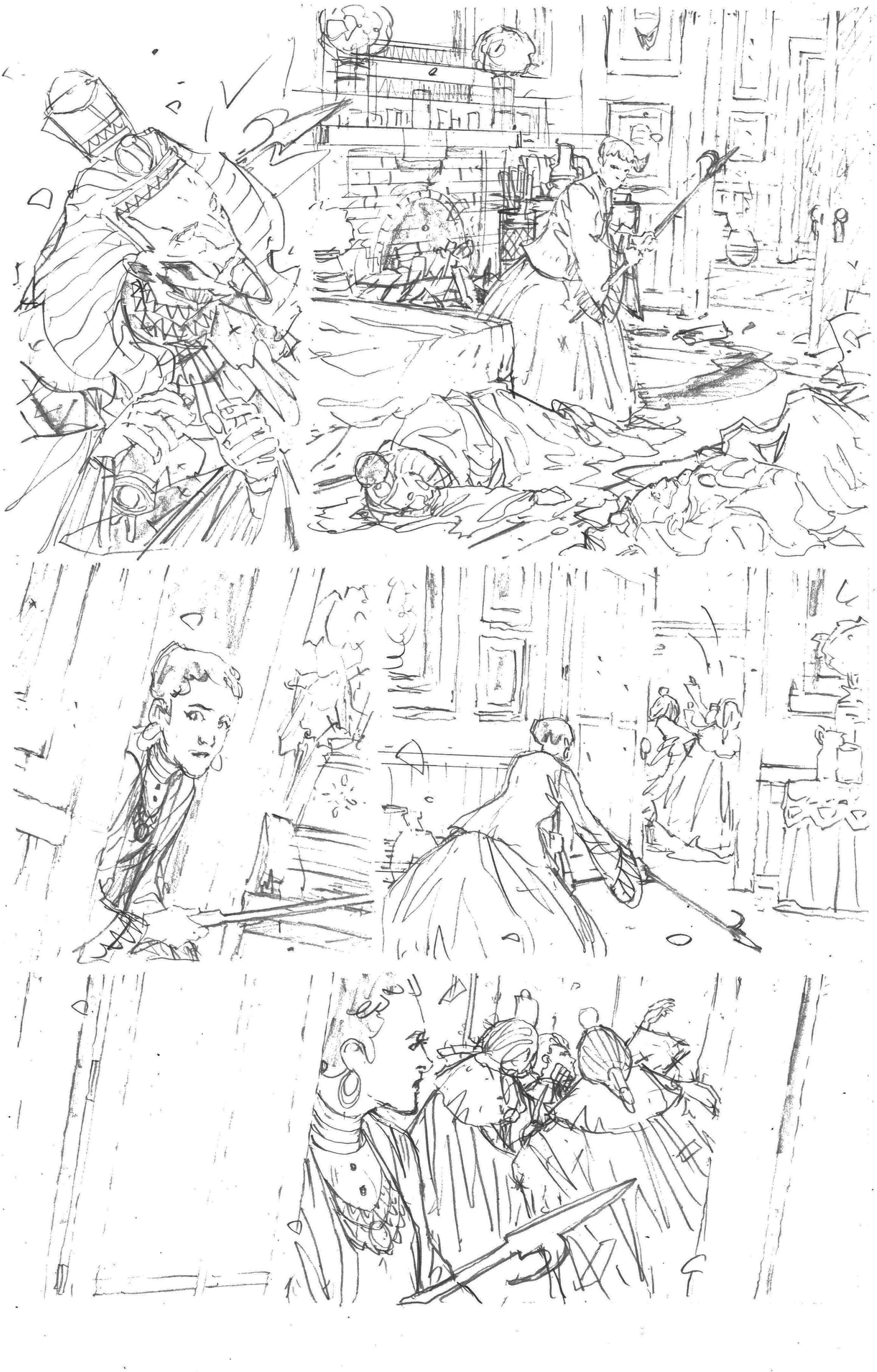
SOOTY FOOTPRINTS BEHIND SARAH

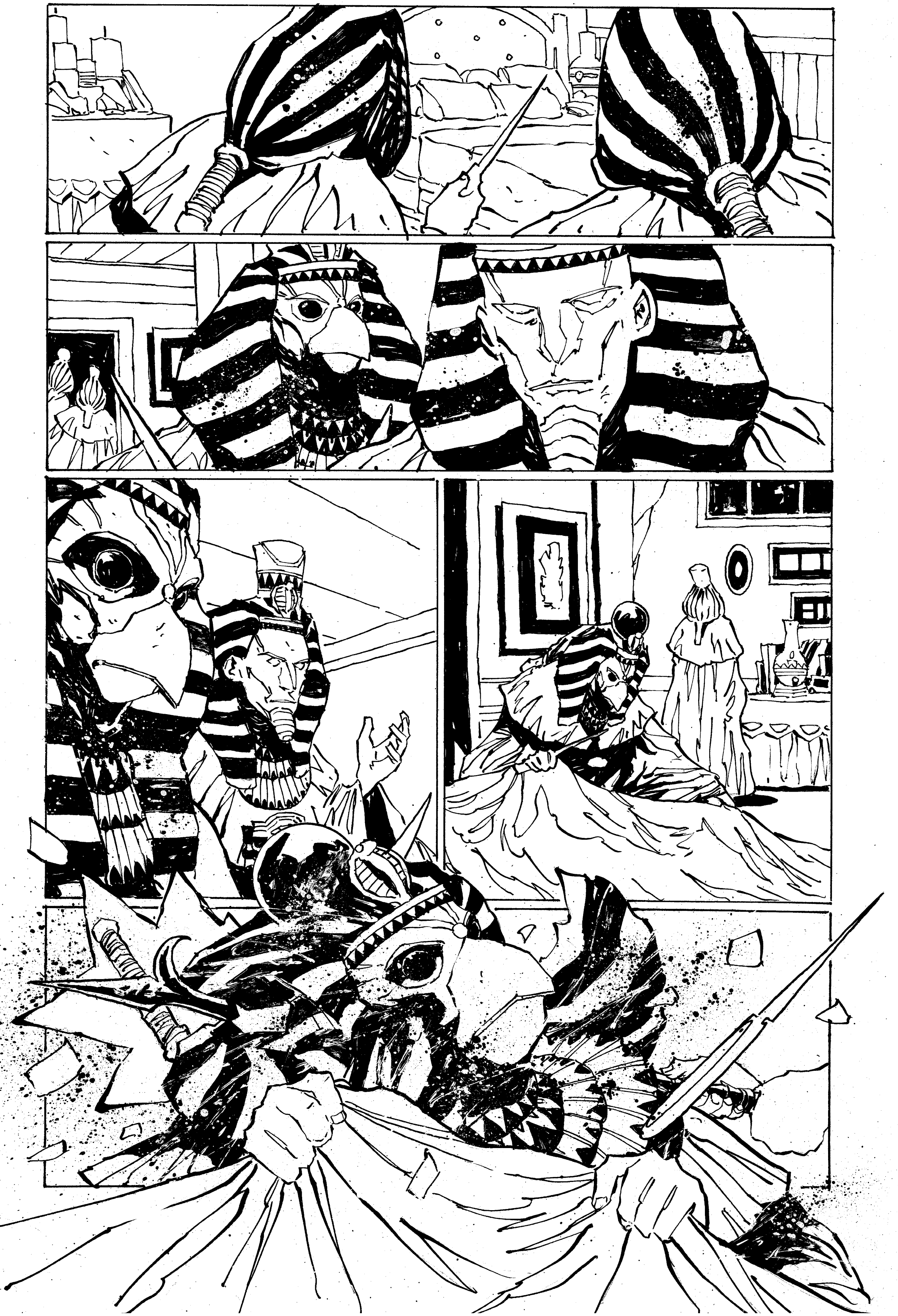
BODIES ON FLOOR.

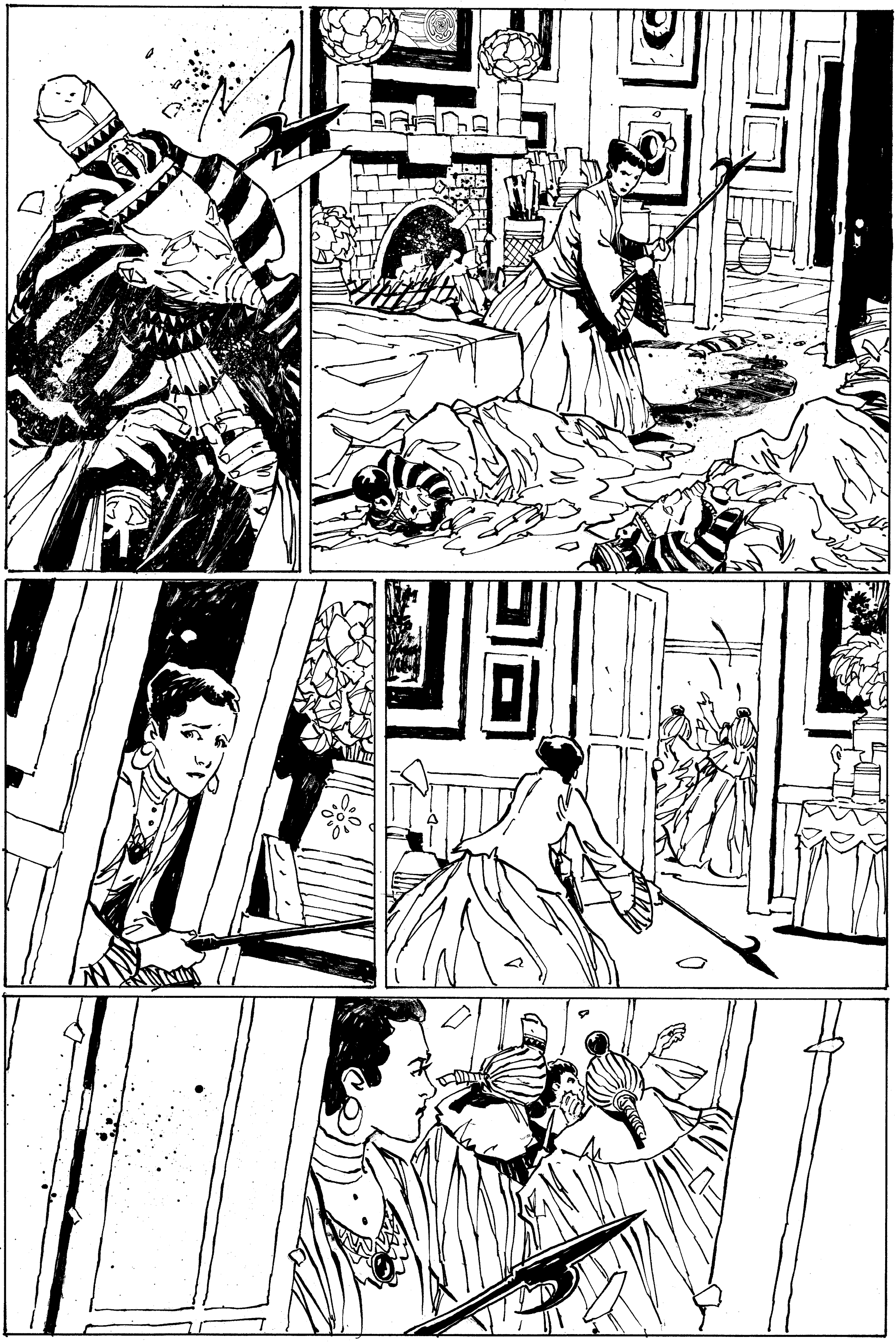
SARAH SHUTTING DOOR BEHIND HER

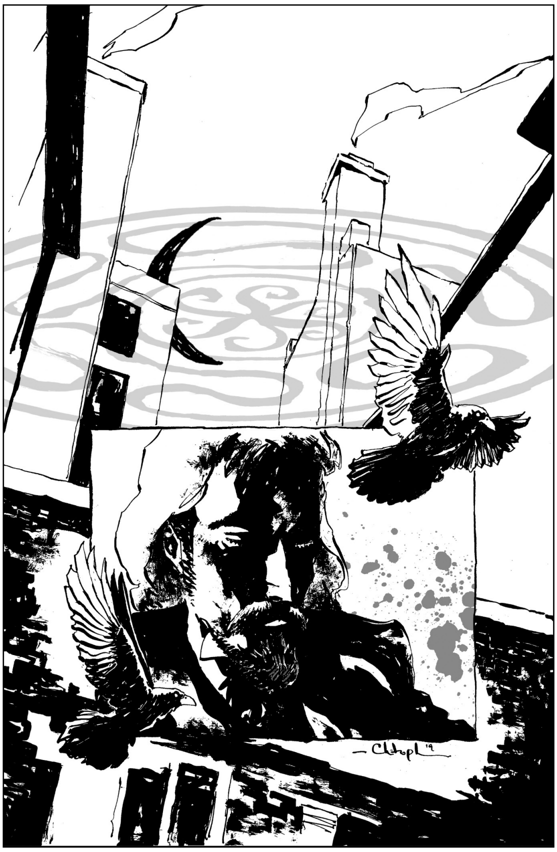
GUARDS ON HENRIETTA.

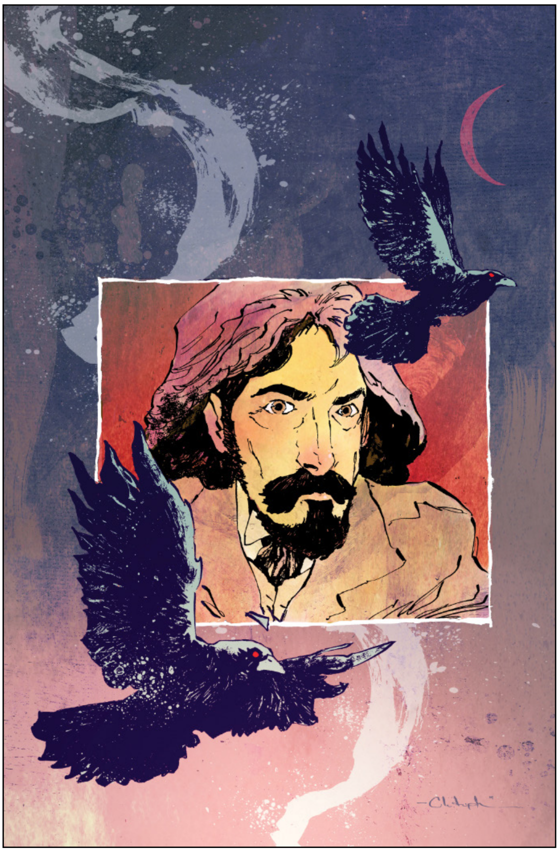


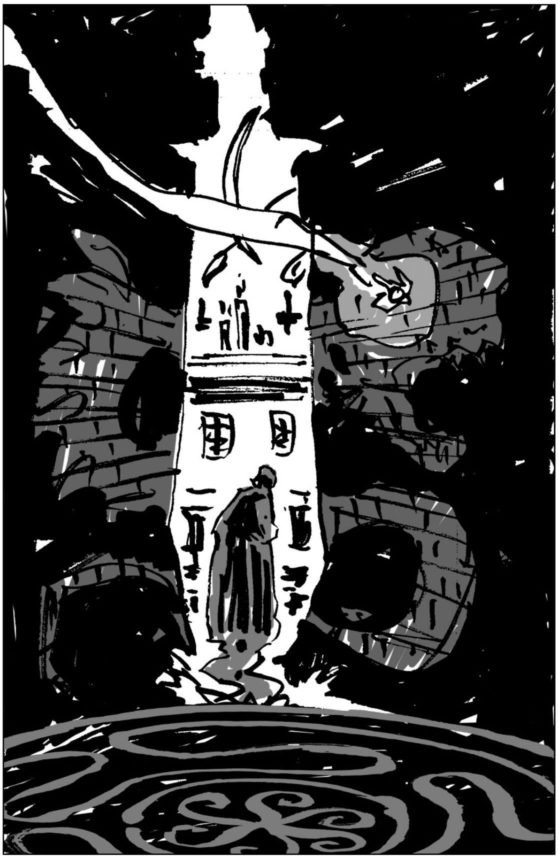


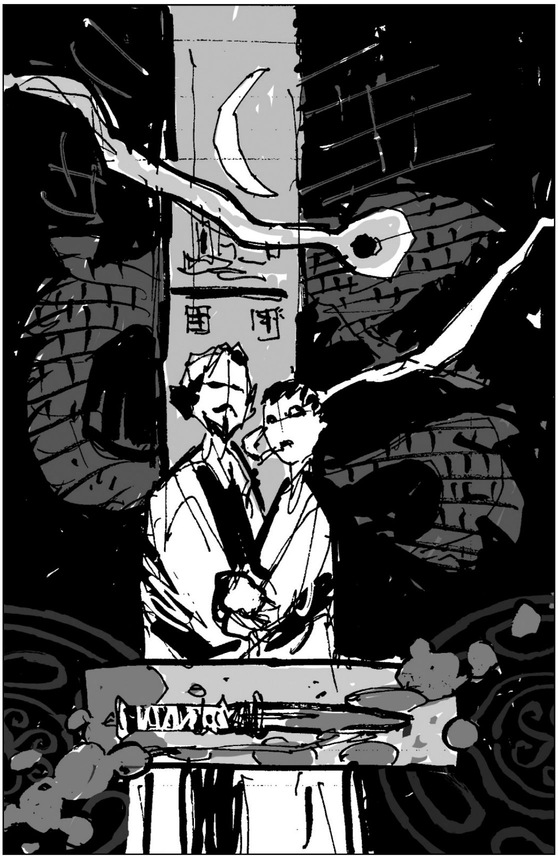




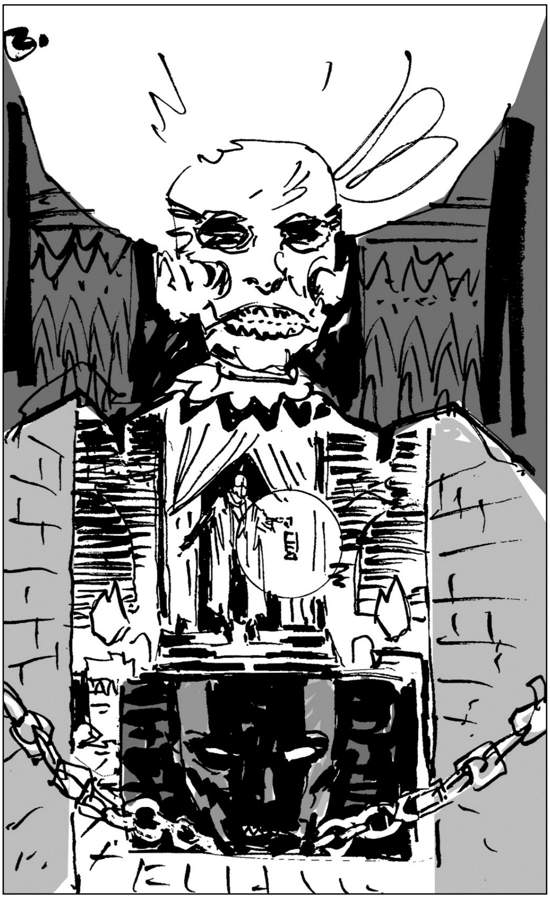


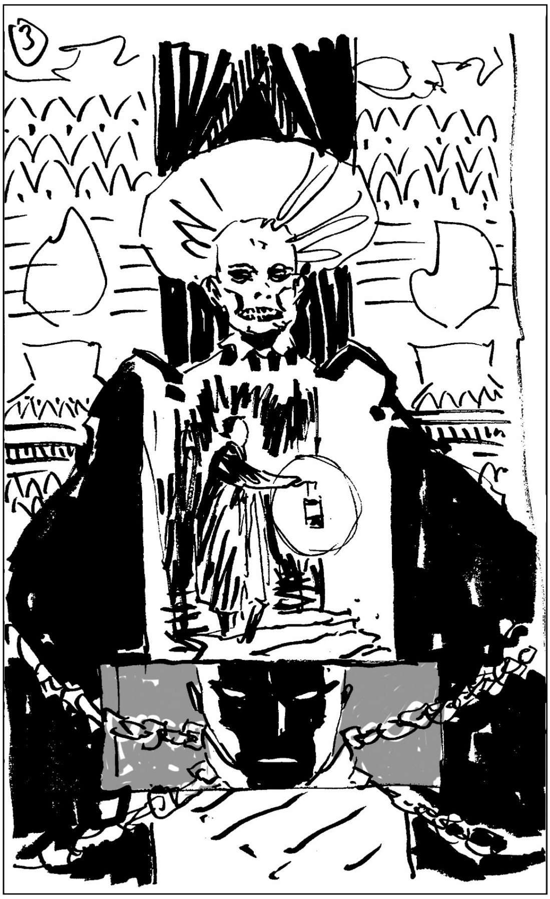


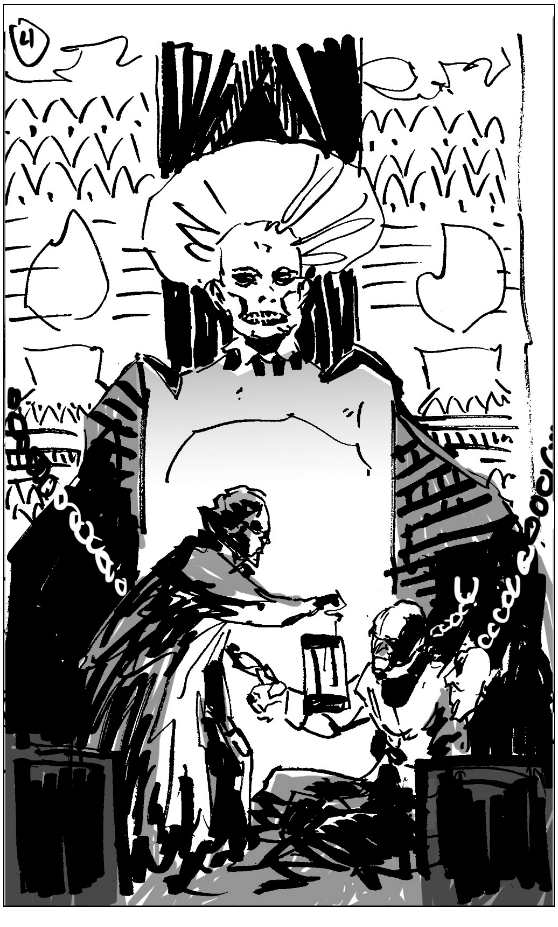


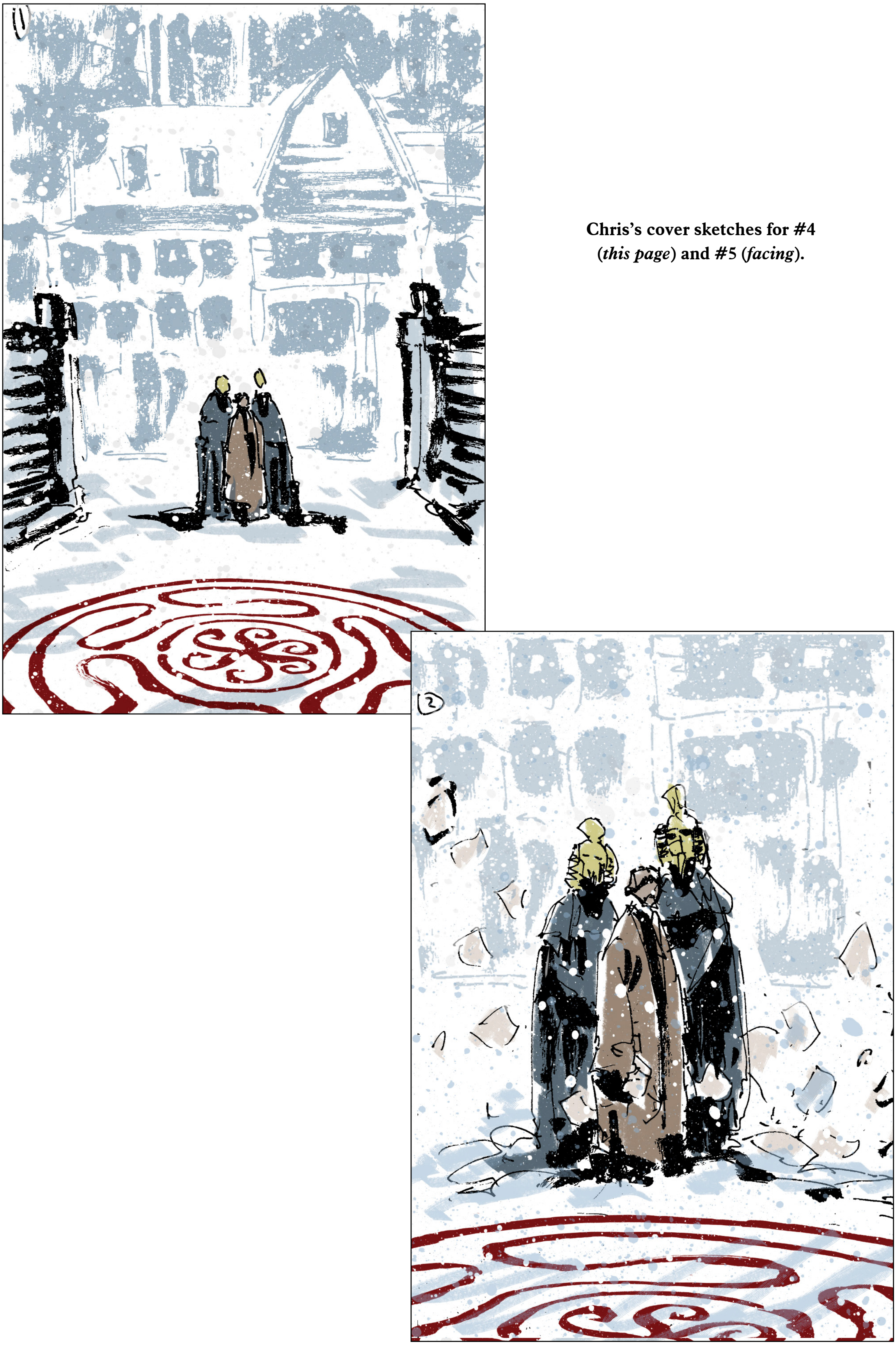


***Top*: Chris's alternate cover sketch for #1, as well as an early color concept.**
***Bottom*: His sketches for issue #2.**
***Facing*: His sketches for #3.**

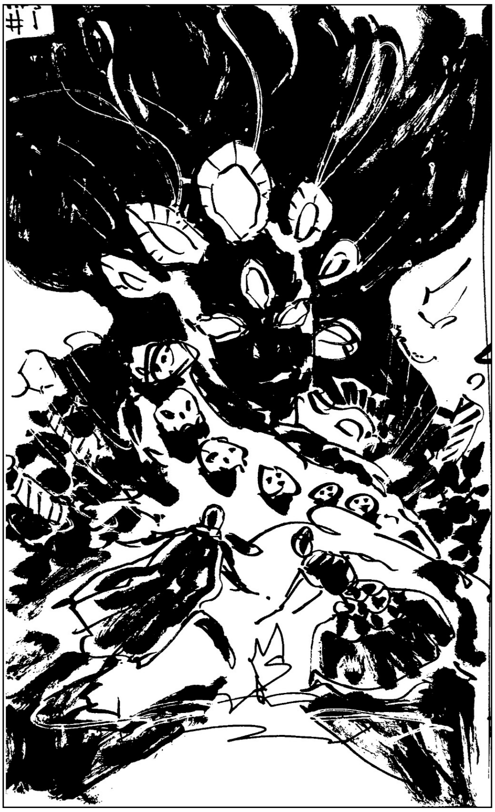

3.

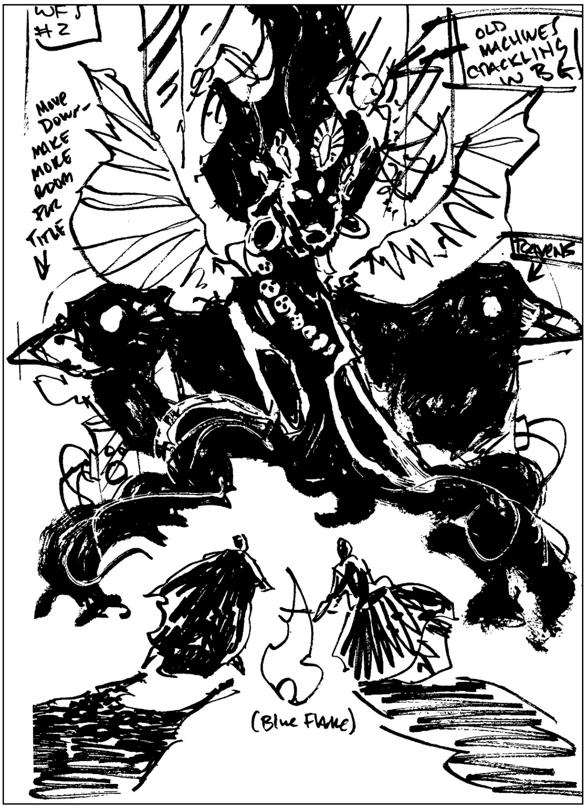

3

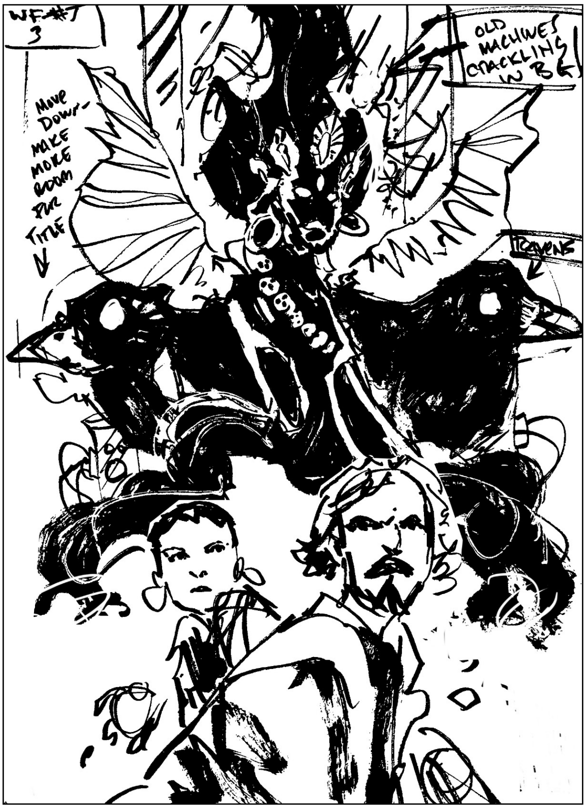

4

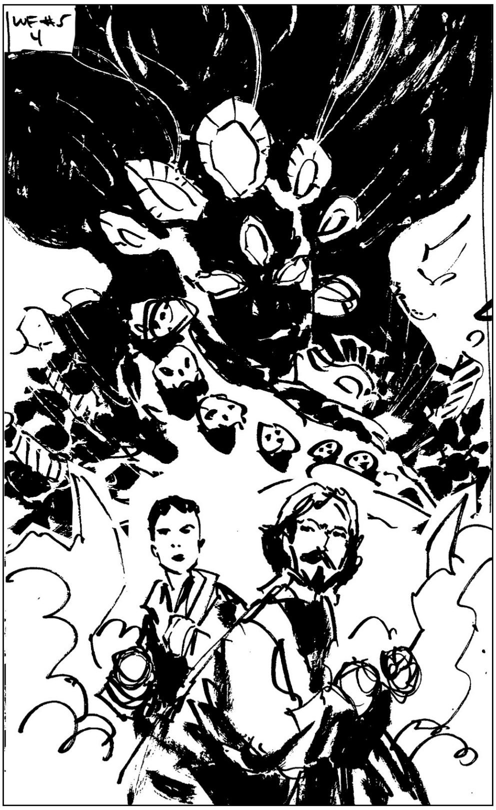


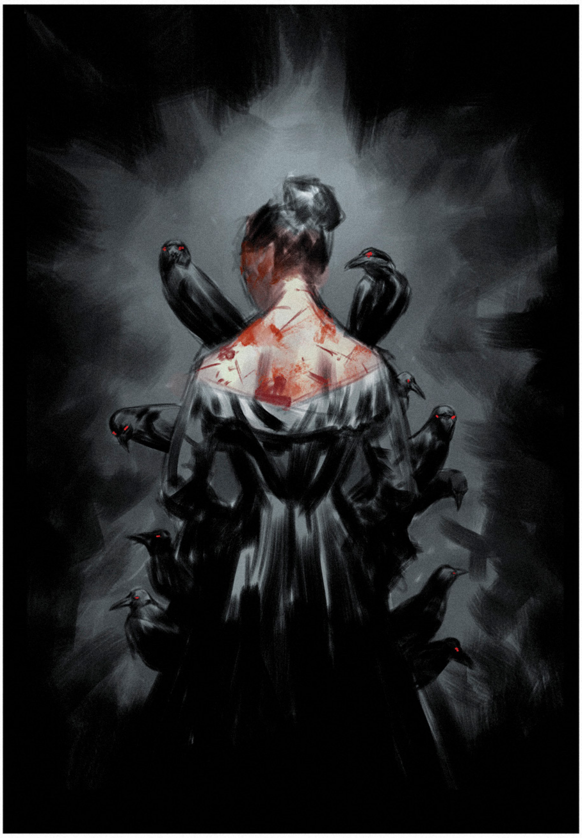
Chris's cover sketches for #4 (*this page*) and #5 (*facing*).

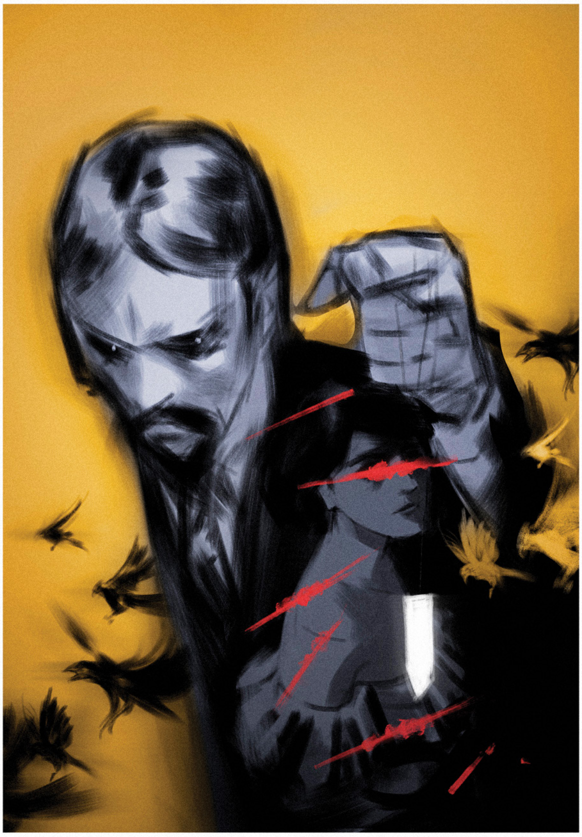

#1

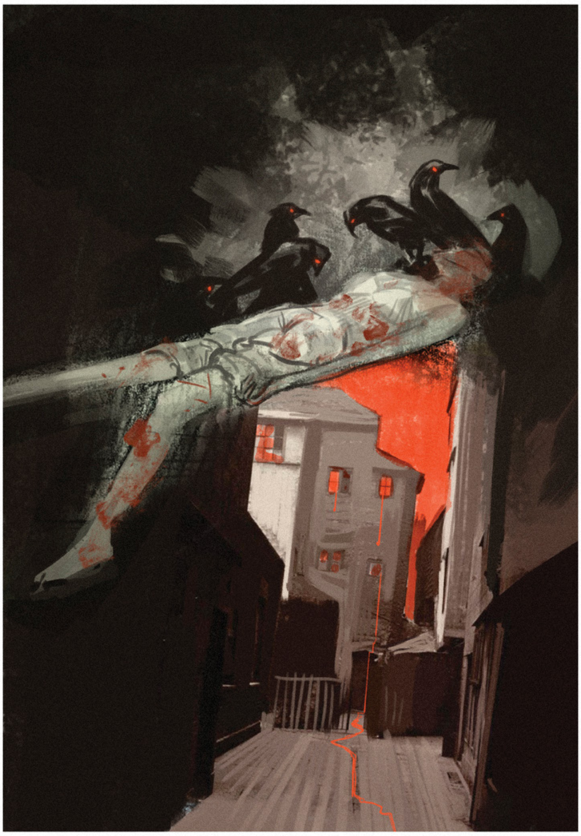

WF5
#2
OLD MACHINES CRACKLING IN BG
Move Down - MAKE MORE ROOM FOR TITLE
Ravens
(Blue Flame)


WF#7
3
OLD MACHINES CRACKLING IN BG
Move Down - MAKE MORE ROOM FOR TITLE
Ravens


WF#5
4







Julián Totino Tedesco's sketches for the cover to this paperback.

COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS/HORROR

After foiling a witch coven's plot to kill Queen Victoria, Edward Grey was knighted for services in protection of Crown and Queen. His investigations into occult goings-on in London and beyond earned him the title Sir Edward . . . while skeptical Londoners mocked him with the nickname *Witchfinder*. Now, when London seems to be plagued by occult events left and right, Sir Edward takes on one of the city's most infamous serial killers: Jack the Ripper!

"What could be Sir Edward Grey's most defining story to date."—Newsarama

DARK HORSE BOOKS